

z taylor tells the truth about her loves

august

# modern screen

15c

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HOLLYWOOD'S BEDTIME MANNERS  
by Sidney Skolsky



# Color Bright Hair is a Family Affair!



*Mother  
says:*

Tint GRAY HAIRS from view  
It's safe and easy to do!

use

**Nestle COLORTINT**



MORE THAN A RINSE  
... BUT NOT A DYE

*Daughter  
says:*

Rinse DRAB HAIR gleaming-clean  
Add color-highlights and sheen!

use

**Nestle COLORINSE**



RINSES IN ...  
SHAMPOOS OUT

• There's no age limit on glamorous hair! School girl, business girl, housewife, mother ... they *all* look more beautiful with color-bright hair. Triple-strength Nestle COLORTINT hides graying hair with richer, longer-lasting color. Nestle COLORINSE adds glowing color-highlights and sheen. Both are *absolutely safe*, easy to use ... both come in 10 glamorous shades.

Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of COLORINSE or COLORTINT  
... made by NESTLE—originators of permanent waving.

Sold at all  
cosmetic  
counters





*How Sparkling  
can you be?*

What makes her teeth  
so Sparkling bright?.. The answer  
is **IPANA!**

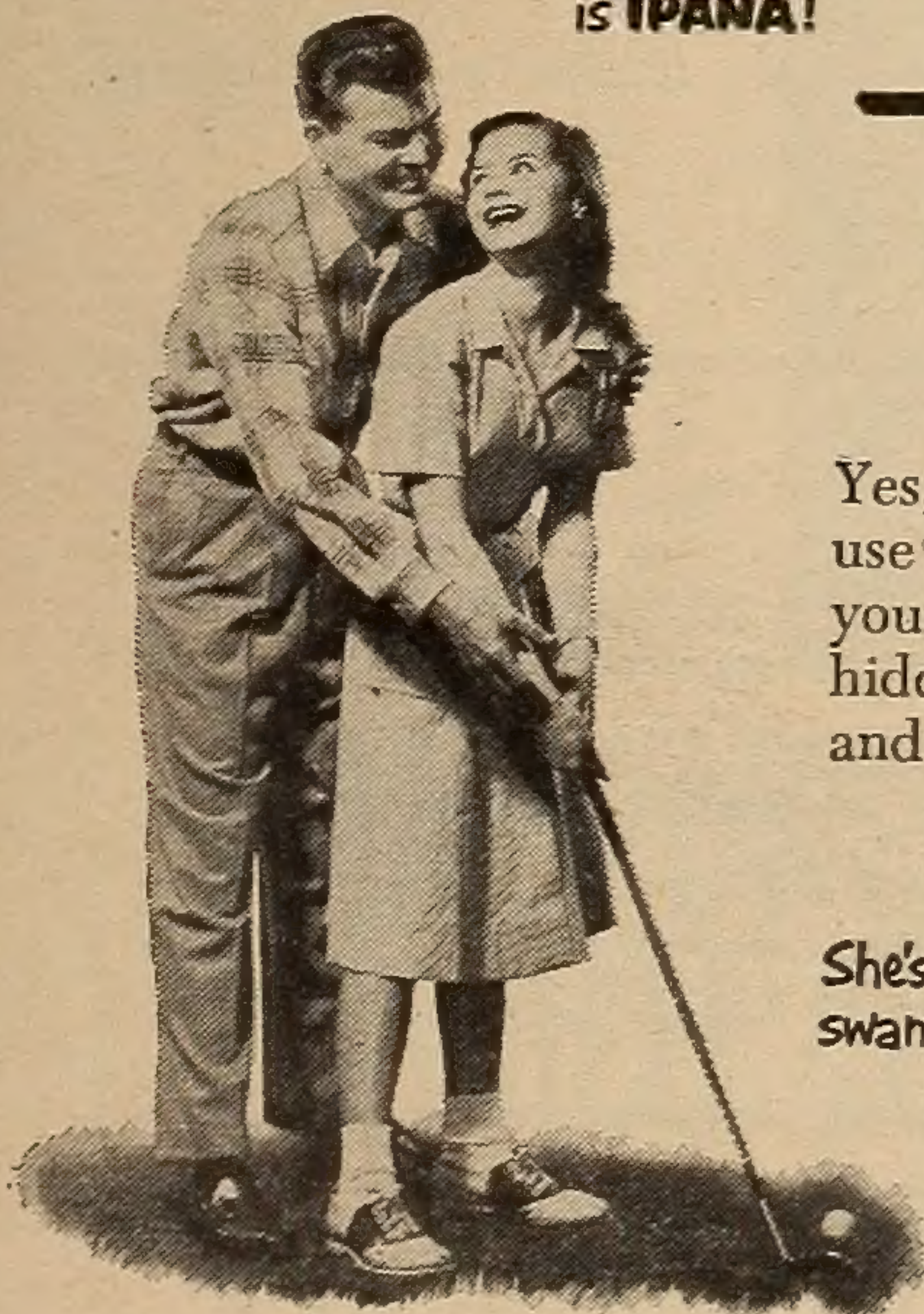
# The answer is **IPANA**

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

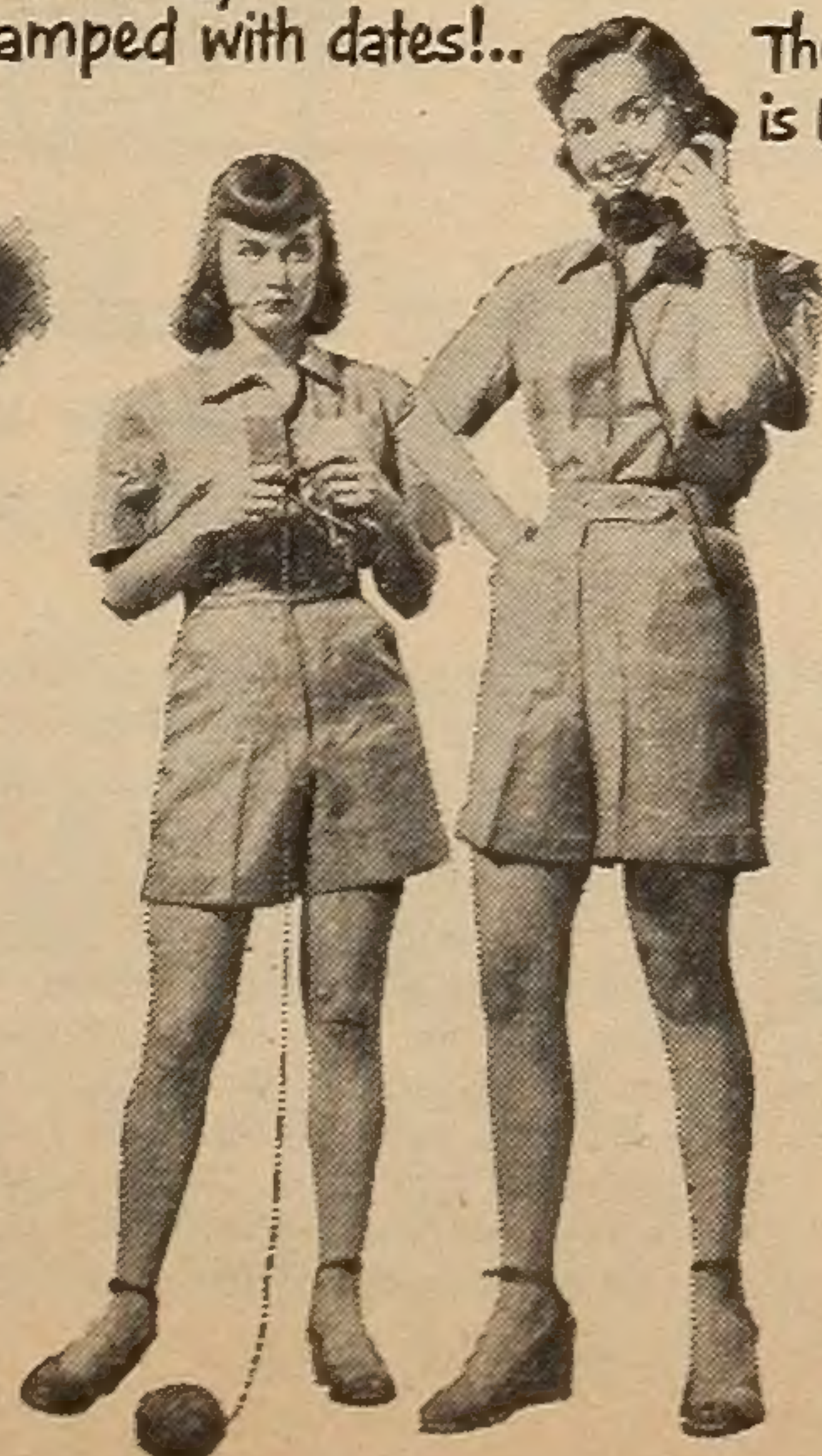
Yes, you really sparkle when you  
use Ipana. This tooth paste gets  
your teeth cleaner, reveals the  
hidden sparkle of your smile —  
and helps prevent tooth decay.

You'll love Ipana's sparkling  
taste and tingle, too—leaves your  
mouth fresher, breath sweeter.  
Get Ipana Tooth Paste today for  
your Smile of Beauty!

What makes her mouth  
so Sparkling fresh?.. The answer  
is **IPANA!**



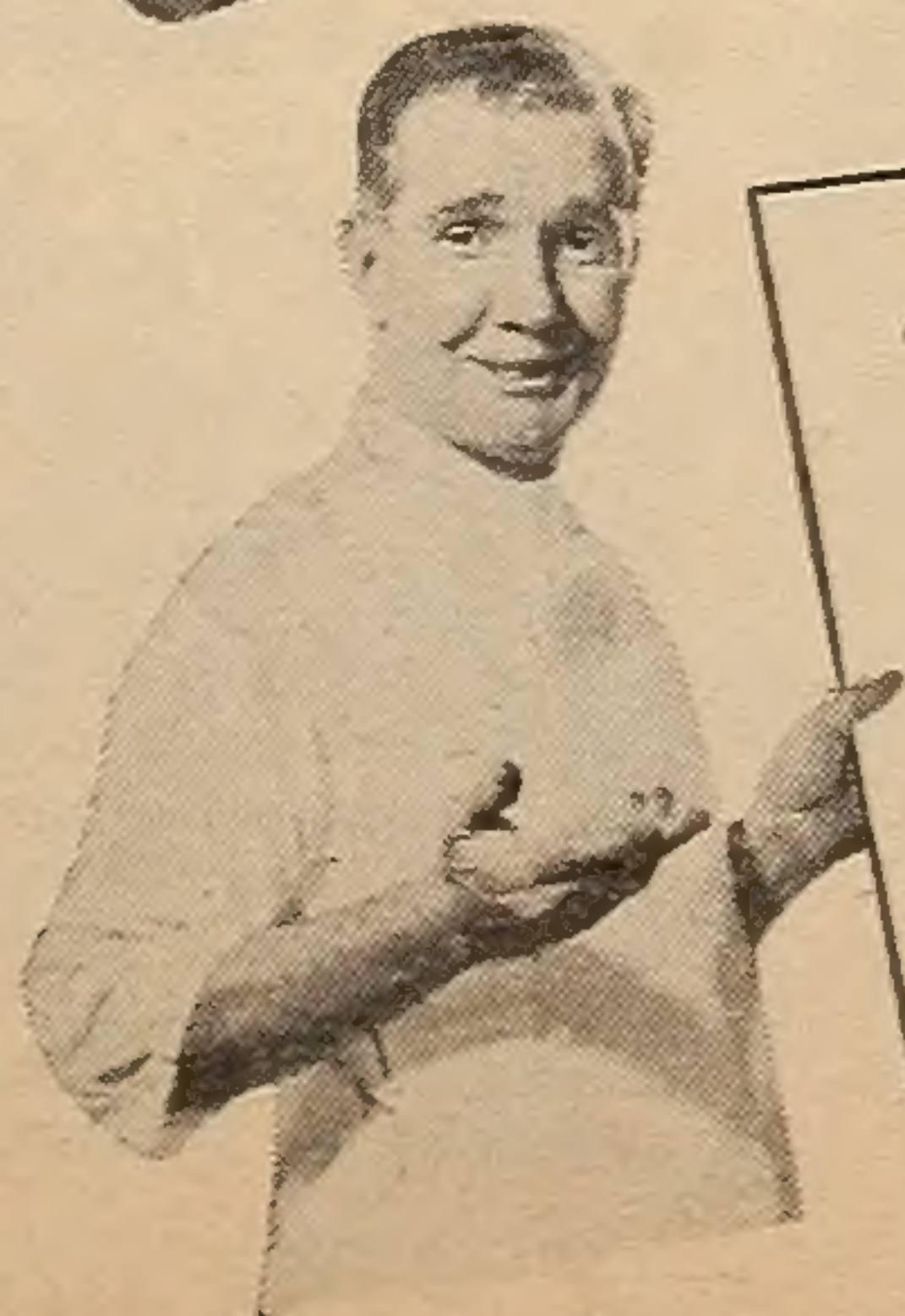
She's always  
swamped with dates!.. The answer  
is **IPANA!**



For really cleansing  
teeth and mouth, the answer  
is **IPANA!**

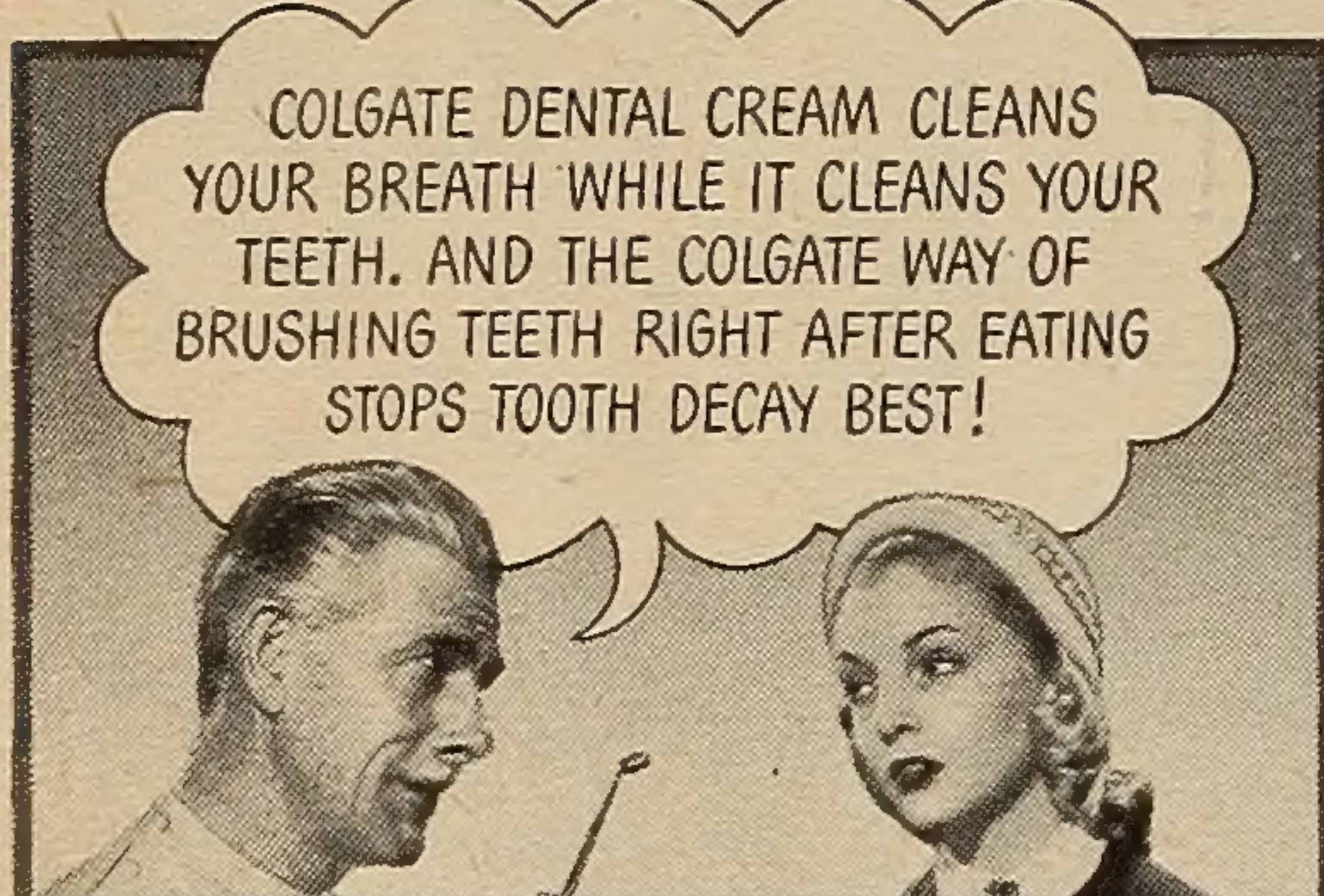


A Product of Bristol-Myers



*Remember—to reduce tooth  
decay—no other tooth paste  
(ammoniated or regular)  
has been proved more  
effective than Ipana!*





READER'S DIGEST\* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

### COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE CARE WAS ALL IT TOOK TO GET THIS DREAM-DATE ON MY HOOK!



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**Young** AS ITS YOUTHFUL STARS!  
**Pretty** AS A TECHNICOLOR JEWEL!



Meet Fernando Lamas! He's new! He's Latin! He's singing dynamite!

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Attention, Vic Damone fans! His first screen role, and it's te-r-r-ific!

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with MARCEL DALIO • UNA MERKEL • RICHARD ANDERSON • JEAN MURAT

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Story by DOROTHY COOPER

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

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 WONDER WHY  
 I CAN SEE YOU  
 WE NEVER TALK MUCH  
 and other hits! (Available in  
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**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW  
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS  
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

Never let your dream man down by risking underarm perspiration odor. Stay nice to be near—guard the daintiness he adores this new *finer* Mum way!

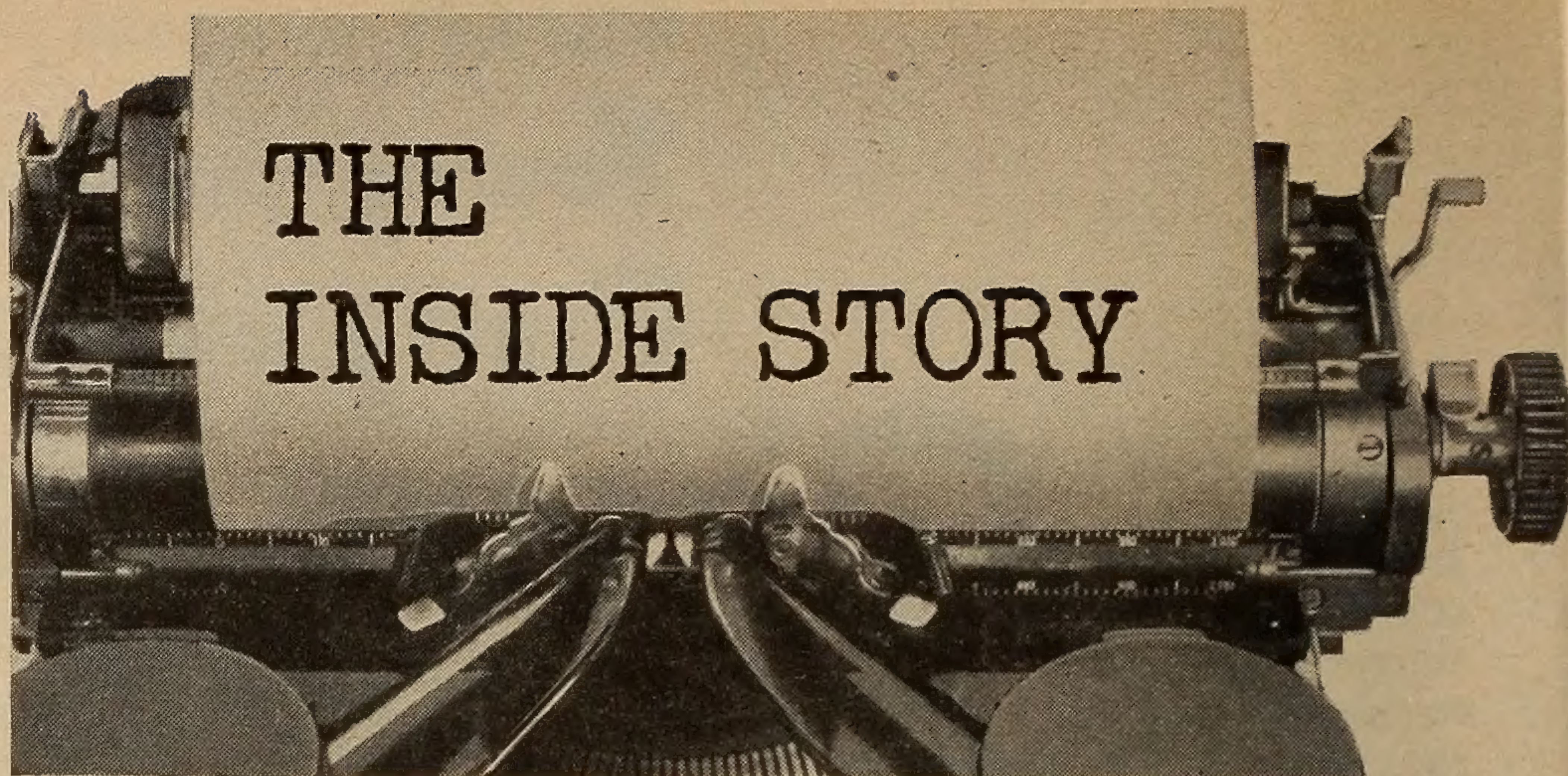
**Better, longer protection.** New Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. What's more, it keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum.

**Softer, creamier new Mum** smooths on easily, doesn't cake. Gentle—contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

**Mum's delicate new fragrance** was created for Mum alone. And gentle new Mum contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste, no shrinkage—a jar lasts and *lasts*! Get Mum!



**New MUM cream deodorant**  
A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

**Q.** Why do agents in Hollywood get 10% of an actor's salary and agents in New York only 5% of an actor's salary? —C. O., NEW YORK, N. Y.

**A.** Actors' Equity has that ruling in New York. The same ruling does not apply to Hollywood. The Screen Actors' Guild has discussed the reduction of agents' fees but has never done anything about it.

**Q.** Will Rock Hudson and Vera-Ellen get married this year, or is that love affair simply a publicity build-up? —C. R., DETROIT, MICH.

**A.** It's genuine. Rock says he and Vera will marry some time next year.

**Q.** Does Bob Taylor have a new girlfriend named Sybil Merit? Is he still carrying a torch for Barbara Stanwyck? —M. D., PHILA., PA.

**A.** Taylor has been out with Miss Merit once. He and Barbara are still very good friends. While on location in Utah for *Westward the Women*, Bob used to fly to Hollywood each weekend just to see his ex-wife.

**Q.** I understand that Farley Granger has been dating Barbara Stanwyck. What's the inside story behind that one? Isn't Barbara old enough to be his mother? —S. A., STAMFORD, CONN.

**A.** Barbara Stanwyck is 43. Several months ago, immediately after her divorce from Bob Taylor, she was invited to a party at the Gary Coopers. Mrs. Cooper told Barbara that Farley Granger would stop on his way to their house and pick her up. Farley did exactly that. He was simply her escort for the evening.

**Q.** What's become of Montgomery Clift? Why hasn't he made another picture recently? —D. R., BRONX, N. Y.

**A.** Clift's traveling at the moment. He's been to Havana, Dallas (where his twin sister lives), New York, and several other cities. He hasn't made a picture recently for two reasons: (1) his agent is asking too much money for him, \$150,000 per picture and up (2) Clift wants to choose his own director.

**Q.** Is it true that Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner plan to star in a picture together? —B. D., DOVER, DEL.

**A.** Sinatra would like to very much. He's been playing around with the idea of purchasing the motion picture rights to *St. Louis Woman*, a Broadway musical of some years ago. The only hitch in the setup is that Metro will not loan Ava out. Currently, she's the hottest actress on the lot.

**Q.** I understand that Elizabeth Taylor has told her friends she's flat broke. Is this true? Doesn't she get any alimony from Nicky? —D. O., MIAMI, FLA.

**A.** Liz has told that to her friends. She gets no alimony from Hilton, but her salary is \$1,000 a week.

**Q.** Did in-law and secretary trouble have anything to do with Clark's not getting along with Mrs. Gable? —N. T., RYE, N. Y.

**A.** Those are two minor reasons. Major reason: different viewpoints on the fundamentals of living.

**Q.** What is the lowdown on Yvonne De Carlo and Mel Hash? —T. Y., ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.

**A.** This must be a publicity plant. Mel Hash is the name of a horse that ran at Jamaica last May.

**Q.** Whatever happened to Dorothy McGuire? Haven't seen her in a picture since *Mr. 880*. —R. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**A.** Dorothy has signed to play the lead opposite Farley Granger and Dana Andrews in the Sam Goldwyn production, *I Want You*.

**Q.** Is it true that many of the MGM stars are under personal contract to Louis B. Mayer and not the studio? —D. Z., EVANSTON, ILL.

**A.** Several stars used to be under personal contract to Mayer, but when he signed a new contract with the studio some years ago, he turned those contracts over to MGM.

**Q.** Was Steve Cochran ever married before? Is he still dating Ginger Rogers? —C. N., LAUREL, MISS.

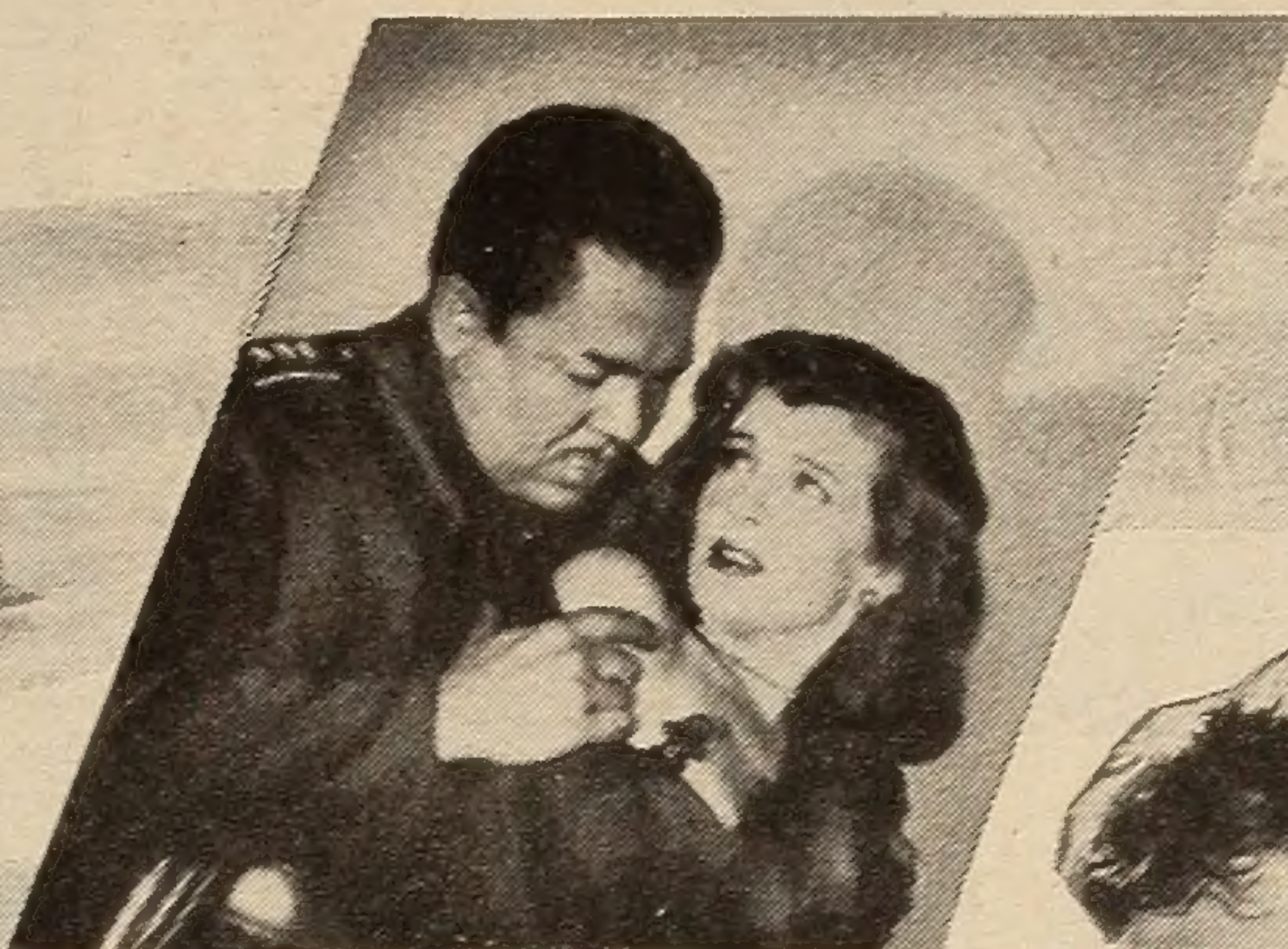
**A.** Steve was married to Fay Mackenzie. The Rogers-Cochran affair has cooled.



# ROARING THROUGH CHINA TODAY!



Adventuress, doctor, thief,  
clergyman . . . they all ride  
the peril-laden Peking  
Express . . . rushing through  
the intrigue and the terror  
of the strife-torn Orient!



"I wish I could tell  
you there had been  
no other men . . .  
but five years is  
a long time!"



北平快車

## PEKING EXPRESS HAL WALLIS'

PRODUCTION STARRING

JOSEPH CORINNE EDMUND  
COTTEN · CALVET · GWENN

with MARVIN MILLER Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE  
Screenplay by John Meredyth Lucas · Adaptation by Jules Furthman  
From a Story by Harry Hervey · A PARAMOUNT PICTURE







# LOUELLA PARSONS'

*Good news*



Lana Turner and Ava Gardner entered into friendly competition vying for costume honors at "The Ribbon Cabaret," a glamorous charity affair benefiting the Minnie Barton and Bide-a-Wee homes of Los Angeles. There were over 400 guests present.

**I** CALLED Lana Turner and asked outright if she and Bob were having trouble.

"Several weeks ago we weren't happy, Louella," replied the most square-shooting gal in Hollywood. "I didn't know whether we were going to be able to work it out."

"But that rough spot is past now," she went on. "We are happy again and realize, perhaps more than ever, how much our marriage means to both of us."

Is there a more honest person in pictures than luscious Lana? I've never in my life asked her a question, no matter how personal, that she didn't answer me straight.

And without prying further, I think I know what the trouble between the Toppings may have been. Too much "play" at a time when Lana was really worried about her career. She was very upset about the reviews on her picture, *Mr. Imperium*.

6 Bob had bought a boat and was spend-

ing most of his time at Balboa aboard his new "toy." The Toppings took an apartment at the harbor resort but Lana has never been an outdoor girl. She can't take too much sun because it poisons her skin.

The rumors started crackling when she returned to their Bel Air home and Bob stayed on the boat.

But, I believe Lana when she says everything is okay again.

**F**EW happenings in this town surprise me, but John Agar's out-of-the-blue elopement to Las Vegas with Loretta Barnett Combs and their subsequent marriage, *did!*

When I interviewed him not long ago, John told me he wouldn't remarry for years. That's what the man said.

So, when he high-tailed it up to Las Vegas with Miss Combs for a license and was told by the clerk at the Court House to "take

a couple of runs around the block and get some black coffee in you"—all I could say was, "Well!"

The license clerk came right out and told reporters Agar was "obviously drunk" and the law forbade issuing the necessary paper until he sobered up.

Shirley Temple's former husband was not only cold sober but slightly peeved when the honeymooners flew back to Los Angeles. He snapped to reporters, "Well, we're married, aren't we?"

The bride is a former model and she's tall and dark. It's her second marriage.

Of course, the "inside" stories started popping high wide and handsome. One was that Loretta and another girl Agar has been dating, Elaine White, were both guests at his mother's home for dinner the night before the surprise elopement. John is whispered to have asked Elaine to marry him first. And





Dazzling, Ava, Irene Dunne, Diana Lynn, and Loretta Young stymied the judges. Diana won the "most original costume" prize of lingerie; Loretta won a bottle of perfume for "the most beautiful" creation.



Sally Forrest only had eyes for agent Milo Frank at the *Go For Broke* premiere. Milo is still Sally's fiance, but so far no marriage announcement is forthcoming. Sally's latest movie is *Excuse My Dust*.



Jeanne Crain, Margaret O'Brien, and Ruth Hussey were among the stars gathered at the McCarthy estate in Beverly Hills to publicize Father Peyton's book, "The Ear of God." Movie fans had a field day.



Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler have kept Hollywood buzzing about their constant dating. Here at a party in the Mazzarino restaurant, they pitched in with other guests preparing foods like spaghetti.

when she said, "Nay," he asked Loretta. Another yarn goes that Loretta had a dinner date with another gent that night after her unscheduled marriage. So when she came home from Las Vegas, she politely called him and said:

"Sorry, I'll have to call off our dinner appointment. I was married this morning."

(For the full story of John Agar's wedding Please turn to page 10.—Ed.)

Annelle and Mark Stevens are expecting their second child this summer which is the "key" to the funniest sayings-of-children-story I've heard this month.

Five-year-old Mark Jr. was asked by his school teacher what his parents did for a living. It was a questionnaire sent around to discover how many youngsters had both parents working.

"My father," said Junior, "gets up in the

morning and goes to the studio."

Then, he added, "And my mother gets up in the morning and throws up!"

**Y**ou think movie fans, even teenagers, aren't loyal to the stars they admire?

Veronica Lake broke down and wept over the many letters which came to her and Andre De Toth enclosing money after it was announced that their home had been taken over for back income taxes.

Some of the letters contained as much as five dollars. Some sent one dollar. Others offered twenty-five cents—still others a dime.

"It was the thought that meant so much," Veronica cried, "what a wonderful thing it is to know that there are kind, warm friends in the world."

**I**f I sound like a walking hospital chart this month it is because I have been spend-

ing most of my free time at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where my husband, Dr. Martin, is recuperating from a long illness.

And it seems half of the drama of Hollywood was taking place at the Cedars at the time.

I'll never forget Jimmy Stewart's face the afternoon I met him in the elevator just a few hours before the birth of those adorable twins, Judy and Kelly.

He looked so drawn and harassed.

"Jimmy," I said, "have you eaten anything in days?"

"Oh, sure, sure," he replied like a man in a trance, "I'm all right. I just can't think about anything except Gloria."

The birth of the baby girls by Caesarean section was very successful. But two days later, Gloria underwent an operation for an intestinal obstruction followed within hours by a second, more serious operation. 7





Keep  
dainty  
all day with  
a single spray!



**JUST SPRAY IT ON!** Etiquet Spray-On is *safe and sure* . . .  
really ends perspiration odor, checks perspiration moisture!  
Easy to use—your fingers never even touch it! Glamorous  
women *depend* on Etiquet for day-long daintiness!

**EXCLUSIVE FORMULA!** Etiquet contains a special formula to  
curb the bacteria that cause perspiration odor. Antiseptic,  
Etiquet does not irritate normal skin—independent scientific  
tests prove it does not weaken fabrics or damage clothing.

**AMAZINGLY ECONOMICAL!** Months supply in a smart,  
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If you prefer a cream deodorant, you'll love Etiquet in the luxury  
vanishing cream base! Gives long-lasting protection . . . goes on easily,  
disappears in a jiffy. No gritty particles, Etiquet won't dry out in  
the jar, won't harm fine fabrics. 10¢ to 59¢, plus tax. Also in handy tube.



## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Believe me—everybody in that hospital, doctors, nurses, and even patients were praying for her recovery and everybody's heart went out to that tall, lanky, devoted Jimmy who never left her bedside. What a wonderful husband and father he is!

Now that Gloria is so much better, I want to tell you a cute story she told me of how Jimmy had fed the children the other evening (the twins were taken home weeks before their mother could leave the hospital).

"He gave them their bottles," laughed Gloria, "and then proudly reported that he burped them."

At the same time Gloria was so desperately ill, Marie Wilson was in a critical condition in the same hospital—her second trip within days.

Our Friend Marie had been pronounced completely out of danger from phlebitis (blood clots in the legs) and had been dismissed by her doctor. Then, what does she do but go to another doctor for a vitamin "shot."

Within 24 hours she was back in the hospital with a fever of 105 and just the barest chance to survive. At one time, it was thought she was dead.

But Marie is young and healthy, and she miraculously survived. She is well on the way to recovery—but here's hoping she never comes as close again and that she never does such a foolish thing without consulting her own doctor.

Because I was on hand during all the crises—I really found myself in the role of a hospital reporter. On one day alone, I wrote three news stories on Mrs. Stewart's condition for my newspaper—and two on Marie!

**N**O girl boosted so fast to stardom as Debbie Reynolds has remained such an unsophisticated child at heart. Debbie is the same age as the now quite worldly Liz Taylor—19. But one is a kid around the MGM lot—the other a glamor queen.

Debbie wears blue jeans and sweaters. Elizabeth's wardrobe is "created" by leading designers.

Elizabeth "watches" her diet. Debbie walks around with hot dogs and ice cream cones in her hands between meals and what she "stokes" away for a regular meal would do justice to a day laborer.

Miss Taylor is a frequent visitor to the nightclubs. Debbie attends Girl Scout meetings and recently presented her particular group with an Outdoor Theater. When the gentlemen around town try to date Miss Reynolds, her stock reply is, "I'm sorry. I can't. I gotta go to a meetin'" (Girl Scouts).

Elizabeth is quietly taking singing lessons. Debbie still proudly toots the French horn, an instrument she played for a year in the Burbank Youth Symphony.

She is Gene Kelly's co-star in *Singing In the Rain* but she calls him, "Mr. Kelly." She is a movie fan and has written several stars (off the MGM lot) asking for their autograph or a signed picture.

She hates to wear mascara off screen because, "it gets in my eyes. I forget and rub my eyes."

Debbie was born on April Fool's Day and the fact makes her giggle, "for obvious reasons."

(Continued on page 18)

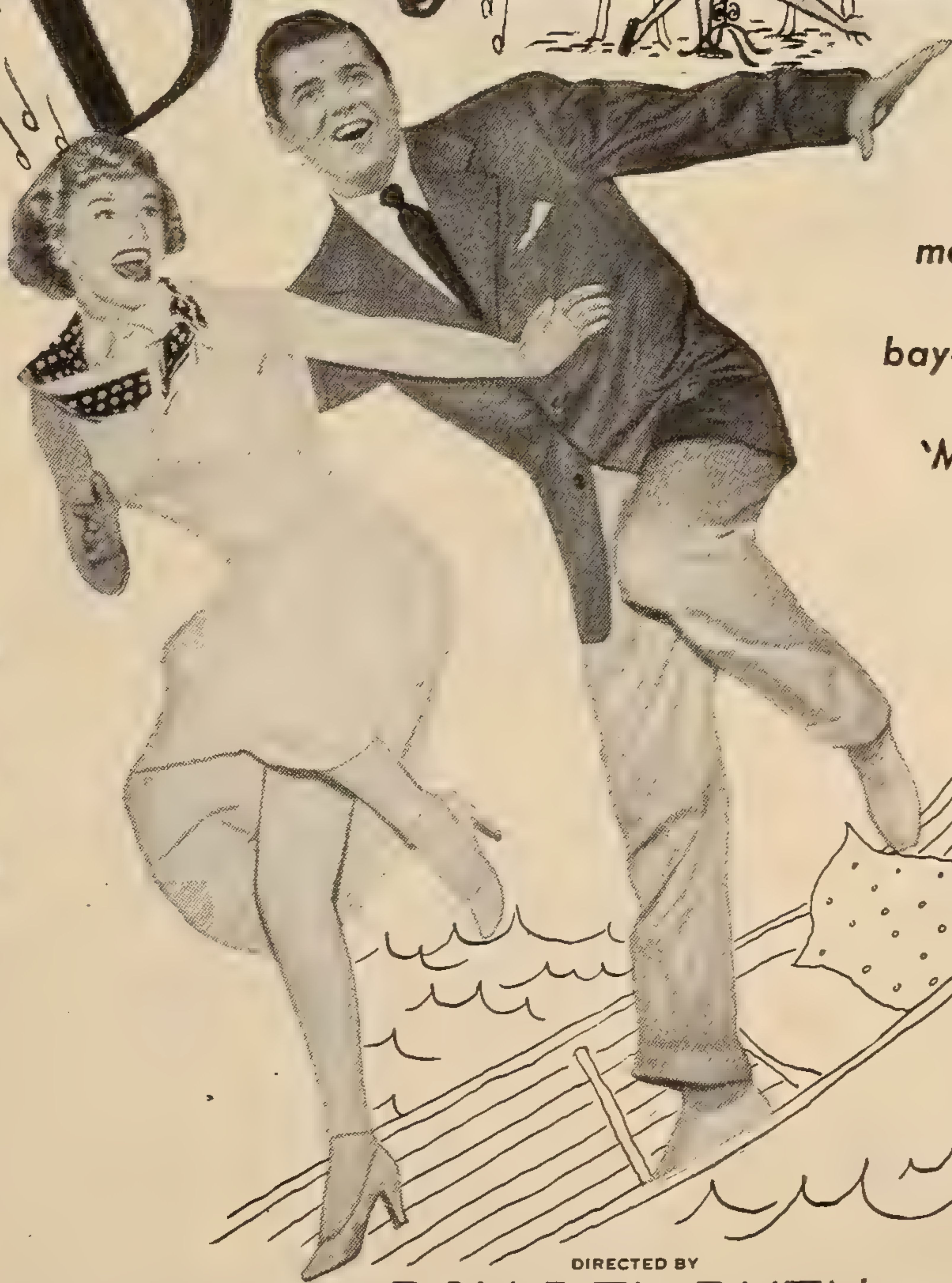


# Everything's gay "On Moonlight Bay"

FROM  
WARNER BROS.  
STARRING

**DORIS  
DAY  
GORDON  
MACRAE**

AND  
JOY! AND LOVE! AND THE JOY OF LOVIN'!  
AND SINGIN' AND DANCIN' AND SUCH  
ROMANCIN'! IT'S SUNLIGHT  
AND MOONLIGHT ROLLED INTO ONE!



COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**



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moonlight bay-bes  
and  
bay-eautiful songs!  
'Love Ya',  
'Moonlight Bay'—  
lots more!

WITH JACK SMITH • SCREEN PLAY BY JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON • DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS  
MUSICAL DIRECTION RAY HEINDORF MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

ON THE WAY!

**"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"**

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



and!

**"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"**





The unusual prelude to the wedding of John Agar and model Loretta Combs on May 16th added to the bad publicity about the actor.

## *the new Mrs. Agar*

In this frank story,  
John Agar's mother and  
the marriage bureau answer  
the critical charges  
made about his wedding.

BY JIM BURTON

■ Judge Edward McManee looked down at John Agar from his dais in the county courthouse at Las Vegas.

The judge wanted to be absolutely certain that Agar was sober. Two and a half hours previously at about 1:30 in the afternoon, John had come into the courthouse, and in a voice made rough by alcohol, said, "We'd like to get married. Where do we get the marriage license?"

Helen Scott Reed, the motherly, bespectacled county clerk, gazed at Agar. He was dressed neatly in slacks, a hounds-tooth sports jacket, and a striped tie. But his eyes were bloodshot and his demeanor unsteady.

She looked next at Loretta Barnett Combs, the fashion model John wanted to be his wife. Loretta, her brunette hair beautifully coiffured, stood proudly beside him. Together she and John made a handsome pair. They would certainly make a fine married couple. But the county clerk wasn't sure that Agar realized the importance of the step he was about to take.

"He appeared intoxicated to me," Clerk Reed said, "and I just didn't want to take any chances. He might have known what he was doing. The girl certainly did, but he seemed unsure, and it isn't our (Continued on page 12)





Now...don't  
"Just Wash"  
your hair...

# Condition it with **DRENE** shampoo



## *The sure way to Natural Sheen— Natural Softness!*

Something exciting happens to your hair the first time you *condition* it with sparkling liquid Drene. It shimmers, it shines—looks so beautifully, naturally soft and lovely!

For marvelous Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. Drene actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . leaves your hair naturally shining, fluffy, so easy to manage! And because Drene is a clear liquid (not a soap or cream shampoo) it rinses away easily, without special rinses . . . leaves no cloudy film to hide the natural beauty of your hair!

So why wait to discover how naturally lovely your hair can look? Beauty-condition it today, with Drene! Remember, only a liquid shampoo like Drene can leave your hair so glossy, so soft, yet so manageable. And Drene is the *only* shampoo with this *Conditioning Action* . . . for *all* types of hair.

*Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action  
for All types of hair!*





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**5-day**

**DEODORANT  
PADS!**

**IN A PAD!**

*Dainty, moist pads  
you just apply and  
throw away!*

*dab a pad!*

Nothing to smear on fingers. No drizzle! No clammy, sticky feeling! Not a spray, cream or liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you want it.

*Throw it away*

With it throw away hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms. It's sheer magic!

**Better than Creams, Sprays, Liquids!**

Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

**HARMLESS TO SKIN AND CLOTHES**

**5-day**

**DEODORANT PADS**

25c 59c \$1

Save on cosmetic tax. Only 6% tax instead of usual 20% on other types of deodorants



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**ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY FREE!**

Enclosed find 10c to help cover cost of postage and handling.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

DMS8 Offer expires in 60 days.

(Continued from page 10) policy to issue marriage licenses carelessly. I said to him, 'Why don't you think it over and come back later?'

"He was the perfect gentleman. No argument or anything. He grinned kind of boyishly at me and then they left. But even if he had been drinking, I don't think it's a crime. After all, lots of men take a drink or two before their wedding. It bolsters their nerves."

Two and a half hours later, John and Loretta were back in the county clerk's office. "He was simply fine," Mrs. Reed says. "I swore him in, and he gave the answers to the marriage license application quickly and clearly."

So, too, did Loretta. Like John, she'd been married once before, and like him she'd been divorced in 1949.

The couple was then escorted into Judge McManee's chambers. Their witnesses were the County Clerk, and Margaret Hinson, the Judge's court reporter.

Aware of what had gone before, Judge McManee improvised the following marriage ceremony:

"Do you, John," he asked, "swear that you are sober, in your right mind, and know full well the action you are taking?"

Agar looked puzzled for a moment, then answered, "I do."

Judge McManee turned to the bride.

"Do you, Loretta, swear that you are in possession of all your faculties, that you believe John to be the same, and that you fully understand what you are doing?"

Loretta nodded. "Yes, I do," she replied, whereupon the Judge began the regular ceremony.

After the ceremony, John and Loretta drove out to the Las Vegas airport and caught the 7:30 p.m. plane to Los Angeles. When they alighted, John was asked if he'd had any difficulties in obtaining a marriage license. By that time the story of his little escapade had been put on the teletype by newsmen, and was being readied for public consumption.

John, who justifiably feels that the press has been making him its scapegoat for years, was irritated. "There was no trouble at all in getting the license. We're married," he said.

The next morning, all hallelujah broke loose. "AGAR WEDS AFTER LICENSE DELAYED," screamed one headline. "AGAR, DRUNK, SOBERS UP, GETS MARRIED," roared another.

Most vicious of all the comments was the following news item: "No matter what you read about the very recent marriage of a well-known young star to a local model, a half hour before, he had asked another gal to hitch with him. He got the turn-down, turned the request over to another gal, who accepted. Both girls were at his mother's home for dinner."

John was sickened when he read that item. So, too, were his bride and his mother.

No names were mentioned, but all Hollywood interpreted the item as meaning that John had first proposed marriage that afternoon to Elaine White, the attractive secretary in MGM's legal department who has dated Clark Gable and half a dozen other actors.

Everyone knew that Elaine and Loretta had dined with the Agars the previous evening.

John Agar has never proposed marriage to Elaine White. He's been in love with Loretta Barnett Combs, his present wife, for the past six months.

"I don't know why they keep hounding John like that," his mother says. "The newspapers make him out to be a dypso-maniac. He isn't anything of the sort. He takes a drink once in a while, but not to

excess. What's wrong about celebrating an hour or two before your marriage? If you don't celebrate then, when can you? I'm not saying John is the perfect angel. He has his faults. Plenty of them. He wouldn't be human if he hadn't. But why do they make him sound like a silly, irresponsible boy?

"This marriage of his was no elopement. He'd spoken to me about it, he called his brother in Stanford and his sister in Chicago and told them what he planned to do.

"He isn't the kind of boy who goes around proposing to every girl he meets. Elaine and Loretta were both at the house for dinner on the night of May 15th. After dinner, Elaine left. Loretta and John sat in the living room for an hour. During that hour, John proposed to Loretta. She's a very sweet and wonderful girl—they've been going together for about a year—and Loretta accepted.

"John came into my room and said, 'Mother, I'm going to tell you something. Loretta and I are going to get married. I think we'll fly to Las Vegas and do it very quietly.'

"I was happy for them, but I said, 'Why don't you get married here, in the house?' But John said he'd prefer Reno. So I gave them my blessings. Then he called up his brother and sister and told them all about it. They were very happy.

"They left the following morning on the plane to Las Vegas, and they came back the same night. John didn't propose to anyone else."

When contacted at MGM, Elaine White corroborated Mrs. Agar's version. "John has never proposed to me. The man who wrote that item called me, and I told him the truth, but somehow he went and wrote what he wanted to. I've been a friend of the Agar family for some time. I think Loretta is a wonderful girl, and John is a wonderful guy, and I know they're going to be extremely happy."

**L**ORETTA Barnett Combs Agar, John's 28-year-old bride, took the entire post-marriage mess with her usual good nature.

"They've got to sell newspapers," she says, "and I guess John's name helps sell them. I've known John over a year now. I met him through Peggy and Larry Springer, some friends who run a chemical company—and I've always had a lot of fun with him.

"I was with him the night the police accused him of drunken driving, and I can tell you he wasn't drunk at all. He's a very sweet person, very thoughtful and considerate. And of course, I love him. That's why I married him.

"Right now, we're looking around for an apartment. I work as a model, but John will be the breadwinner in the family. I don't think two careers mix. We're going to have lots of children.


"Where do I come from? Right here in Los Angeles. I was born here and went to LeConte Junior High and then to Lawlor's Professional School. Yes, I've been married before for five years, but it didn't work. What's his name? Chester Combs. You wouldn't know him. He didn't come from Hollywood. He came from Texas."

By the time this article appears in print, the John Agars will have returned from their honeymoon, and will be living in an apartment of their own.

"I'm sure," Agar says, "that Loretta and I are going to be very happy. I don't have a chip on my shoulder, and I'm not particularly mad at anyone. I didn't get married on the re-bound, either. I love Loretta very much. I'm glad we're married, and that's all I can say."

For Agar, who's not the communicative type, that's saying a lot. **THE END**





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## movie reviews



by Christopher Kane

### ACE IN THE HOLE

In *Ace in the Hole*, Kirk Douglas plays almost as nice a guy as he played in *Champion*. An unscrupulous newspaperman, Douglas arrives on the scene the very day that a man is trapped in an Indian cliff dwelling (the roof has caved in), in New Mexico, and sets about turning the accident to his (Douglas') advantage.

This is the big story, the one that will win him a Pulitzer prize. There's a way to get the trapped man out in 24 hours, but Douglas makes a deal with a crooked sheriff, has the contractor go at the rescue operation the hard way, by drilling through rock, a method that'll take at least a week, and give the story time to build.

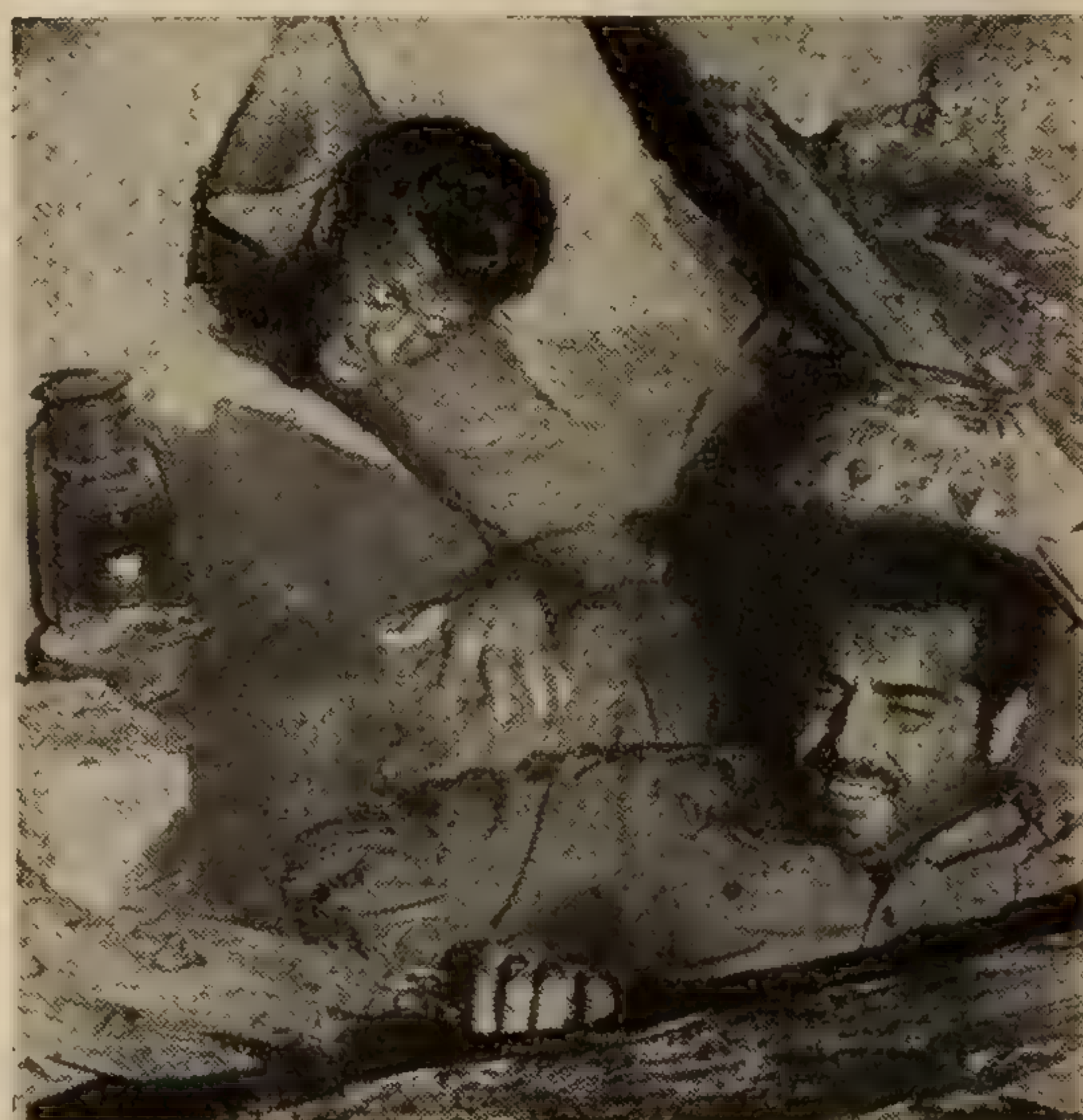
### picture of the month



Ambition-crazed reporter, Kirk Douglas, makes a deal with a crooked sheriff to delay the rescue of a man trapped in a New Mexican cave-in.



The victim's wife, Jan Sterling, readily falls in with Kirk. A morbid crowd has gathered, and she's making money at her hamburger stand.



Kirk keeps the injured man, and his story, alive for six days. Finally the betrayed man dies; and tragedy comes to greedy Kirk and Jan, too.

Sure enough, the site becomes a picnic ground. Curious spectators flood in from all over; they camp, and sing and buy souvenirs. The trapped man's hard-boiled wife (Jan Sterling) turns the crowds into profit. The morbid eagerness of the mob, the cynical willingness of the newspaperman and the wife to glean fame and fortune out of agony, are nicely explored in *Ace in the Hole*.

And there were touches—a song about the trapped man, composed and wailed by a hillbilly band selling sheet music, for instance—which were sheer mastery.

Cast: Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur, Porter Hall.—Para.



## STRANGERS ON A TRAIN

Hitchcock goes back to trains, a subject that's always fascinated the great man. On a certain train, he introduces young tennis star Farley Granger to young maniac Robert Walker. This Walker's a lulu. Wants his father done away with so he can live in peace on his father's money. And he's got a bully idea. Why doesn't he kill Farley's faithless wife-who-left-him-but-won't-give-him-a-divorce, and then Farley can kill his (Walker's) father. Exchange murders, so to speak. Nobody's going to suspect an absolute stranger of being involved in a killing. Farley wants to marry Ruth Roman, but not bad enough to kill his wife, so he laughs Walker off. Walker, who's the serious type, goes ahead with the plan anyway. That's a rough idea. There are nice nightmarish Hitchcock trademarks (a carousel gone wild, a strangling in an amusement park, etc.); there are some corny moments too, but on the whole it's an exciting thriller.

Cast: Farley Granger, Ruth Roman, Robert Walker, Leo G. Carroll.—Warners.

## JIM THORPE—ALL AMERICAN

The rise and fall of the greatest all-round athlete America ever produced is dealt with by Warners, and the result is an excellent movie. A young Indian boy, loving to run free, hating to feel himself closed in, disciplines himself to go to school and try to make some kind of mark in the white man's world because that's what his father wants. Sports help him find relief from the pressure of lessons and books and little rooms; he's so successful he decided to make his living as a coach, eventually. He walks away with the 1912 Olympic honors single-handed, only to be stripped later of all prizes. (The authorities find out he played baseball one summer for money, and claim he's forfeited his amateur standing.) This disgrace knocks the starch out of him. His son dies, he quarrels with his wife, he starts drinking, he tries to pick up money playing bush-league ball, at the end, but he has no stuff left. There's something really painful about this picture—the slow deterioration of a beautiful body, a beautiful talent, the loneliness of a man who's seen the parades go by. The actors all do fine jobs.

Cast: Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Steven Cochran, Phyllis Thaxter.—Warners.

## EXCUSE MY DUST

Red Skelton, as the genius who's always setting fire to the barn trying to make his horseless carriage run, Sally Forrest as the girl who loves him against the hopes and prayers of her poppa (the owner of a livery stable), Macdonald Carey as the Yale man who's got a yen for Sally, and Monica Lewis as the visiting menace who once spent a few days in Paris and now says everything with a n'est-ce pas flavor, combine talents to make *Excuse My Dust* a honey of a comedy. The bathing suits and the humor of the era are faithfully reproduced. Sally dances like a dervish; there's a horseless carriage race that's a howling riot, and mere words cannot convey the gentle, jolly charm herein displayed.

Cast: Red Skelton, Macdonald Carey, Sally Forrest, Monica Lewis.—MGM.

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## Walt Disney's ALICE in WONDERLAND

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ADVENTURE with Alice into a joyful world of wonders, and meet the funniest famous people who ever came to life.

The Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Cheshire Cat, the White Rabbit—all of Wonderland's merry madcaps—will live in your memory as long as there's a laugh left in your heart.

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RING WITH LAUGHTER**

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"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

"VERY GOOD ADVICE"

"THE UNBIRTHDAY SONG"

"'Twas BRILLIG"

**STARRING THE VOICES OF:**

ED WYNN . . . . . The Mad Hatter  
RICHARD HAYDN . . . The Caterpillar  
STERLING HOLLOWAY The Cheshire Cat  
JERRY COLONNA . . . The March Hare  
KATHRYN BEAUMONT . . . ALICE

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### HAPPY GO LOVELY

Here's musical plot number 34. Broke producer doesn't know how to open show, creditors threatening to take away scenery, etc. On top of everything, leading lady quits. Chorus girl gets lift from millionaire's chauffeur, producer sees this, thinks girl is millionaire's sweetie, stars her in show. She doesn't even know millionaire, but once they do meet, they love. Passionately. Vera-Ellen's the chorus girl, Niven's the millionaire, Romero's the producer. Minor deviation from standard plot: locale is Edinburgh, Scotland. Picture's Technicolored, and it has a happy ending. As the studio synopsis points out about Niven—"His millions aside, he is now just a man—a man in love." So there.

Cast: David Niven, Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero.—RKO.

### ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Some of the wonder experienced by Lewis Carroll's Alice may now be shared in Technicolor by us cartoon addicts. A very British-sounding little Alice goes plunging down into the world of make-believe, attends a teaparty with the March Hare and the Mad Hatter (sounds courtesy of Jerry Colonna and Ed Wynn), talks with dodos, and cats, and flowers, and doorknobs, helps some playing cards paint white roses red, gets bigger and gets smaller, and laughs and cries and lives in front of your bewitched eyes. For me the high points of the movie were Richard Haydn's voicing—and what a voice!—of the caterpillar's philosophy, and some baby oysters so ingratiating as to face and manner that I could hardly bear it when the carpenter performed his act of cannibalism on them.

DISNEY—RKO.

### AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL

"Acme Printing Services" gives Monty Woolley his notice, because it's the policy of Consolidated Motors ("Acme" is only a subsidiary company) to retire men at 65. This is the signal for Woolley's revolt against society. He dyes his beard, impersonates the president of Consolidated Motors, makes speeches at the Chamber of Commerce, dances with a beautiful woman for the first time in 30 years, and altogether sets his small world on its ear. Among the astonished—but later proud and happy—bystanders are his daughter-in-law, Thelma Ritter, his granddaughter, Jean Peters, his grandson-in-law-to-be, David Wayne, and a lot of 65-year-old men who've been fired. That Connie Bennett could seriously consider herself in love with Mr. Woolley seemed highly unlikely to me (she's still got plenty of glamor). But if it's okay with her, why should I complain?

Cast: Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter, David Wayne, Jean Peters, Constance Bennett.—20th Century-Fox.

### THE LONG DARK HALL

Happily married Rex Harrison has been playing around with a showgirl, and when she goes and gets herself murdered, the authorities are all for Rex's following her in death, as he did in life. They want to 'ang 'im, guv'nor. Lilli Palmer, his more than



understanding mate, stands by while a web of circumstantial evidence is woven around him to prove his guilt. Letters from him to the dead girl, threats overheard by the dead girl's landlady, testimony of the dead girl's friend. Since you and I know the real killer (we've watched him polish off a couple other victims) who's nutty as a fruit cake, and we know darn well he's never going to confess, the tension's something fierce.

Cast: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer, Denis O'Dea, Raymond Huntley.—United Artists.

### MR. IMPERIUM

MGM can make the best Technicolor musicals in the world—and the worst. This one's on a par with *Pagan Love Song* for sheer dullness. It's amazing, when you consider that Lana's luscious, Pinza sings good, Debbie Reynolds continues to be as cute as they come, the color is gorgeous, the scenes of Italy are ravishing, and yet the picture adds up to hogwash. The story's about a king in love with an American girl, and the various pains and aches they endure before they part forever. Sir Cedric Hardwicke has a silly role (he plays the king's foreign-minister-conscience) and that's about that.

Cast: Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza, Marjorie Main, Debbie Reynolds.—MGM.

### A PLACE IN THE SUN

Based on Theodore Dreiser's famous novel, "An American Tragedy," *A Place in the Sun* is a moving experience. Montgomery Clift plays the boy who comes to work for a rich uncle, in a strange town. Lonely, sensitive, he meets a girl (Shelley Winters) in the uncle's factory, goes out with her, makes love to her. But he's ambitious for a more gracious life, clothes, cars, and most of all a beautiful, spoiled rich girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whom he meets at a party. When Elizabeth becomes infatuated with him, he wants to ditch Shelley, but Shelley's pregnant. So you have the principals, trapped, and tortured. For Shelley, marriage is the answer; Clift's answer comes up murder. The pitiful strivings of pitiful human beings are mercilessly outlined here, young love is treated with respect and tenderness, and every character seems real. This is a sad picture; it probes the human heart and finds it frightening.

Cast: Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, Anne Revere.—Paramount.

### ON THE RIVIERA

Danny Kaye confines himself to a mere double role (in *Walter Mitty*, he had several more lives) but this double role is meaty. He plays a French flyer who has a suave way with the ladies and is a regular devil-may-care public hero, and also an American night club entertainer. When the flyer's away, the night-club entertainer will play at impersonating him, and the whole thing takes place along the Mediterranean in Technicolor. Gene Tierney's the flier's neglected wife, Corinne Calvet is the night club entertainer's girl friend; there's music, dancing, even the semblance of a plot, and plenty of amusing dialogue. It's fun.

Cast: Danny Kaye, Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet, Marcel Dalio.—20th Century-Fox.

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hair dances  
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hair takes on a  
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**A DAZZLING LIFT!** New lanolin-enriched Shasta Cream Shampoo glorifies your natural hair color. It does not add artificial color to your hair, but gives your own true color a dazzling lift.

**"SUPER" CLEANS HAIR!** New Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giving cleanser that "super" cleans your hair. This super cleansing action is the secret of the shining, sparkling color after your Shasta shampoo. For Shasta leaves each strand so radiantly clean the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

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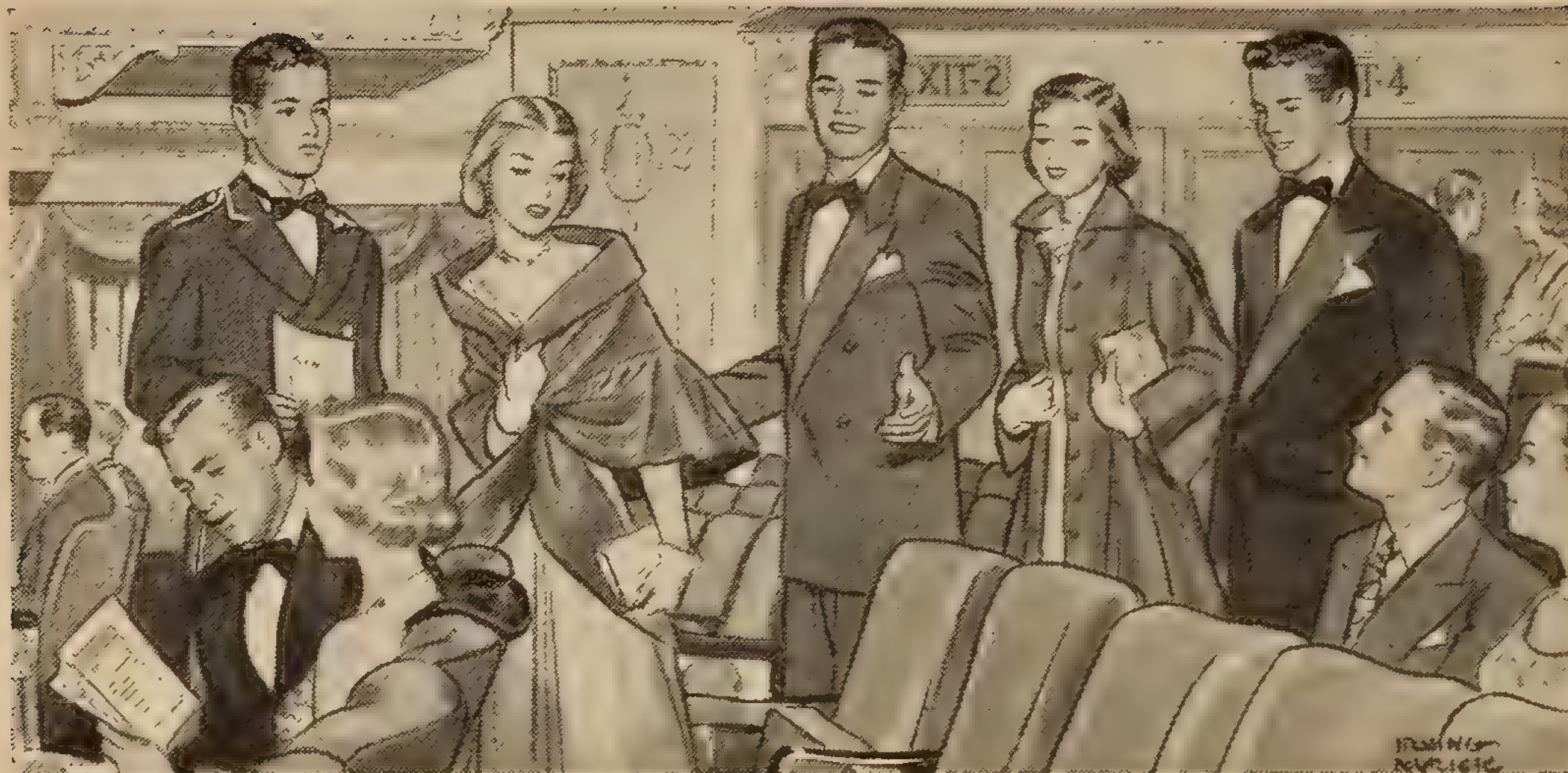


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☐ Beside the other

☐ On the aisle

☐ Farthest from the aisle

Getting into a hassel over who's to sit where — won't get you an early dating encore. Learn your eti-cues. Even-numbered groups should start and end with a man; so here, one lad should take the farthest seat, followed by you two gals — then your squire.

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To unfatten ankles, better do this exercise: Lying on floor, hold leg up straight (and *still*) as you circle foot outward 20 times; then inward. Repeat with other leg. Foot circling's fine for *slender* ankles, as well. Helps keep their shape. Just as on *calendar-circling* days — Kotex keeps its shape; keeps you comfortable. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while you wear it?



To revive that vacation-time romance, try —

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- ☐ A short note

Has distance made your summer-resort Romeo forgetful? A short note is the safest "reminder." Write about a book, movie or platter he'd be interested in. And when your calendar reminds you it's *that* day — choose Kotex; for what with a special safety center, and soft, moisture-resistant edges — Kotex gives extra protection. This napkin can be worn on *either* side, safely!



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## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

(Continued from page 8)

A HIDDEN camera, concealed behind banks of flowers, recorded in color film one of the most beautiful parties of the season and the gayest. What a scene of beautiful belles and handsome gents it was as the guests, in costumes of 1871, arrived for the costume-ball given in honor of the 80th birthday of Mrs. S. W. Straus.

The charming and witty guest of honor, one of our few remaining matriarchs, is the grandmother of Stuart and Spencer Martin (Stu is married to Angela Green) and greeted as many movie star guests as she did socialites.

The tennis court had been converted into a ballroom of the 1870's — and even the waiters and musicians were done up in costumes of that period.

Flowers, flowers in great profusion everywhere made this a breathtaking background for the be-bustled belles and beaux with sideburns.

Among the few not in gala costume were Peter Lawford with Mrs. Gary Cooper, and Merle Oberon with Dr. Rex Ross, who had come from Lena Horne's opening at the Coconut Grove.

"Angie" Green, who had just finished work on the newest Weissmuller picture, was a vision in pale green taffeta with a bustle and so tiny in the waist I just couldn't believe it when she whispered that she and Stu are expecting their second baby in August.

All eyes turned on Renee Jeanmarie, when that star of the Paris ballet, who is here to make a movie for RKO, swept in wearing a formfitting black satin gown with a black beauty spot with a diamond in it on her cheek! With her black eyes heavily made-up, her white skin and straight black hair, Mlle. Jeanmarie is the "sexiest" looking dish to hit our region since the days of the silent screen vamps.

Kirk Douglas particularly handed me a laugh dressed up as a "dandy" with a sporty suit and a derby so big it rested on his ears most of the evening. Kirk's date was lovely Irene Wrightsman, of course.

Joy Page (Mrs. Bill Orr), who has a hit picture in *The Bullfighter and the Lady* looked like a dream walking in her black and white lace hoop-skirted costume and a red rose in her hair.

I particularly enjoyed talking with Pierre La Mure, author of the best selling "Moulin Rouge", who is living in Hollywood while he writes his new book, "Clare De Lune." Believe me, girls, this Frenchman who writes so brilliantly, is as charming as any actor and is good-looking enough to take up that career should he ever grow tired of writing.

PERSONAL Opinions: I think Dr. Peter Lindstrom was wise in insisting that the meeting between Ingrid Bergman and their 13-year-old daughter, Jenny Ann, should be held in a place where Roberto Rossellini — isn't! The long delayed reunion took place in London at the home of friends with Roberto remaining in Paris. . . . Gene Tierney is wearing the cutest white summer gloves of the season; "shorties" with little artificial daisies around the cuffs. . . . Isn't it a scream that Shelley Winters and Farley Granger worked together all through *Behave Yourself* without a single tiff. And then, when



they went vacationing to New York you could hear the din of the battles from Maine to Texas. . . . Don't take Ava Gardner's new dates with her old beau, Howard Duff, seriously. She and Frankie Sinatra may fight but they always make up. It's so much fun! . . . Speaking of Ava—did you hear her singing "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" on my radio show? Ava sings as sex-y as she looks and that's sex-y! . . . Edith Ward, a charmer from Palm Springs was very honest when I asked her if she were going to marry Brian Donlevy. "I don't think he'll ever marry again," replied the lady who manages a successful dude ranch there. . . . Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh say they will be married as soon as they are both free from making a picture. And when that's going to be, I don't know. . . . June Allyson is proud as punch over her brother, Arthur Peters, who graduated cum laude from Culver Military Academy in Culver, Indiana. She and Dick Powell will sponsor Arthur's education at Columbia University's medical school this Fall.

**G**ARY Cooper's first night back in Hollywood after Rocky announced a "legal separation" (he had been on a Florida location jaunt when she up and announced the end of their marriage) was to take his daughter, Maria, to dinner at a quiet place. How Gary loves that child! The 13-year-old girl is adored by both her mother and her father and while, naturally, she is the innocent victim of their marital troubles, both Gary and Rocky will do everything possible to shelter her.

I want to say one thing for this big Cooper guy: He is not entirely to blame in this break-up, although most of the buzz-buzz gossip has circled around his head. There are always two sides to every story of marriage trouble—and the Coopers are no exception.

He's never been the social type, for one thing—and Rocky loves the Blue Book whirls. I think that even she must admit that for most of their 17 years together, Gary has been a wonderful, husband.

Two days before Gary's return, Patricia Neal popped off in the newspapers that she had "nothing to do" with the Coopers' parting and was very "upset" that her name was being gossipped into the case.

Why Pat felt she had to say anything, I'll never know. No one has officially mentioned her in the case, certainly not Mrs. Cooper, and her outburst drew a lot of attention her way she might have escaped.

**T**HE Letter Box: Yipes! I mean all the letters about Tony Dexter, the Valentino kid. It is worth more than a passing comment that much of the mail is from kids so young they never saw the original on the screen. Anthony is off to a good start with the fans if his producers are lucky enough to find another "sultry" lover role for him.

Debbie Reynolds beat out June Allyson for praises among the girls.

Don Taylor (the likeable young husband of *Father of the Bride* and *Father's Little Dividend*) is quietly coming up the popularity poll among my correspondents.

There is a division of opinion—about equal—on the Larry Parks thing.

Raves, just raves, for Mario Lanza in *The Great Caruso*.

Well, guess that's all for this month. See you next edition!

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## INVISIBLE **PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE**



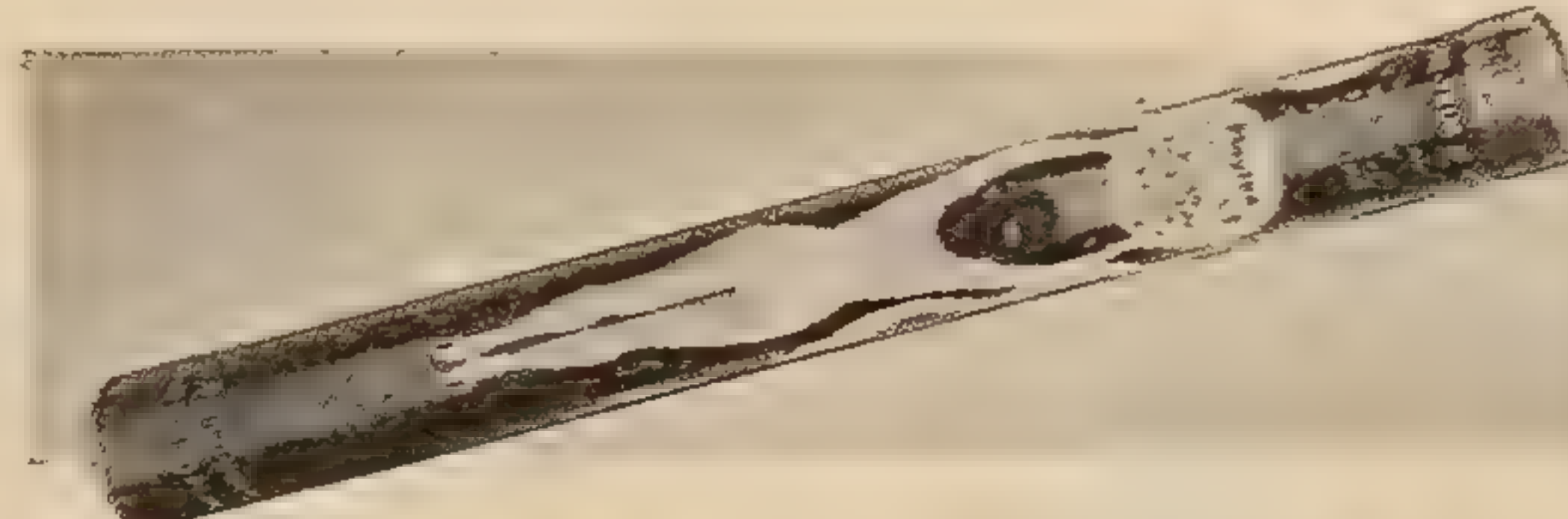
Now, new coolness, slimness, freedom—with Playtex Pink-Ice, the girdle top designers recommend. Made by a new latex process, it's light, fresh, actually dispels body heat. It hasn't a seam, stitch or bone—washes in seconds, dries with the pat of a towel.



**CAROLYN SCHNURER**, famous for casuals: "Slimness is no problem if you wear a **PLAYTEX** girdle."



**BALMAIN**, fabulous Paris couturier: "PLAYTEX slims and moulds you smoothly, in complete comfort."



Choose from the **3** most popular girdles in the world

**PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES**

In **SLIM**, shimmering pink tubes . . \$4.95 to \$5.95

**PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES**

In **SLIM**, golden tubes . . . . . \$5.95 to \$6.95

**PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES**

In **SLIM**, silvery tubes . . . . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large

Extra-large size slightly higher

At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere



**DAYTIME HIT! FASHION MAGIC!** Popular stars and famous fashion designers. CBS-TV Nationwide Network, see local papers for time and channel.

**INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.** Playtex Park ©1951 Dover Del.  
**PLAYTEX LTD.** Montreal, Canada



If you knew what she knows



You, too, could be more  
**charming, attractive, popular**

Know This Secret of Summer Charm:

- Odo-Ro-No is the only deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.\*
- No other deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.



\*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

*New*  
**ODO-RO-NO**  
**CREAM or SPRAY**

**GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection**

SEND FOR

*7 Secrets of Popularity*

written under the direction of  
**Laraine Day**



Get this wonderful book now — prepared for you under the direction of lovely Laraine Day, star of screen, radio, and TV. Regular \$1.00 edition, it's yours for only 15¢ (to cover postage and handling) . . . see the coupon. It gives dozens of valuable tips that will help fill up your date book, make you happier, more popular — all in one book for the first time! Clip the coupon now!

Find Tips Like These  
In This Amazing Book:

12 questions to ask yourself  
about your charm

How to be your real self

How to talk to a date

Some tricks for forgetting  
self-consciousness



NORTHAM WARREN, Box No. 1500, Dept. E-1,  
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose 15¢ in coin (to cover postage and handling) and the word "Odo-Ro-No" from the cardboard container of an Odo-Ro-No Spray or Cream package, for which send me the new book—"7 Secrets of Popularity." (Offer good while supply lasts.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

*a  
special  
service  
for  
modern  
screen  
readers*

**hollywood  
goes  
shopping  
for you!**

■ Here's the coolest, most comfortable idea that ever happened on a hot summer's day. Why not go shopping without moving from your chair? Our stars are used to the sun, and they love to shop for you. All through the year, sleet or sun-spots, they'll share with you just the things they choose for themselves—at a price that's right for everyone.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be refunded on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only personalized merchandise cannot be returned.



# virginia mayo

## your hollywood shopper

for august



"Mike says you can tell us apart only by the monograms," says Virginia of these twin items.

■ Call it the luck of the Irish, call it anything you like, but here I am, Your Hollywood Shopper for August. MODERN SCREEN didn't know it, but they were getting a bargain right from the start with Mike, my better half, as a (not so) silent partner. He's boss in the O'Shea family and what he says goes, shop-wise or otherwise, and that's no blarney! Besides, there's nothing like a male . . . point of view.

When it comes to making a buy I must confess I'm a bit of a copy-cat and usually end up getting the same thing Mike does. So we have twin cars, twin suits and look sort of like ditto marks, on occasion. Speaking of twin buys, how do you like us in these stunning terry robes. For all the dope, see my column. To round you up some prize plums, he'd sneak me out during the filming of *Along the Great Divide* and we'd spend a few hours treasure-hunting.

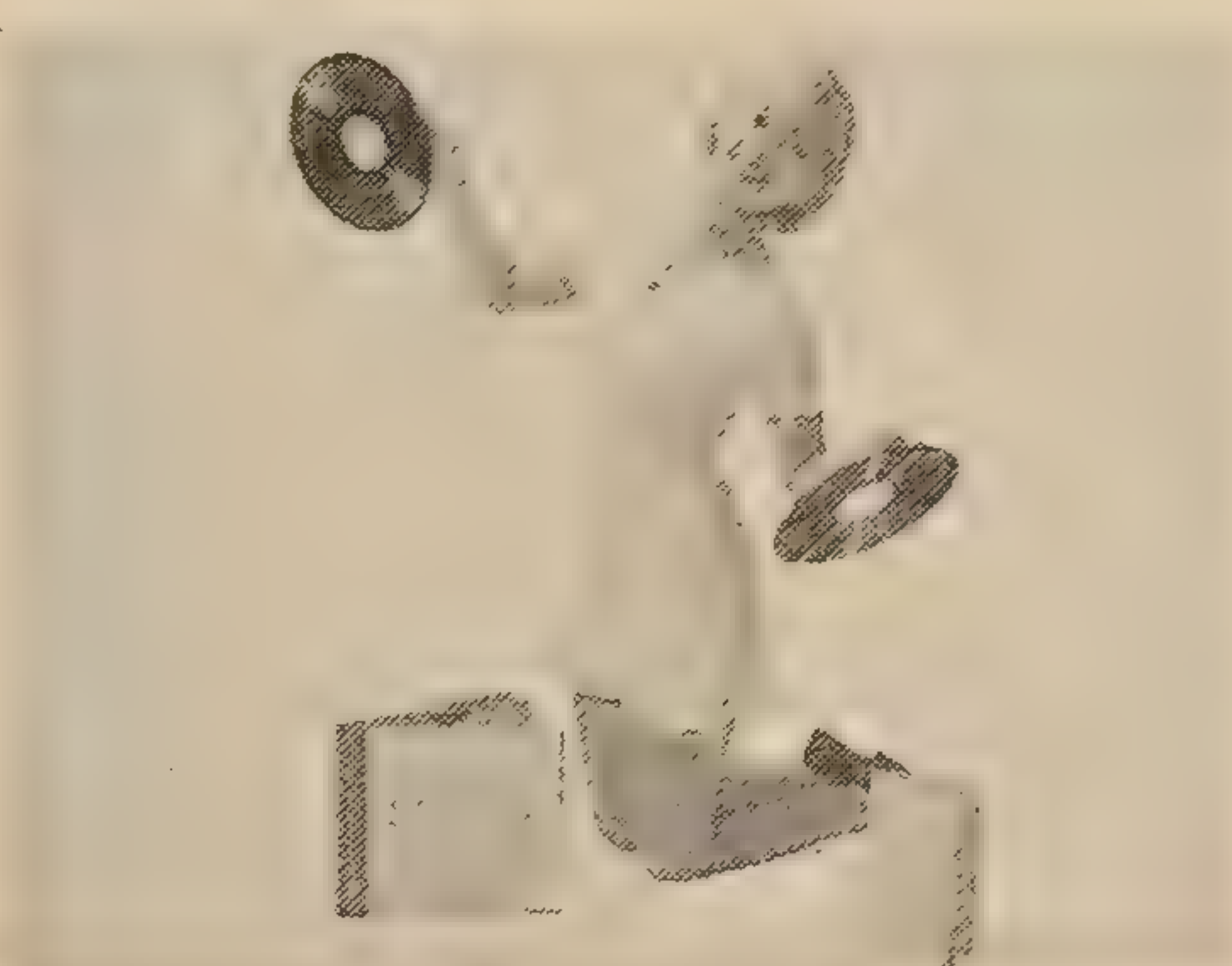
We have things for you, for your family and friends as well as for the house. I've been campaigning for a vacation myself, so I spent every spare moment unearthing travel items which I hope will help you plan yours too.

To get any (or many) of these things, write directly to the stores mentioned for anything that you like, and enclose the price stated.

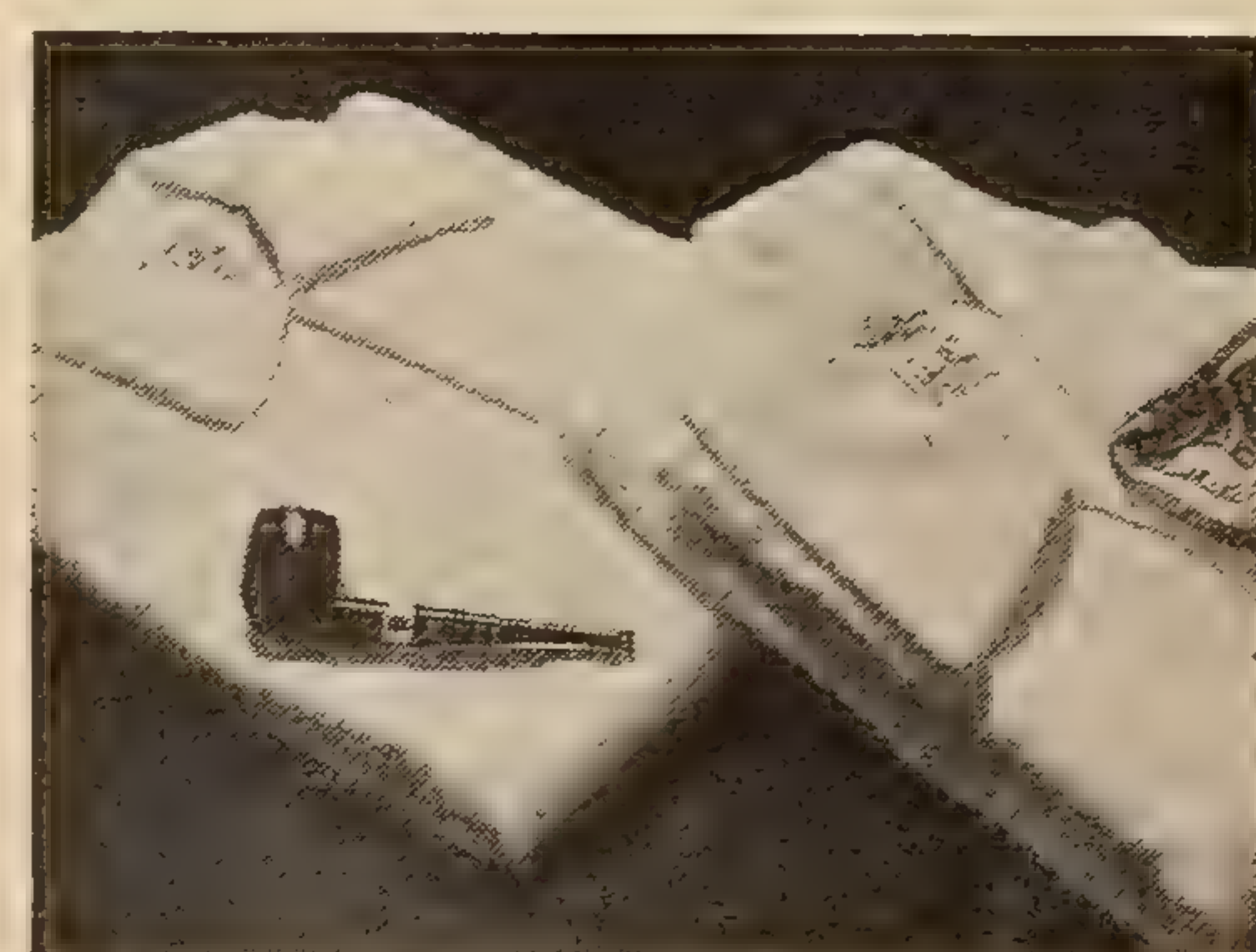
Please invite me (I mean us) again and happy hunting (I mean for bargains, of course).



**THIS WILDLIFE WILL CAPTURE YOU** and find its way onto your lapel, sweater sleeve or shoulder—wherever they'll take a pinning. They are tiny chenille animals, 2" long, and look just like their untamed brothers. Bears, skunks, tigers, wildcats, squirrels, penguins or docile dogs and cats comprise the pin-on zoo. Worn singly or like scatter pins, they're bound to start a new fad. \$1.00 ea. Fisherman's Net, 821 June St., Jacksonville 7, Florida.



**EXERCISE YOUR RIGHT TO GLAMOUR** through these musical reducing records on which Betty Dean acts as your peppy companion and constant booster as she calls out exercises to you step by step. Album's three unbreakable records give 12 super daily exercises to do wonders for your tummy, hips, waist and whip you into shape. You'll feel tip-top. Booklet gives 12 exercises, diet, health hints. \$4.98. Ronnie Sales, Inc., 487 Broadway, New York 13.



**WE'RE A TRIM TERRY TWOSOME.** We love to stroll on the sand in our smart white beach shirts. Mine is the new short shirt with elasticized waist a la Eisenhower jacket. In men's sizes too, but Mike liked the longer toweling shirt with two front pockets to wear over his trunks. There's nothing like a thirsty terry to make you comfy after a dip. Sizes S-M-L both for gals and guys. \$6.50, for 3 initials add \$1.00. John Blye, 565 Fifth Ave. N. Y., 17.



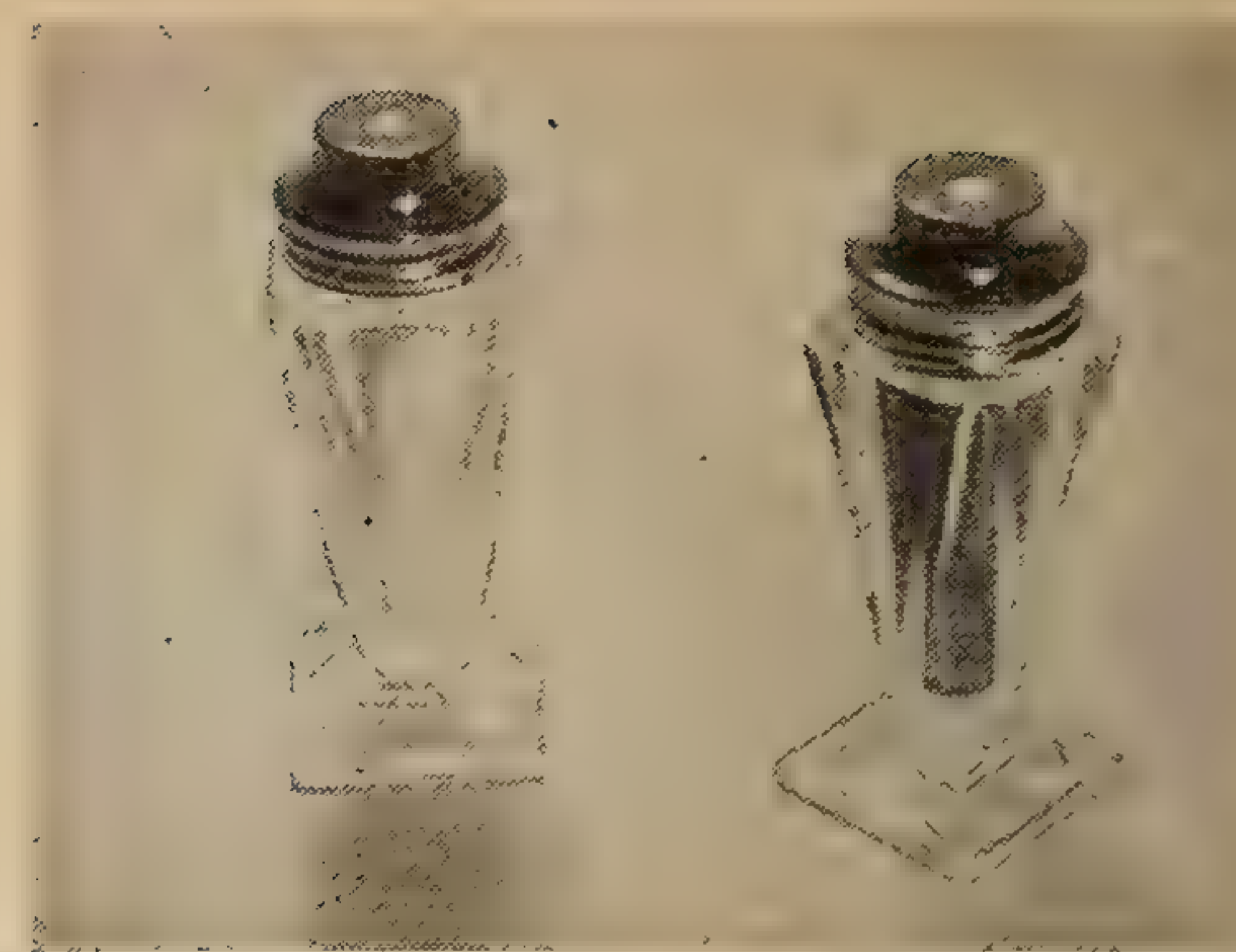


virginia mayo

## your hollywood shopper

for august

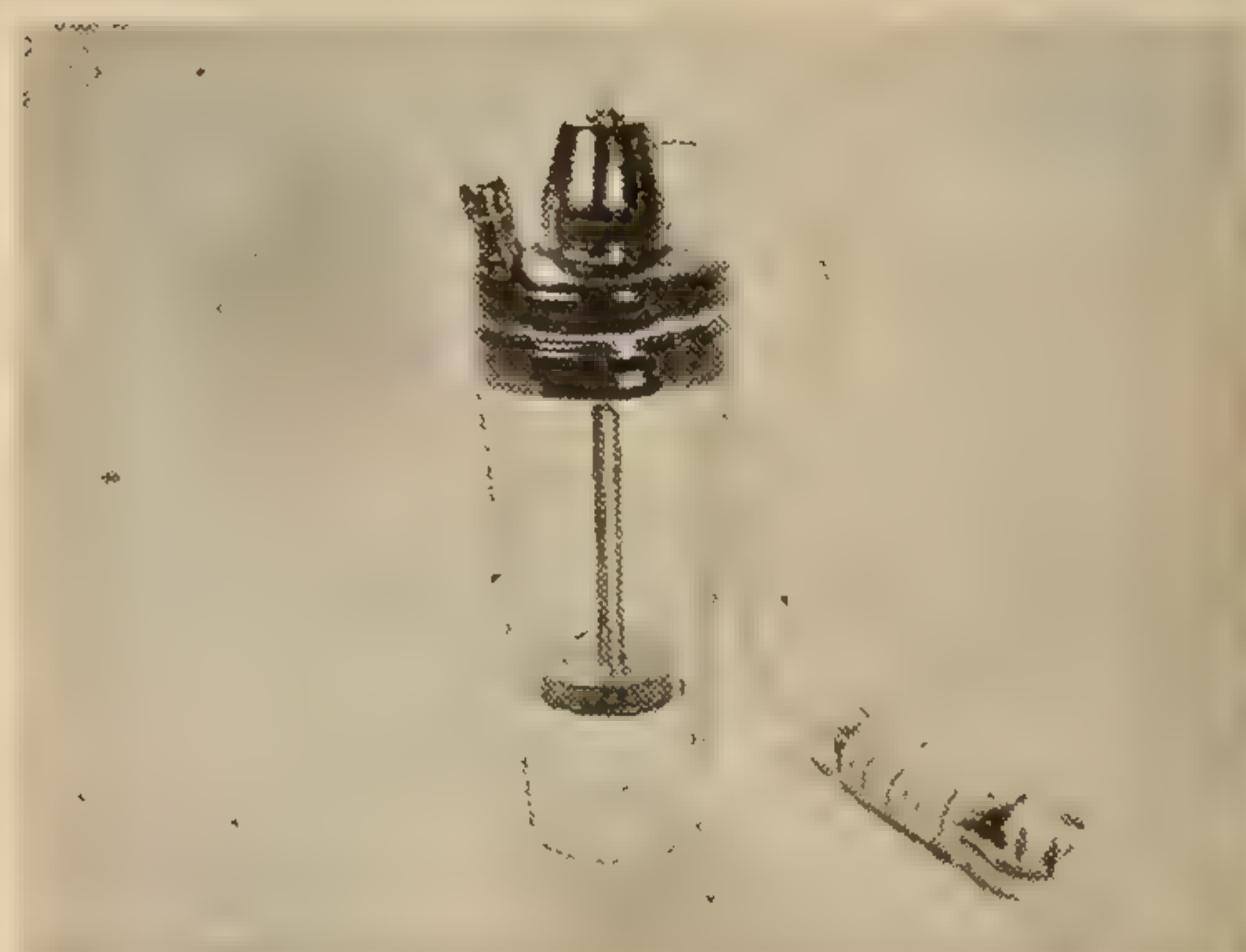
**I loved the wide open spaces in Warner's Along The Great Divide, but America's cities can't be beat for shopping prizes.**



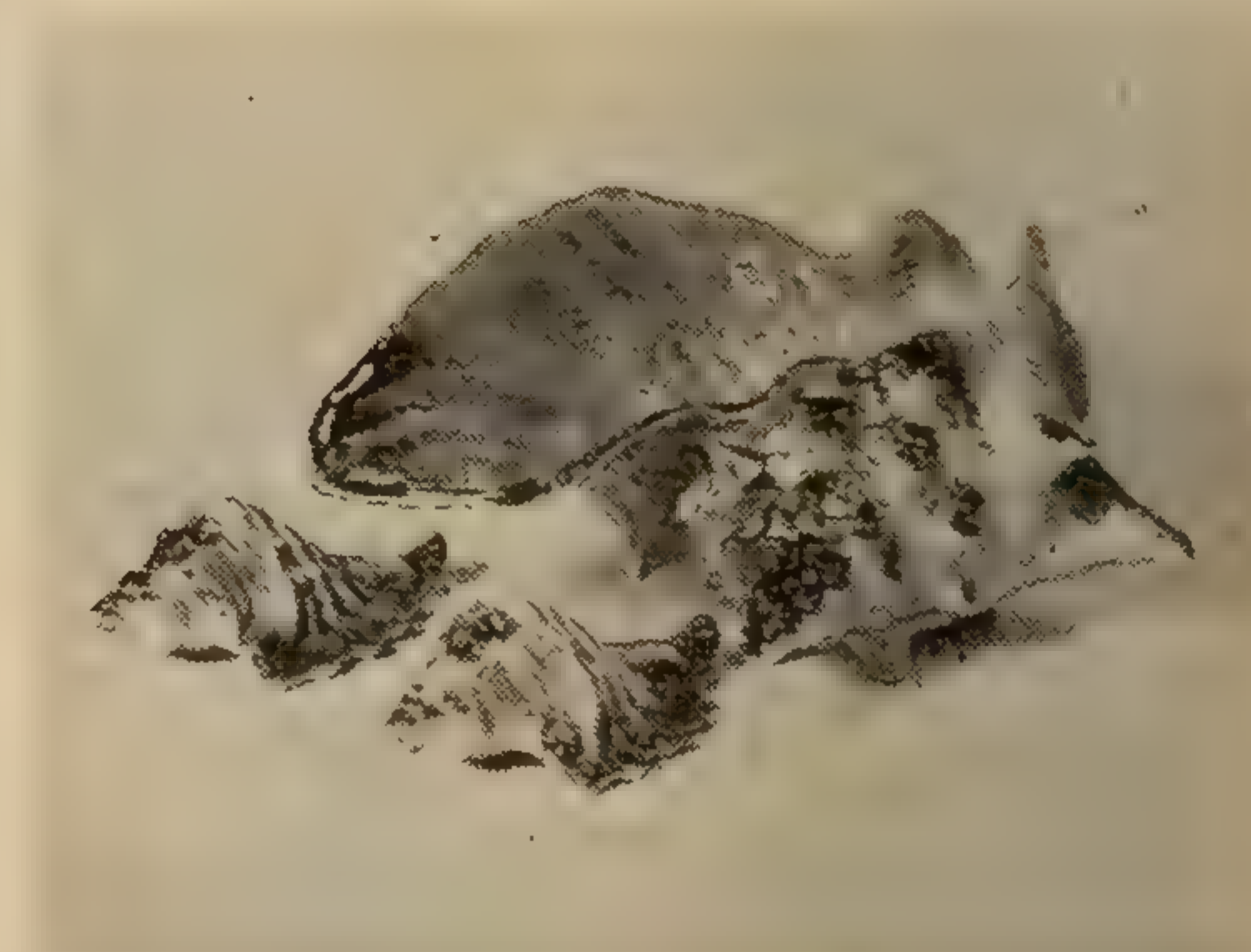
**NO DAMPNESS GETS IN HERE.** Special chemicals sealed in the chromium tops of these stunning crystal salt shakers absorb all the moisture from the air, and keep the salt flowing freely, even on sticky summer-days. The moisture-proofing element constantly recharges itself so they're always working. Sparkling and graceful shakers with hand-cut bases, they're 4" tall. Gift boxed, \$1.10 pr. Airko Manufacturing Co., Clermont, Florida.



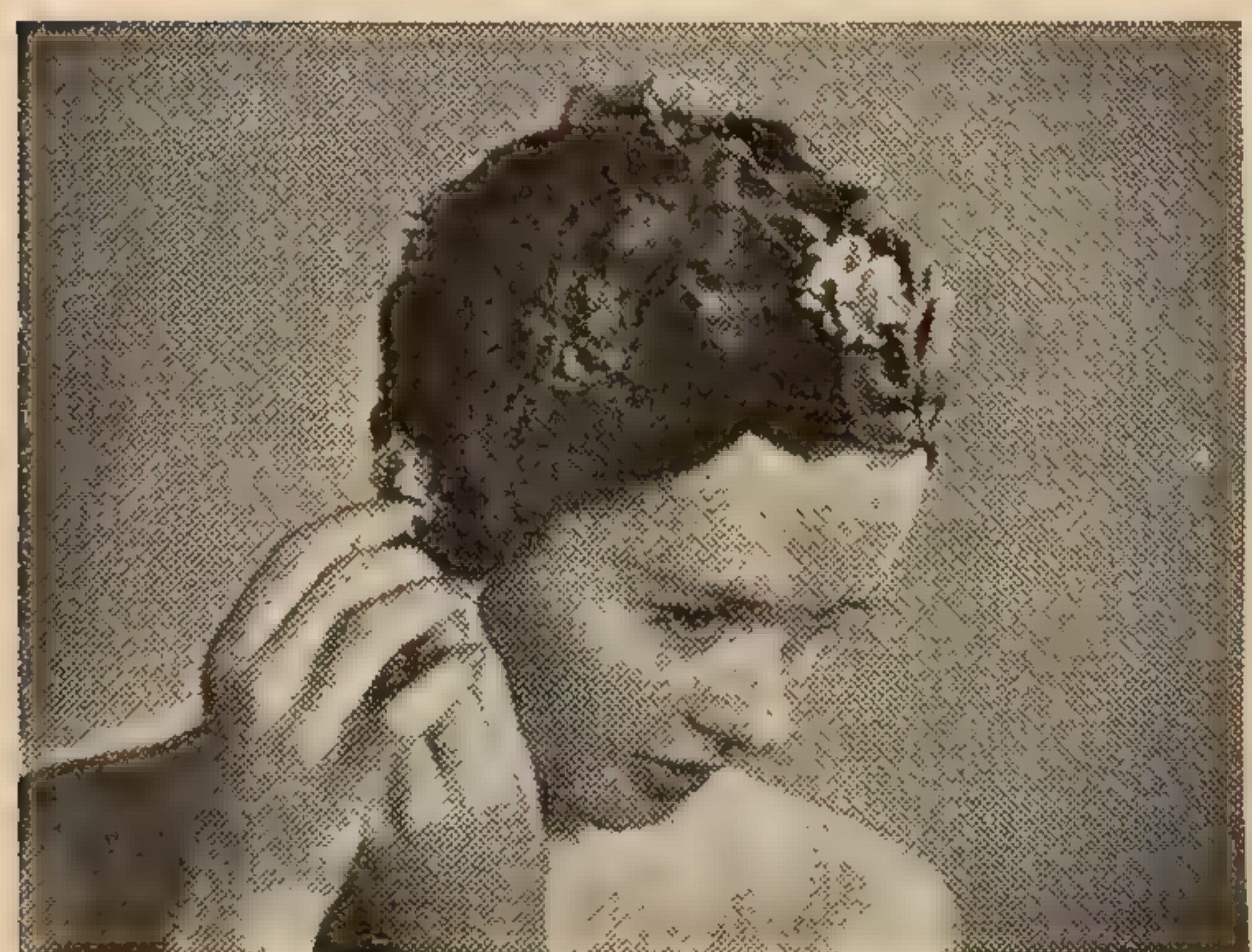
**TABLE TALK HAS IT** that this is one of the cleverest devices to come along since B.C. (Before Cokes.) It's a folding wooden table, 27" high with 17"x19" top of masonite pressed wood with liquid resistant finish. Nifty for serving snacks while you're TV-ing, as an extra night table, or as a cocktail table—in fact, it gives round the clock service. Not in use it folds for easy storage. Mandarin red or jade. \$3.48. Terry Roberts, 116 E. 53 St., N. Y. 22.



**MAKE IT IN A SHAKE!** Even I can compete with the corner drug store with this electric shaker. It makes the best concoctions you ever tasted in the way of malteds and milk shakes. Does wonders to more potent drinks, too. One-quart plastic shaker is topped by a chrome-plated cap with pouring spout. Plug in cord and the stainless agitator does the rest. A treat for the whole family. \$9.95. Miles Kimball, Kimball Bldg., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



**SEA SHELLS FOR SUMMER DINING.** These decorative hand-wrought ceramic shells are beautiful on any table. Shell salt and peppers are adorable and conch shell serving dish is stunning even as a centerpiece. I especially like to use them when Mike and I eat outdoors. White, pink, turquoise, green, grey or chartreuse with gold or platinum flecking. Salt and Pepper set, \$2.95; Conch Shell dish, \$6.50. Studio of Ceramics, 2751 Coral Way, Miami, Florida.



**BY LAND A CHARMING HEADDRESS,** by sea a bouquet of floating flowers. It's a fascinating new floral bathing cap that makes any other kind strictly old-hat. Clusters of hand made petals and brightly-colored flowers cover the cap, which is lined and has an adjustable chin-strap. I never dreamed a bathing cap could be so flattering. It's as becoming as your best chap-eau. White or charcoal petals. Sizes m, l, \$6.08. Gimbel's, New York 1.



**A DOUGHNUT-DUNKER'S DREAM COME TRUE.** It's an automatic doughnut-maker that turns out perfect jobs as fast as you can press the plunger. No need to roll, cut or form the doughnuts by hand, the machine does all the work for you, makes 24 at one filling. Just fill up durable red and white plastic container, then the gadget takes over. Doughnut recipes included. \$1.25. L. F. Black & Co., 99-20 Metropolitan Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.



**FOLKS, MEET BASIL THE ALLIGATOR!** This ferocious animal has been specially trained to do your slightest bidding. His long slithering body makes him a roomy ashtray. Or use him as a candy or nut dish. When the gang drops around for a feast, he'll play host as an eye-catching server of olives, pickles, celery or cracker snacks. His sulky stare is sure to set the party on its ear. Green 'gator, \$3.95. Bodine's, 444 E. Belvedere Ave., Baltimore 12, Maryland.

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.





**INTRODUCING "MISS CALIENTE" OF MEXICO.** It's a stunning sport coat from that trip you didn't take. You couldn't have turned up with anything smarter or more practical if you'd shopped your way down to Acapulco. It's all wool with colorful hand-embroidered Mexican motifs. Sure will start flattering chatter in the crowd. Blue, matador red, apple green, white. Sizes 10-18. \$10.95. Sanford's, 3719 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California.



**PLEATED TO SHEER PERFECTION.** A dream of a gown in nylon tricot made with such loving care it needs almost none from you for its beauty upkeep. Entire front, from scoop neckline to sweeping hem, including the tiny sleeve, is permanently pleated; needs no ironing. Figure's molded by elasticized waist hugger. It washes, dries, in a jiffy, packs any place. Black, white, coral. Sizes 10-20. \$14.99. Jonas Shoppers, Dept. MS, 62 W. 14 St., New York 11.



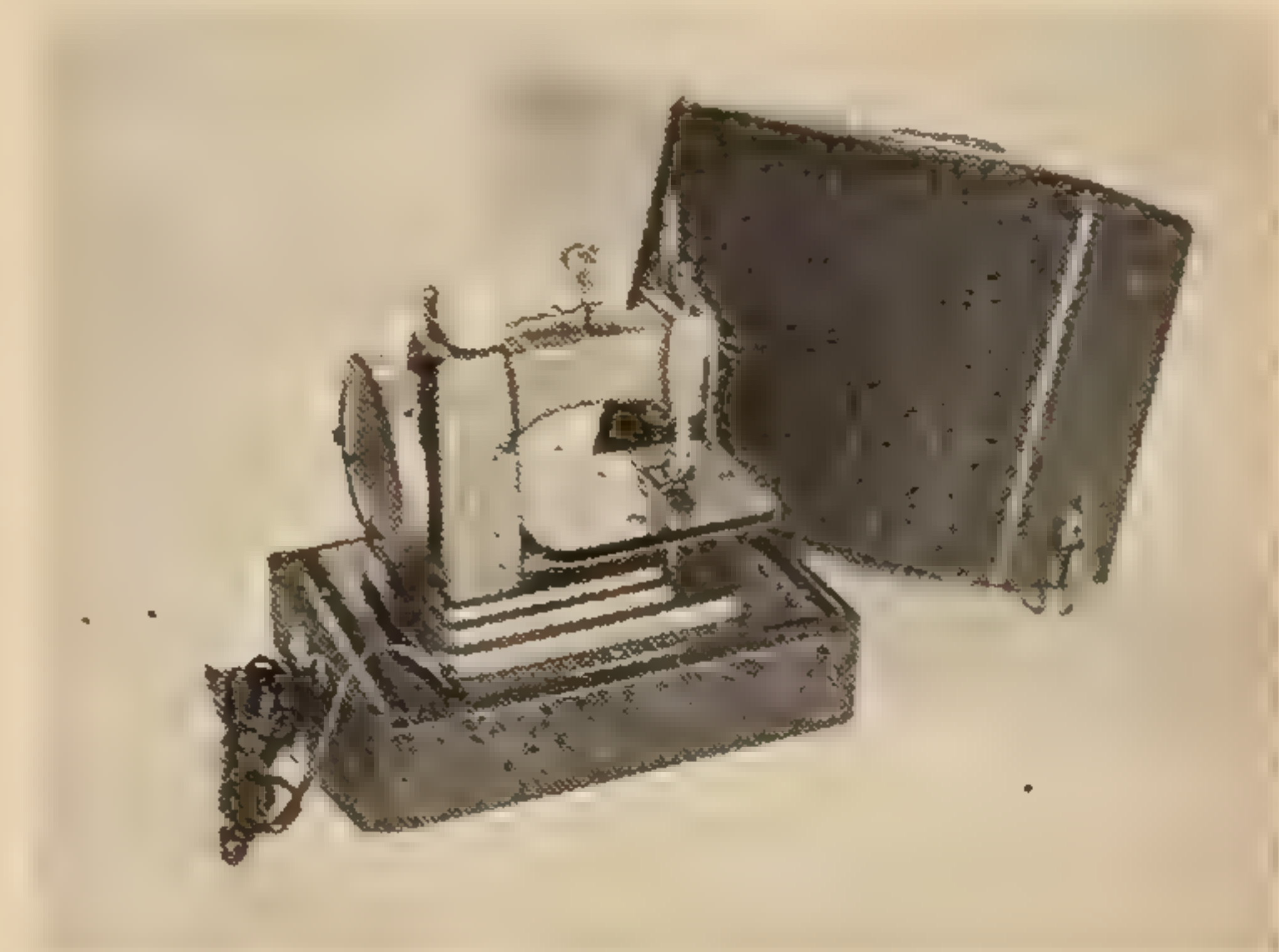
**ON YOUR TOES, GALS!** With all eyes on your bare feet, better give your toes a professional pedicure with these flexible plastic tootsie palettes. Just slip into the toe separators, tie ribbons, and it's easy to get polish on evenly. Walk around in comfort without smearing polish or teetering on your heels. Styled here in Hollywood where we know the value of a "well-turned" foot. \$1.00 pr. Sunset House, Dept. J-4, 8818 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California.



**TUMBLER WITH BUTLER-COASTER ATTACHED.** Now here's a gadget that makes life easy for the hostess... a smart highball glass, coaster, and ashtray all in one unit, yet easily separated for cleaning! Non-skid aluminum coaster has a built-in ashtray that pops out at the touch of a button. Perfect for the many "long, cool drinks" ahead, and it saves your guests from a juggling act. Set of four, \$5.95. Price Specialty Co., 4721 Miller Ave., Bethesda, Maryland.



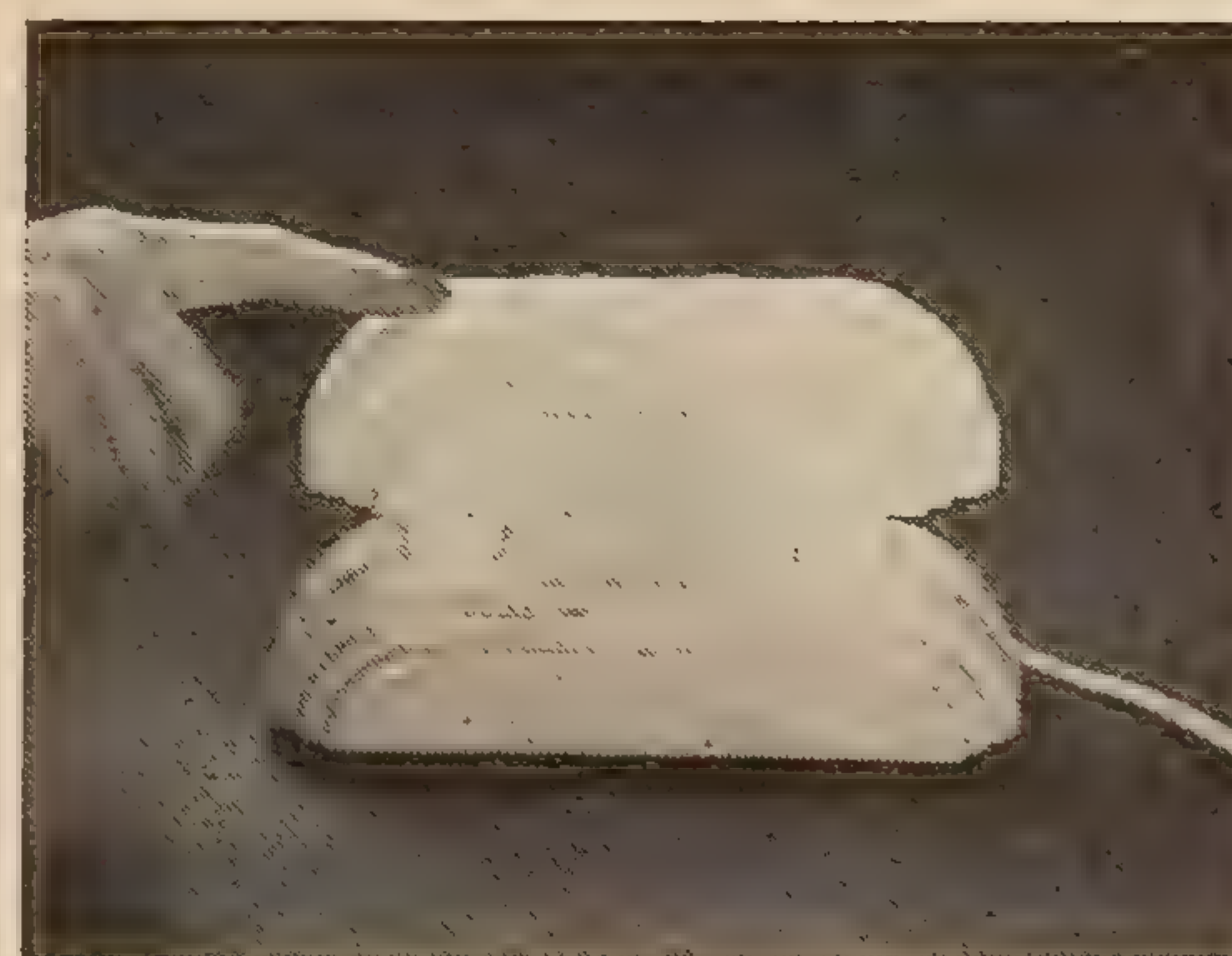
**FOR REALLY "BUTTERING THEM UP."** Corn on the cob is on our menu all summer, so I find this attractive set of 6 crystal corn coasters and 12 plastic non-tarnishable metal holders a treat for spreading butter evenly, economically. Holders set firmly into ends of dishes to prevent twisting once corn's buttered. Dishes also for asparagus or relishes. 18-piece set, \$2.95. Gaylord, Dept. BK-33, Fifth and Hamilton, Pittsburgh 6, Pennsylvania.



**"SEW" SMART TO BE THRIFTY** that you'll want to whip up most of your fall wardrobe with this portable electric sewing machine. Made in Miniature (9"x8"x6") and enclosed in a red lizard-grain case, it goes on your vacation, school, anywhere. You can dream up a dress almost overnight for an unexpected BIG DATE. Sews the regular link stitch like a whiz, adjusts for tension and stitch. AC only. \$22.00. Randel Assoc., 1123 B'way, New York 10.



**SHUFFLE OFF TO THE SEASHORE** or any other vacationland with these washable terry-cloth scuffs. They take up practically no space, and will give you 24-hour service as playshoes, beach shoes and bedroom slippers. The foam rubber sole makes you feel like you're walking on air. They come in white, yellow or blue and are priced so low that I've splurged and bought several pair. 97c pair. Sizes s, m, l. R. H. Macy, New York 1.



**ANY TOT CAN LIGHT IT.** Just a touch on the Mother Goose shade of this sweet all-plastic child's lamp, and on or off it goes. There's no fumbling in the dark for a switch. One bulb's a nightlight, the other gives a stronger glow. Kids will love being able to work it themselves, safely, easily. In pink, blue. It comes complete with Mother Goose book and bulbs. \$4.25. Max Schling Seedsmen, 620 Madison Avenue, New York 22.



**PORTABLE PORTER NEEDS NO HAILING.** It's yours and is always on tap to roll your luggage along on wheels to save your back, your time, and pocketbook. Comes complete with wheel carrier and rubber-tread wheels, strap and handle. Fits any suitcase without marring, and is quickly attached or removed. Need not be detached when you open your suitcase. An inspired gift. \$4.95. MacArthur Products, Inc., Dept. 49, Indian Orchard, Massachusetts.

Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where personalized.

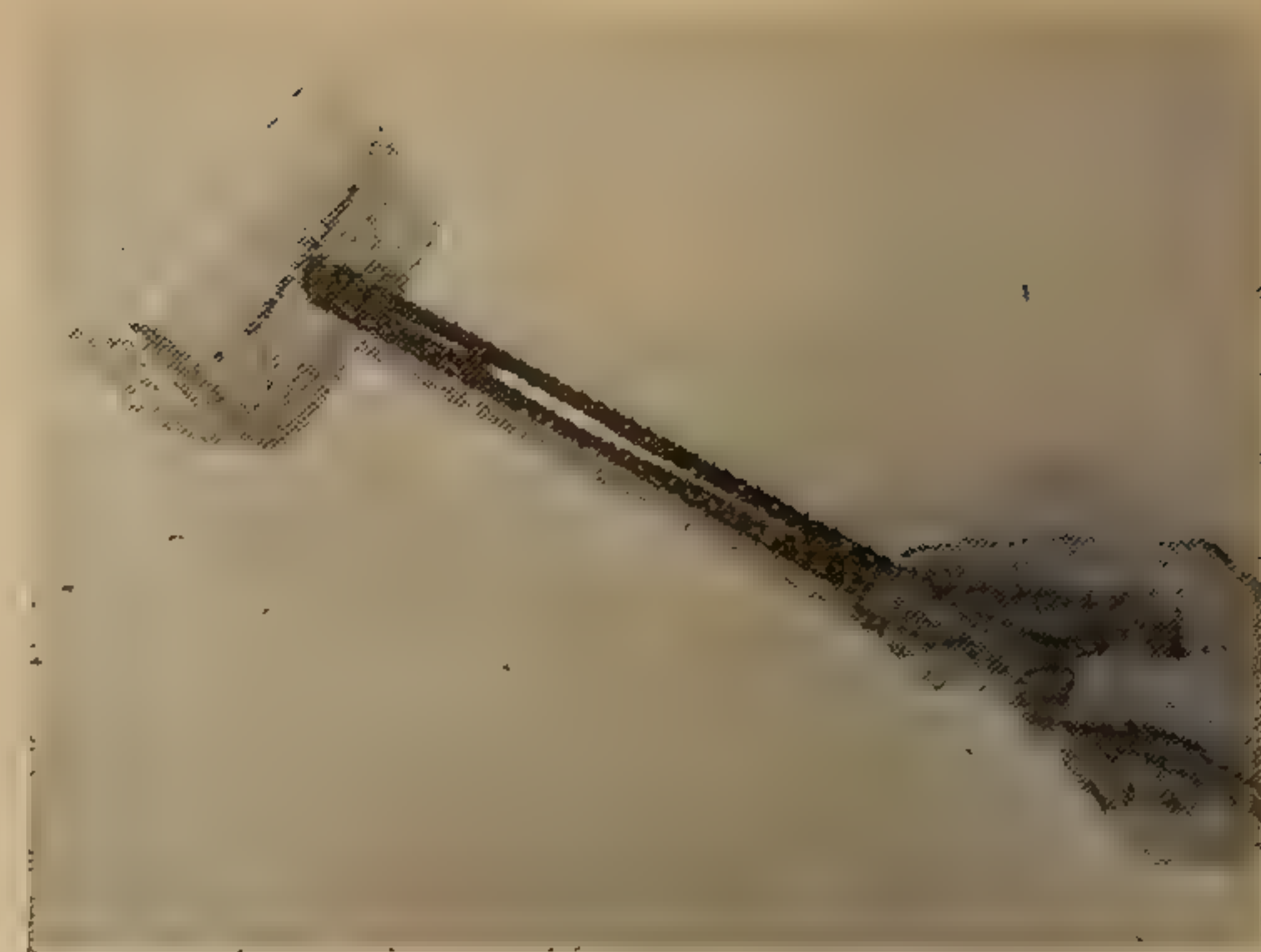




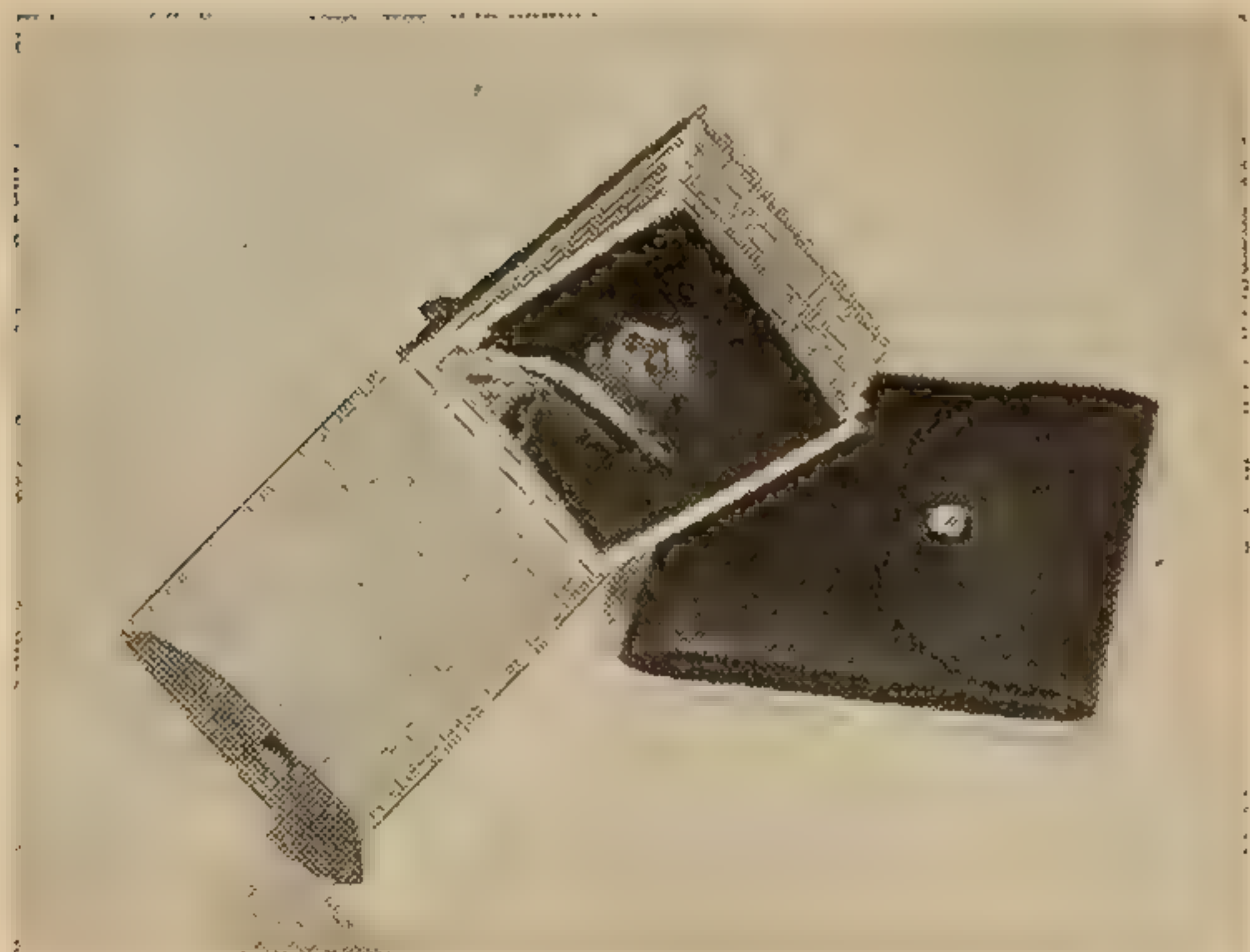
virginia  
mayo  
**your**  
**hollywood**  
**shopper**  
for august



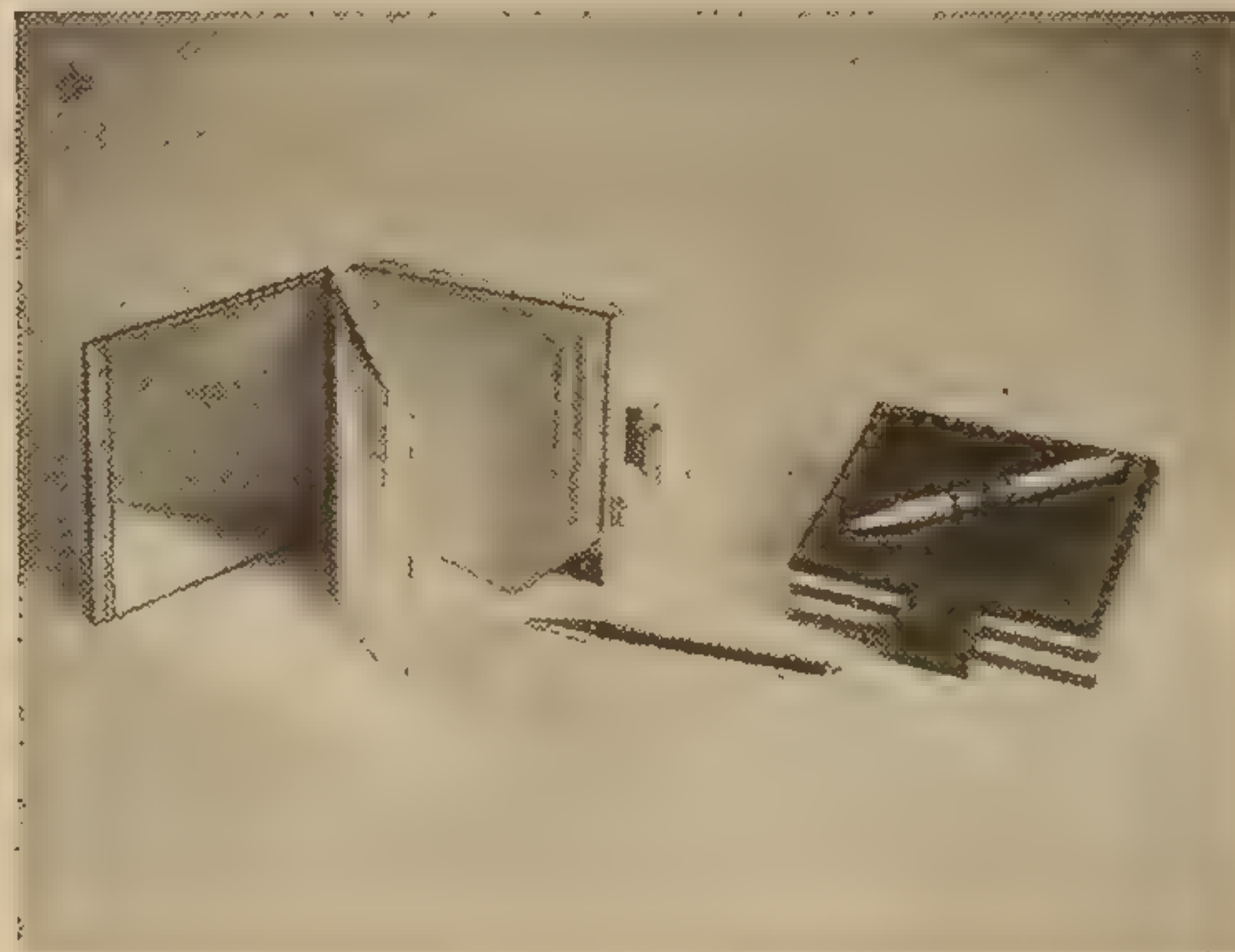
**DOZE ON YOUR BEACH BAG.** This jaunty terry-cloth bag holds all your paraphernalia, and besides, stuffed with your robe, it makes a comfy pillow. You'll use it to tan or snooze on the sand for hours. Rubber-lined, it has a colorful design on either side. There's an all-round rope handle, nautical style, and zipper-top opening. It goes so well with my terry robe, too. White with red print. \$9.70. Best & Co., New York 22.



**THE FEAR OF DIVING HEADLONG** into the bathtub every time you have to clean it, can be quickly banished with this "no stoop, no stretch" bathtub cleaner. It's a long-lasting cellulose sponge securely fastened to a 24-inch handle set at the right angle to cover the entire situation competently. You'll find your family doing its own tidying up without a word. It's as easy as pie to use. Only \$1.10. Janet Forister, Dept. F1, Bloomington, Illinois.



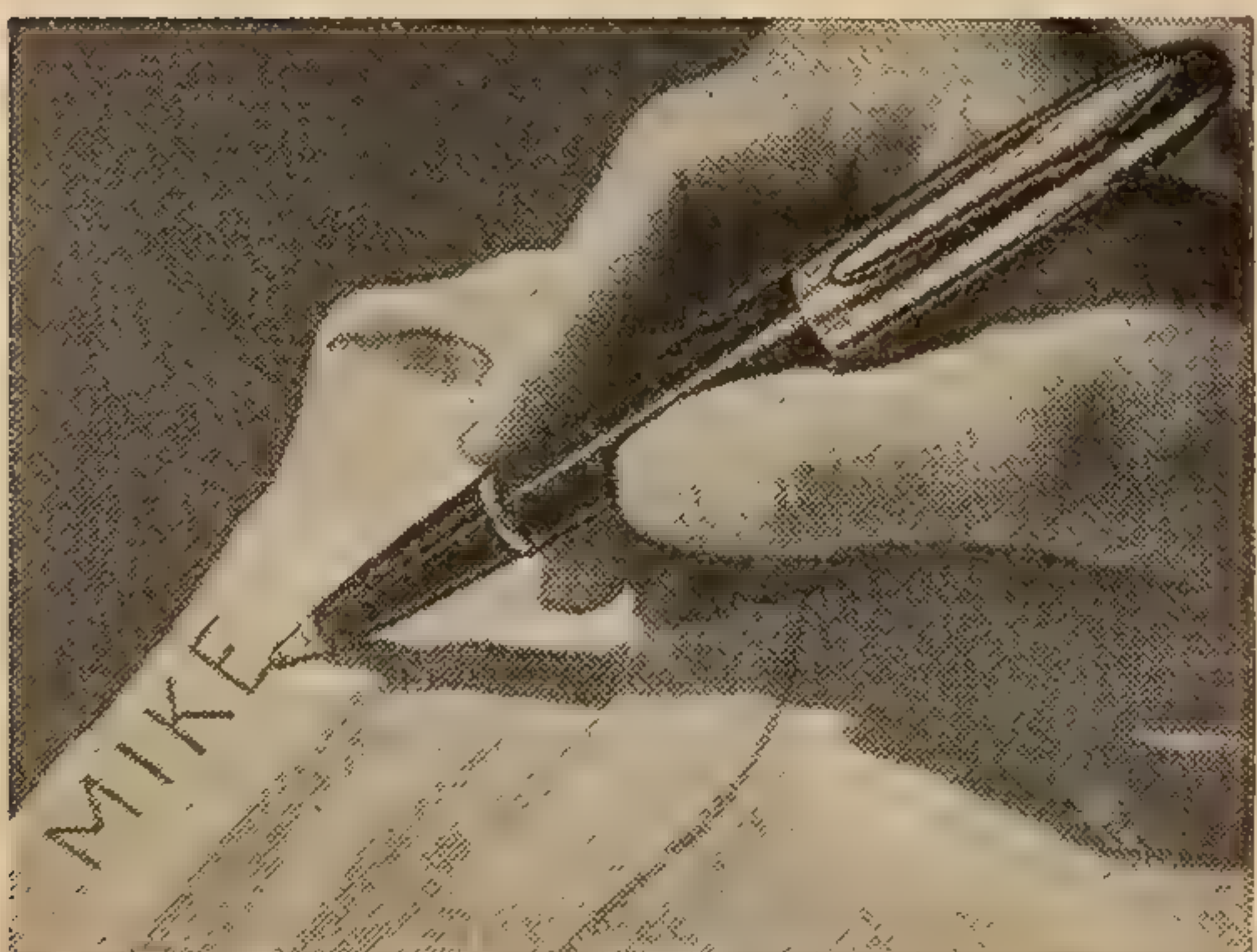
**PICTURE THIS FOR SNAPSHOTS.** Handy purse-size album for 12 favorite photos of that never-to-be-forgotten vacation. Leather-bound, it snaps open to show folks at school, office, or back home what fun you had. There's still room for "steadies" like Mom, Pop, hubby, best beau or "little dividend." Red, blue, green, brown. For pix  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ", \$1.95. For pix  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ", \$2.95, add 25c postage. Green Jade Tree, 10 Sanford St., Fairfield, Connecticut.



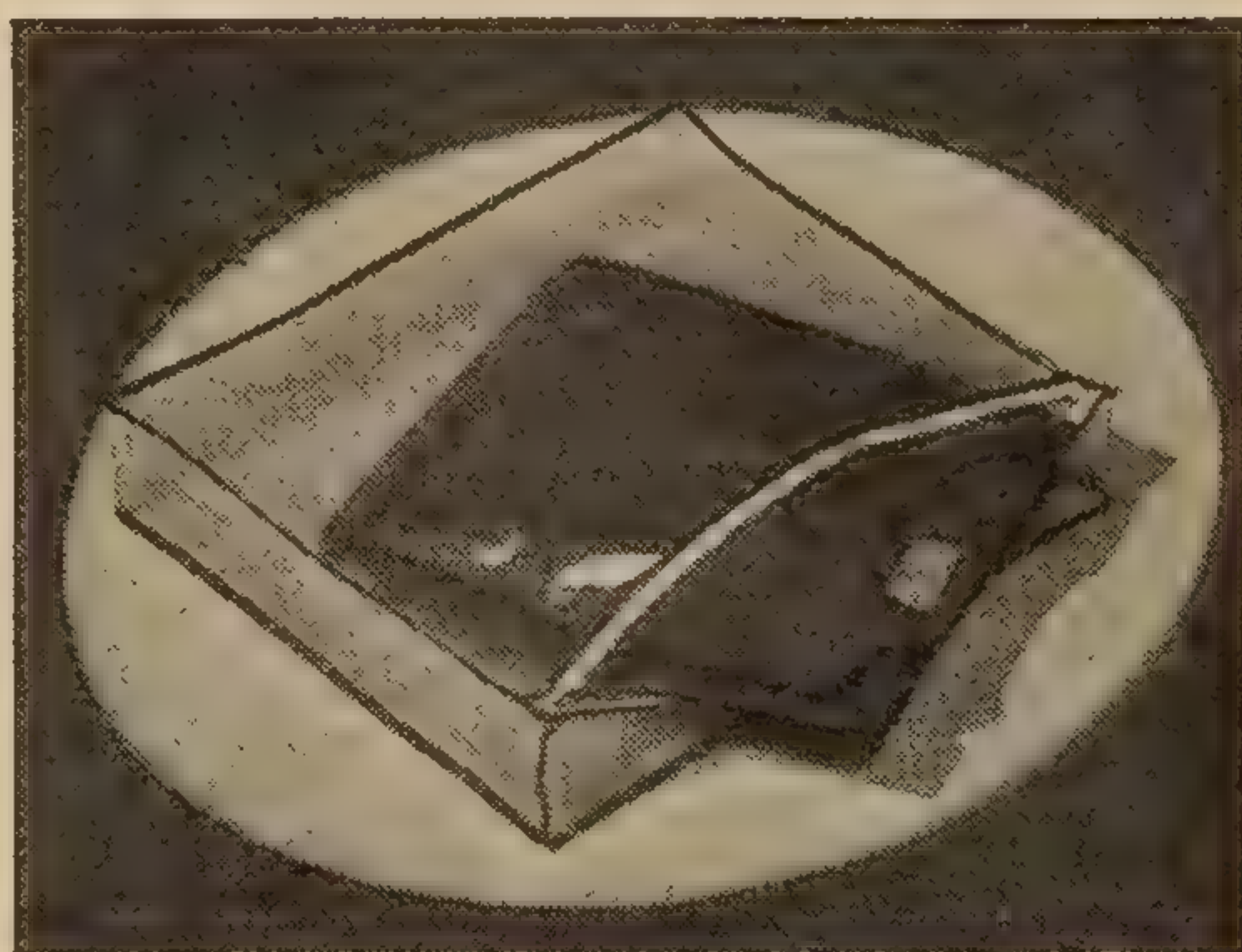
**MAKE NOTE OF THIS COMPACT.** What a gadget! It's a compact, note pad and pencil all in one. Square gold-toned case, leather-covered, holds a loose powder compartment with mirror and sifter. Hidden beneath is another section with pastel paper pad. Case topped off with a gold-toned automatic pencil. Handy for traveling or to take to school or office. Red, green, tan or navy, gold-tooled leather. \$4.95. Lord and Taylor, New York 18.



**I'M JOINING THE "EGG GANG"**, a cunning group of six hand made wooden egg cups, with whimsical faces hand painted in red, white and black doodles. With them is a round salt shaker. The whole bunch have a special stand as a hang-out, made with room for each. Set finished in elderwood, lacquered to resist stains. Fun for kids and grown-ups, it can take lots of hard wear. \$4.50. Haig Giftware, 446 E. 20 St., New York 9.



**YOU'LL BE A "MARKED" WOMAN** if you use this handy cartridge marker. The gals in school will know you're you 'cause this clothes marker writes with fast-color ink that won't smudge; takes lots of laundering or cleaning. A boon to the lady of the house for personalizing clothing, laundry, household items to avoid losses. Pen loads with cartridge. Sold with extra cartridge \$1.50. 3 more cartridges \$1.00. Elron Products, 156 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.



**SAFE STORAGE FOR SWEATERS.** New zippered plastic bag does a swell job of keeping clothes dust-free, laundry-fresh and away from hungry moths (moth killer goes into bag). Around the house it's grand for neatly stashing away shirts or baby clothes. Makes packing for your vacation or back-to-school a cinch. Holds 3 to 5 sweaters,  $14 \times 12$ " with 3"-expanding gusset. 2 for \$1.35. Mastercraft Products, 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Massachusetts.



**BUTTERFLY THAT LIGHTS ON YOU.** This new clutch pin fascinates me. It's a saucy little butterfly with a novel way of clinging to a cuff, collar, glove or hand bag. Newest wrinkle is to perch it on your chignon for swank summer evenings. Close by pinching its wings so clutch fastening opens; released it has a tight grip. Looks poised for flight. Set with rhinestones or multicolor stones. \$3.80. Bitran's, 45 W. 34 St., New York 1.



'The hottest combination  
that ever hit the screen!'

—LOUELLA O. PARSONS



HOWARD HUGHES presents

**ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE RUSSELL**

in

***HIS KIND OF WOMAN!***

with VINCENT PRICE • TIM HOLT • CHARLES MCGRAW  
A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION



PRODUCED BY ROBERT SPARKS • DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW • WRITTEN BY FRANK FENTON AND JACK LEONARD



Swim  
without  
Worry!



nobody can "tell"  
when you use \*Tampax

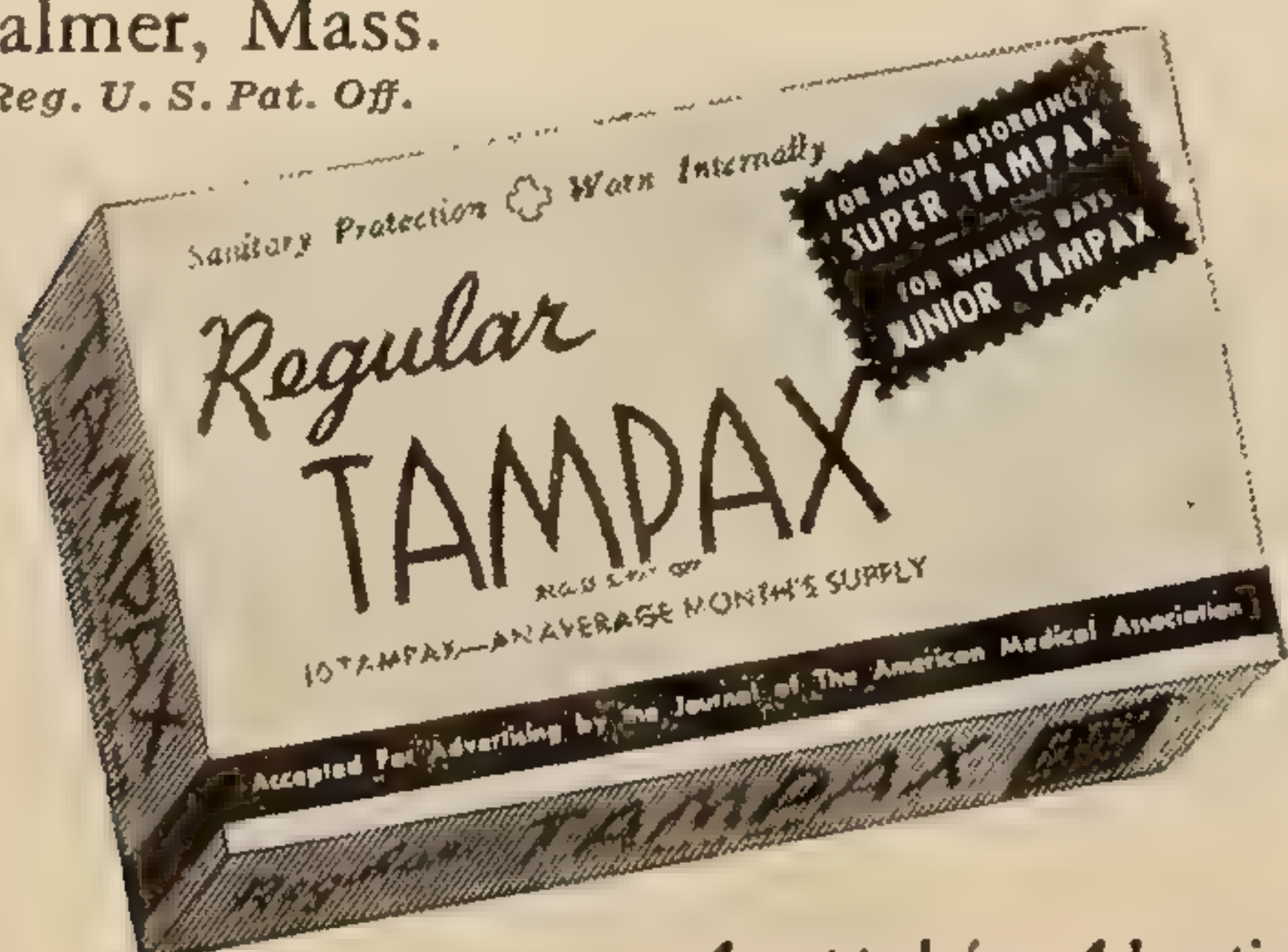
What a pity it is to let fear of embarrassment keep you out of the water on "those certain days of the month." Hasn't anyone ever told you about Tampax for swimming? With Tampax monthly sanitary protection, you can throw to the winds all the nagging worry that *something* may possibly betray the situation.

NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR

• Tampax is simply ideal for bathing and for beach—with suit wet or dry. It is an internal absorbent, worn internally. Nothing at all outside. No external pad. No belt. . . . An invention of a doctor. Tampax is made of extremely absorbent surgical cotton compressed into slim applicators. Easy to insert. Quick to change. No trouble to dispose of.

Wonderful to think about—no odor forms with Tampax! No chafing is possible. No bulging bulk will bother you and no sharp edge-lines will "show," no matter what you wear. . . . Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior). Average month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

\*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising  
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

# how they live

by sheilah graham



■ In the Crosby home, Dixie does the disciplining . . . the Holmby Hills house has eight servants . . . two telephone numbers, one social, one business . . . Bing has the boys write home weekly from prep school, but collect calls are out . . .

■ Esther Williams is a Democrat . . . Ben Gage is a Republican . . . every Fall arguments occur in their Mandeville Canyon home . . . but they have enough other things in common, like sons Benji and Kimmy . . . Esther cooks Ben's dinners . . . buys his shirts . . . adores his height . . .

■ Tony Curtis has a small apartment with his family . . . his dad's an L.A. tailor . . . Tony loves his mom's gefulte fish and cabbage balls . . . hopes to buy the folks a dream home soon and concentrate on finding out "what kind of a guy I am" . . . Friday nights are always reserved for dinner at home . . . Tony's helping little brother Bobby get rid of his "dem, dees and doze" accent . . .

■ The Gene Kellys have daughter Kerry in a Beverly Hills public school . . . are rigorous PTA-goers . . . love to entertain their gang informally on a "help-yourself" basis . . . but prefer to vacation in exotic places . . .

FOR HUNDREDS OF MORE INTERESTING

FACTS ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES READ

SHEILAH GRAHAM'S "HOW THEY LIVE" ISSUE OF

## hollywood family album

now on sale



# Loveliness with a Natural Look!



## Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

So smooth, so naturally clinging—  
6 flattering, "Flower-Fresh" shades!

Accentuate your loveliness the natural way—with luxuriously smooth Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. For no matter what your coloring, there's a fashionable, "flower-fresh" shade to complement and flatter your own true skin tone. *Plus* texture and cling like pure velvet . . . no streaking, flaking or shine. Scented with a lingering whisper of the romantic "fragrance men love"!

Look your loveliest  
with Cashmere Bouquet

Only  
29¢



Hand Lotion  
Talcum Powder  
All-Purpose  
Cream  
Lipstick



AVA GARDNER, CO-STARRING IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S "SHOW BOAT"



**AVA GARDNER... Lustre-Creme presents** one of the "Top-Twelve," selected by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Famous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for their glamorous hair.

## The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest... with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

**Yes, Lovely Hollywood stars** help to keep their hair always alluring with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Beautiful hair plays a vital part in the glamour-career of every movie star... so when Hollywood stars tell you they use Lustre-Creme, it is the highest possible tribute to this unique shampoo.

In a recent issue of the magazine, "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ava Gardner as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world. Lustre-Creme will help you achieve such glamorous hair beauty.

Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed

lather, your hair shines... behaves... is eager to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse... dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed highlights. All this, even in hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

**No other cream shampoo** in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels, and shines like the stars... ask for Lustre-Creme, the world's finest shampoo, chosen for "the world's most beautiful hair"!



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

**Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair**





# no more playboys for Rita

Take back your palaces  
and diamond rings;  
Rita's had her fill,  
and money can't buy  
what she wants now.

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ Rita Hayworth, the one-time dancer who became a real-life princess is back where she started—an American working girl.

That is unless she's suddenly changed her mind about divorcing her Moslem prince. But this seems hardly possible. A few weeks ago when Rita was interviewed in Glenbrook, Nevada, her mind was definitely made up.

"I know," she said, "there's been a lot of talk about my calling off the divorce, or setting it aside, or reconciling with Aly. But none of it's true. Reporters keep writing that my father-in-law, the Aga Khan, will talk me into going back to Aly. I don't think so.

"Aly, as you know, has written. He suggested a separation (*Continued on page 62*)







# A NEW LOVE FOR COOP?

If you've thought of him as shy and quiet, then the Gary Cooper break-up should serve to remind you that Coop has always been one of Hollywood's great romantic figures.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ When Mrs. Gary Cooper announced that she and her husband were calling it quits, no one in Hollywood was surprised.

Away from Hollywood, however, it came as a shock—because away from Hollywood, Gary Cooper is a myth concocted of skillfully-angled publicity.

To mention him in connection with another woman smacks of heresy—and yet, the belief exists in Hollywood that Gary Cooper has gone overboard for Pat Neal. The opinion is that Coop fell for her several years ago when they both starred in *The Fountainhead*.

Significantly, it is pointed out that Pat and Gary met by "a strange coincidence" in Havana a few weeks ago when Coop went to vacation there before starting *Distant Drums* in Florida.

Back in November of last year, when Rocky separated from Gary, he said, "In 17 years of marriage, you're liable to have a spat or two, but it's nothing serious."

It turned out to be a whole lot more serious than Gary thought when Rocky leased an apartment in the swank Carlton House in New York and more recently announced: "I've had my lawyer give out a statement to the newspapers that, after 17 years, we've decided to separate. We are in the process of working out a financial settlement. I am a Catholic and I do (Continued on page 66)



Although Rocky announced the Coopers' separation after 17 years of marriage, friends say she'd be happy to take him back.



Gossip has it that Pat Neal and Gary carried their love scenes from *The Fountainhead* over into real life. Pat denies she's the cause of the trouble, but in the past she hinted she was in love with Gary.



# *hollywood's bedtime*





# MANNERS

by Sidney Skolsky

Although Lana Turner needs drawn  
curtains to aid her sleep at home,  
like many stars, she finds it easy to relax  
between takes on the set.

They're charming  
on the screen—  
are they as charm-  
ing in the boudoir?  
Here's a frank  
and frankly funny  
story of Hollywood  
stars in bed.

■ Soon after Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor announced their divorce, their household belongings were auctioned off in a swanky Beverly Hills gallery. Do you know what items among all their furniture and art objects made news stories from coast to coast, what items brought the most active bidding? Barbara's and Robert's beds!

It seems that people are not only interested in beds of celebrities, but, when possible, want to possess them. Robert Taylor's single bed brought \$270 more than Barbara Stanwyck's double one. Robert's went for \$630. His bed has one side-wall of lace leather and an end table built into the headboard. A carved wooden horse supporting a lamp was included in the sale.

It could be that these separate beds were partially responsible for the failure of the Taylor-Stanwyck marriage. I remember June Allyson, among others, saying to me that "a double bed goes toward making a happy marriage. I used to sleep in a single bed, but that was when I was single."

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini call the playroom in their house "the makeup room," and often go there after a quarrel to make up before retiring. Gene doesn't believe a married couple should go to bed angry. Corinne Calvet, a staunch member of the double bed club, once told me she couldn't sleep until husband John Bromfield gave her a goodnight kiss the last thing before turning out the lights. If she and John had differed about anything, she didn't sleep at all and always woke him up to tell him she was sorry. "I have to kiss and make up," Corinne said, "and then I am happy all over and go to sleep."

Over the years I have made a study of the bed habits of the movie stars. I can tell you whether they sleep in the raw, in a nightgown or pajamas, and, if (Continued on page 84)





John, Pati and Russell Derek are all in favor of publicity—as long as the pictures and interviews reflect them as they really are.

“Privacy’s not  
for actors,” says John  
Derek—he decided  
long ago that  
living in a glass house  
was a small price  
to pay for fame . . .

BY FRANCES CLARK

# WHO WANTS



■ Not long ago, a now divorced Hollywood couple came to Dr. Willsie Martin to be married. "We intend to have a real private life," they told the minister.

"That will be very difficult," Dr. Martin warned. "Publicity will play on you pitilessly. Many factors will try to destroy your privacy, and perhaps even your happiness."

The couple weren't convinced. Like many other Hollywood stars they tried to shut out the public who worshipped them. And, like these stars, they endangered and eventually destroyed their marriage.

But there's one couple in Hollywood who never thought their marriage was a private affair, and partly because of this, they're secure in their happiness. Their names are John and Pati Derek.

"We simply decided to face facts," said John. "If you're in the spotlight, you should accept the public's interest in you as a normal one which comes with success."

"After all," added Pati. "It was because the public liked John in *Knock On Any Door* that we were able to get married. Otherwise we might have had to wait a long time before he could support a family."

"The public sure works fast," grinned John. "We were a little unnerved when we were asked to take a writer and photographer along with us on our honeymoon."

"Naturally, we wanted to refuse," said Pati. "A honeymoon's a pretty sentimental journey. And honeymooners are self-conscious enough without having other people reporting on them."

"But," said John, "we realized that this would really test our ability to take all that went with our profession in our stride. So we took them with us (*Continued on page 63*)



MODERN SCREEN'S reporter came away from this interview knowing why John was a close runner-up to Alan Ladd for the Hollywood Press Club's "cooperative actor" award for 1950.

# A PRIVATE LIFE?







Here's an eye-witness report  
on the Ruth Roman-Mort Hall  
marriage. If it breaks up  
it will be a record  
for brevity, even in Hollywood.

BY LESLIE SNYDER

# *Brief marriage?*

■ It's not pleasant to write about any couple in the throes of marital difficulties, especially when the couple turns out to be likeable Ruth Roman and her charming husband, Mortimer Hall.

There's always a possibility that the stories of discord are the outgrowth of malicious gossip. In Hollywood it's not unusual to hear rumors of divorce before the echo of the marriage vows has died down.

But, recently, a close business associate of Ruth was unable to conceal his concern when asked, "What do you think of Ruth Roman's marriage?"

"Well," he said, reluctantly, "I'm very fond of both those kids. You know how I feel about Ruth, and Mortimer is a wonderful guy, but I guess they just can't hit it off together."

"Then, would you say the marriage was shaky?"

"I'd say so," he answered. "In my opinion, it's just a matter of time before they break up."

This man's opinion coincided with the views of others. It seems that Ruth and Mortimer, (Continued on page 78)



**A PICTURE OF WEDDED BLISS?** Snapped at the Mocambo, Ruth and Mortimer seem more bored with each other than is usual for a couple married a scant six months.



# my son, peter

by Glenn Ford

I take him fishing,  
and he falls in.

I show him how  
I stunt ride and he says,  
"Hoppy does it better."

I take him for a drive,  
and he whistles at every  
blonde. Is that a boy  
for you? That's my boy!



Glenn, Ellie and Peter ride a lot at their ranch. While making *The Redhead and The Cowboy* Glenn invited Peter to watch him ride. "You're okay," he said, "but Hoppy's better."



The tack-room is in apple-pie order these days. One of Glenn's projects was to get Peter to slick up his room. This brought down a rash of neatness on the whole family, with Glenn the primary "good example."





Glenn and six-year-old Peter stick together closer than fraternity brothers. And they're lucky to have Eleanor Powell for house mother.

■ The other day I had Pete with me in the car and had stopped for a traffic light on Sunset Boulevard when a neatly fashioned blonde crossed the intersection in front of us. Pete gave me a sharp nudge in the ribs with his elbow.

"Hubba, hubba!" he yelled.

My son's voice, even at the age of six, is far from that of a boy soprano, and so when the blonde turned around she looked directly at me—the darkest kind of look a woman can bestow on a man. I could almost hear her muttering about "those Hollywood actors."

"Hubba!" Pete yelled again.

I ducked my chin, "Pipe down!" I said.

Now, this is not my idea of a model child. But it was my own fault. You see, whenever a shapely femme hove into view on our television screen at home I gave out with this "hubba, hubba" routine. It always got a rise out of Ellie, and it amused Pete, so it was a success while it lasted.

But since that street corner incident, I've given up the practice. As a matter of fact, I've changed in a lot of respects because of Pete. I think that the way a child develops is almost solely the responsibility of his parents, and I've done a lot of floundering around trying to find the right path for fatherhood.

I guess I'm like most guys, or was, before Pete was born. I'd never thought much about becoming a father, and to tell the truth I was more than a little flabbergasted when I knew we were going to have a baby. It was even worse when he arrived because, suddenly, there he was and I was a father, but I didn't feel different at all.

During the waiting period, I had dreamed up a lot of fancy ideas about how I was going to bring up this child, but somehow they all went out the window when I looked at him. New babies are such little things and they don't, as I was to find out, offer much in the way of *(Continued on page 82)*



# LIZ TAYLOR TELLS TRUTH ABOUT HER



Exclusive to  
MODERN SCREEN:  
Liz confides her inmost  
emotions about the  
three notorious  
romances that  
changed her life.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON



# THE LOVES

■ This is a story that should have been told long ago. It hasn't been because friends of Liz Taylor thought that only silence could still the gossip and guard the little privacy she has left. But now it is time that the public knew more about Liz Taylor, for despite the millions of words written about her, people know as little as her co-workers, which is very close to exactly nothing.

Liz has been cruelly hurt by so-called friends who have referred to her, in a laughing, but nonetheless heartless manner, as a "headline grabber." I have talked with Liz for hours, and about this false accusation, she says:

"I had my first experience with the terrible manner in which someone in the public eye can become misunderstood when I began going with Glenn Davis. You can believe me, up until this time, it meant nothing to me that I was constantly being interviewed and photographed. All of these things were simply a matter of my job as an actress, a job I had been trained to do since childhood.

"I know that you, as a friend, believe me when I say that this was, in the beginning, a nice little romance, and nothing more. Of course I was aware that I was an actress. None of us can forget it, because every time we pass a newsstand, we see pictures of ourselves. But that doesn't mean that we are vain, or that we think we are all-important.

"Glenn Davis was the idol of millions of teen-age girls. Girls just like me. As an All-American football player, an Army officer and a fine gentleman, he was—and is—all any girl could ask for as a companion. Now that he is married to such a lovely girl as Terry Moore, I can only wish him every happiness. It's two years ago, though, since we first met at the Santa Monica Beach Club. I was sincerely thrilled to know him, first because of who he was, and then because we had so many interests in common.

"It was simply wonderful to be with someone who didn't know anything about movies—and cared less. Up until this time, because I was so young, movies had been my whole world. Now I had a companion whose horizons were far more interesting and important than mine. Basically, we had so much in common. We went riding, played volley ball, and swam together in the ocean. I don't know how there could have been a more wholesome and delightful prelude to a romance. After he gave me a gold football, I thought that some day this might (Continued on page 66)



For the first time Liz is living completely on her own. She shares a small two bedroom apartment in Westwood with her good friend and secretary, Peggy Rutledge.



Flowing Chinese lounging pajamas are Liz' favorite informal costume for the hot weather. She and Stanley Donen often dine and listen to records at the apartment.



Liz tried hotel living, then stayed with her stand-in. After finishing *A Place In The Sun* she settled into this sleek apartment with her mother's happy approval.



We've been married 10 years  
and he still hasn't bought me a mink.  
But I've got an ice-box with a whole house around it,  
and three small geniuses to keep me warm.

# the Lowdown on

by Sheila MacRae



I have a healthy respect for the way Gordon earns a living, and I often take the children along to watch him work on the set. (Left to right) Meredith, Heather and Gar.

We just moved into a big house with a playground in back. Gordon has as much fun there as the kids. The girls worship Gar. Meredith baked him a cake (soggy but nice) when he was three.





# MacRae

■ I used to be a nice normal girl. In my youth. My adolescence. I dabbled in astrology. I did a little writing, and a little acting, but in our civilization these are considered only minor eccentricities.

For the past 10 years, however, I've been married to Gordon MacRae. I'm happier, but I'm screwier. I've got a husband so busy that when I bump into him he's apt to say, "Pardon me, Madam," and keep right on going. I've got three children such individualists they don't even talk to each other. Meredith doesn't approve of Heather's baby-talk, and Gar's too small to carry on much conversation anyhow. Mother MacRae, that's me. If the dear silver isn't shining in my hair, well, wait a minute.

All mothers have geniuses for children. I know that. The fact that I'm outsmarted by my offspring isn't unique. But you have to be married to a movie star before you're faced with some of my other day-to-day problems.

Example: Gordon and I meet a friend on the street. Friend, to Gordon, jovially: "Hey, haven't read the movie mags lately. Don't know how you're treating your wife."

Gordon, equally jovial: "Haven't beaten her lately. Not since 1944."

Sheila, ecstatically: "Oh, hahaha, hohoho," (Continued on page 92)







Daddy and Candy cut the cake while Mother stands by to give support. But big sister Lindsay is anxious, and David Ladd just can't look.

**THE KIDS AT CANDY'S PARTY HAD A PINT-SIZE CIRCUS—WITH A TENT, CLOWN, AND BETTY AS RINGMASTER.**



Overnight the big olive tree in Betty's back yard became the wonderful Birthday Tree. Its trunk and branches, wrapped in crepe paper, bloomed with presents for every guest at Candy's party.



The cellophane dining tent carried out the circus motif. Miniature hot-dogs and hamburgers were the bill of fare. Everybody put on his party jockey cap or crown for Ted Briskin's movie camera.



# candy'n cake

Big doings at Betty Hutton's:

A lamb is loose in the  
bedroom, there's a monkey in the garden,  
and Candy's just struck three.

BY BEVERLY OTT



Candy and her mother saw that the organ grinder's monkey and the clown had supper, too. But the star of the day was Candy's "weal, wive, wammy"—the baby lamb she got as a surprise gift.

■ Being a bachelor girl, I'm about as comfortable around children as I am around Bengal tigers. That's why I got the idea that Betty Hutton was greatly amused by my feeble attempt at conversation with Lindsay and Candy one day. "My, how you've grown," I brightly observed. "How old are you now?"

"I'm four," Lindsay volunteered. "And Candy'll be three next Saturday."

"Saturday's my birthday, too," I told them.

"I'm having a party," Candy announced. "Are you?"

"Well, no . . ." I admitted.

The small Briskins gave me two sympathetic looks. "Then you can come to Candy's," said Lindsay, solving a very grave problem. Her sister nodded.

I glanced at Betty. "That makes it official," she grinned. "Want to bet you'll have the time of your life?"

Candy and her mother were standing at the gate that cheery Saturday afternoon. The small Briskin shook my hand, introduced me to the organ grinder and his monkey, also in the reception line, and then led me into the yard to meet the other guests who were gathering in the sandbox or beside the jungle gym. This accomplished, (Continued on page 91)

Betty called studio casting for the dog act. The six puppies did every trick in the book; fascinated Mimi and Monica Henreid, David Ladd, Penny, Dawn, and David DeFore, Liza Minnelli, and other guests, including the attendant mothers and nurses.



After supper the party moved into the living room to see *My Friend Flicka*. Ted master-minded the projection machine for the kids.





Betty loves ranch life with Harry and her daughters Victoria and Jessica. Married eight years, she hasn't had enough time at home.



Horses are as much business as pleasure for Betty. She and Harry own a string of racers—and Betty may someday retire to breed them.

The spat Betty had  
with her studio wasn't  
a lovers' quarrel.

Insiders say she wants to  
part company—  
this time for keeps.

BY STEVE CRONIN

# is Grable quitting?

■ A few weeks ago the editor of a Hollywood newspaper answered his telephone, listened a minute, granted a few times and replaced the receiver. He looked about the city room until his eyes fell on his ace movie reporter.

"Hey, George," he called. "Come here. The sky just fell in."

George ambled over to the desk.

"Say it again," he said. "I thought you said the sky fell in."

"Same thing," said the editor. "That was Fox on the phone. They've just suspended Grable."

"Betty Grable?" gasped the reporter. "I don't believe it."

"Well, check it anyway," said the editor, "and let me know."

The reporter grabbed some copy paper and left, mumbling about pranksters wasting a busy man's time.

But it was true. After 12 years of uninterrupted harmony, and a relationship that went back 22 years, Betty Grable and 20th Century-Fox had reached a crisis; a situation presented itself which was mutually intolerable and their contract had been declared inactive until such time as both parties agreed to put it in force again.

A suspension is by no means (*Continued on page 74*)







# what do they do



Swimming pools are a common Hollywood luxury—but for Esther Williams it's a working necessity; she swims 20 laps a day.

Unlike many Hollywood couples, the Gages' manner of living doesn't exceed their pocketbook. The babies' wash is done at home; the attic (*center*) is crammed with articles they can't bear to discard; and a file cabinet under the stairs at home (*extreme right*) was Ben's idea of a way to conduct business without an office.





# with all that money?

**DOES IT GO FOR SERVANTS, SABLES, FOREIGN CARS—THE HOLLYWOOD LUXURIES? NOT ALL OF IT; NOT BY A LONG SHOT!**

■ A few months ago, agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue nailed a sign to the front gate of the Northridge estate of Veronica Lake and Andre DeToth announcing that the property was to be auctioned off a week later to satisfy an income tax lien of some \$38,000. The date of the sale arrived, the auctioneer pounded his gavel, stated that because of other liens the lowest figure he would consider was \$68,000, and waited for bids. None came. After five minutes of pleading he shut up shop and went home.

This would appear to be an odd situation on two counts. First, that Veronica Lake, a still quite active star, and her husband, a working director commanding a good fee, could not pay a paltry \$38,000 in taxes—and, secondly, that in all Hollywood there wasn't a person well off enough to snatch an estate worth close to a quarter of a million dollars for the minor sum of \$68,000. However, this situation is common. Stars lose their homes because of mismanagement and high taxes, and buyers are scarce for the same reason—mismanagement and high taxes.

Here, in the Fabulous Land, in the community known as the richest on earth, there is genteel poverty. And the threat of old age in the poor house is a constant nightmare. Tremendous salaries don't mean a thing. There hasn't been a new millionaire made in Hollywood in 15 years; there has not even been a truly rich man made here in that period of time. This is a fact—despite what you read in the newspapers about the fortunes being piled up every day.

True, there are many big people in Hollywood who live like Vanderbilts, but if you could get a look at their bank balances

and asset and liability ledgers you would find an arrow pointing directly to disaster. There are a few folks about with bundles that would clog a water main, but they are either old-timers like Chaplin or Harold Lloyd, or men like Howard Hughes, who came into the business with millions, made investments, and are still waiting for the first dollar of tax-free profit. The rest are fancy paupers.

Of course, there are stars with money, but they are the careful ones—not necessarily stingy, but extremely cautious with a dollar. They have business managers who put them on a strict budget and, despite their fabulous incomes, they pare and scrimp like any other man, not in the hope of becoming rich, but in the hope that they will be able to sit in the sun and relax when they have drawn that last pay check.

Whenever instances like the Lake liquidation are in the news headlines, less glamorous and poorer folk over the nation ask a very reasonable question. "What do they do with all that money?" The answer is, "What money?" Some time ago a business manager told a client he was living far beyond his means.

"What are you talking about," snorted the actor. "I make more than \$100,000 a year! I'm not going to live like a guy who makes 50 bucks a week!"

"You don't make \$100,000 a year," said the business manager. "You gross that. But for the sake of argument, let's say you net that sum. Your taxes would be close to \$70,000, leaving you a net income of \$30,000 a year. Right now you make less, so if you want to remain solvent, you've got to live like a man making \$20,000."

*(Continued on page 88)*



**Esther Williams and Ben Gage live in  
sensible exception to the Hollywood  
rule of extravagance. For more about their life,  
please turn to the following page**



# how esther



Only a Benjie-proof gate separates the quaint kitchen area from the living room. Via a Talk-a-phone, Esther can hear the children in the nursery while she's cooking.



Opposite the kitchen, a stone fireplace dominates the dining area with its big "hutch" table. This huge all-purpose, family-used living room cuts down overhead.



PHOTOS BY WALT DAVIS

Kimmie, in his antique cradle, is always near the center of activity. Esther had the furniture specially scaled to Ben's height, and she designed the utility coffee-jug lamp behind her.

■ On the night of October 29, 1950, the stork flew low through Mandeville Canyon, 11 miles west of Hollywood.

This stork was looking for a couple of expectant parents named Esther Williams and Ben Gage, who lived in a farmhouse painted butter-yellow, with swimming pool attached, of course.

As he circled above the sycamores that shade the homes in this area, the aroma of broiled steak and the strains of "Happy Birthday" rose to meet him. The sounds and smells were wafting up from the large kitchen-sitting room of the farmhouse where Esther, Ben, and a group of friends were celebrating Ben's birthday and the Gage's first night in their new home.

It was a gay, self-help party. Esther was mixing a salad behind the copper-topped counter that divides the work section from the sitting portion of the kitchen. Ben was hovering over the fireplace grill basting the giant porterhouse steaks. And the guests were taking turns demonstrating the new kitchen gadgets.

The legendary bird hesitated a moment, then decided not to interrupt such a festive occasion. (Continued on page 52)



# and ben live

The Gages' home  
reflects their sane attitude  
toward living. They  
don't confuse  
old-fashioned comfort with  
expensive luxury.

BY MARVA PETERSON

Esther relaxes scientifically in the Contour chair. It's a playground for Benjie, a safe one because the fire screen is securely locked.







The Gages have a small guest house near their pool; plan to add a barbecue.

## how esther and ben live cont'd

He flew off and didn't make delivery until the next day.

Even so the bundle marked Kimball Austin Gage arrived seven weeks ahead of schedule.

As Kimmie's mother loves to tell the story, the house-warming turned into a baby-warming.

"It makes me a little weak in the knees," Esther says, "to think of how close a race with the stork it really was. Fifteen hours after we moved into our new house, the new baby arrived."

For those who think of Esther Williams as a stream-lined modern mermaid, it may come as a big surprise to learn that she chose to move her family into an early American farmhouse.

Actually, Esther is an old-fashioned girl. According to Melvina Pumphey, her closest friend, "Esther and Ben are about as down-to-earth and wholesome as you can get. They're the kind of people who believe in all the time-tested customs: sharing a big double bed, father carving the Sunday roast, children romping all over the place. What's more they live the way they believe."

Not only is the Gage philosophy based on this solid American foundation, but so is their home. In every respect the plan of their house copies an authentic farmhouse.

The front door takes you directly into the living room. There's no foyer, no powder room, no nonsense. Just step inside (*Continued on page 87*)

Theirs is a successful business and marriage combination.

■ There is in spirit, if not in fact, a corporate entity known as Esther Williams Enterprises. Esther and Ben Gage run this completely informal organization from their living room. A good deal of nonsense has been written about Esther's business ventures. Critics accuse her of being a money-making machine, but they don't take into consideration the fact that she has created jobs for many people. And those who accuse her of investing her movie salary simply to avoid high taxes, forget that every successful venture she's gone into (and she's never gone into an unsuccessful one) has created still more tax money. The Gages' initial investment was a filling station, to which another was quickly added. Both boomed until a price war started to cut down their income. They promptly sold out at a tidy profit. Their second investment was in a broken-down restaurant near Westchester called The Trails. They picked it after making a long and detailed study of population concentrations throughout the entire Los Angeles area. They bought The Trails, redecorated it, and held a grand opening in the Hollywood manner. It's been a success ever since, partly because the food is good, partly because they both spend as much time as possible there mingling with the guests. The Gages also own a machine shop and a tool-making company, and they draw profit from a real-estate venture in Twenty Nine Palms. Esther is under contract to Cole of California for whom she designs and promotes swim suits. Two non-profit activities controlled by her are the counselling service, specializing in parent-child problems, which her mother directs, and the swimming course given thrice-weekly to blind and partially-blind children by Esther herself.

—DAN JENKINS





Her two sons (that's Albert above) and her husband, Edward Lasker, are three reasons for Jane's contented view of life.

## the perfect happiness

It can't be demanded, schemed or fought for. Happiness comes from giving as much as you want to receive.

*by Jane Greer*

■ My whole little scheme of living has been cooked up out of this: that real happiness can only be warmed into existence—it cannot be demanded, schemed for, or fumed and fought over. You can demand attention, comforts, luxuries, even your “rights,” and you will get them, perhaps. Yet you can feel strangely discontented after they are yours. You can scheme for your own benefit and you can succeed, sometimes. Yet when you try to cash in on your success there is just no inward satisfaction to be had. Evidence of your prestige, like your name and likeness on a big outdoor poster is gratifying, but not lastingly so. Next week somebody else's name and face is plastered over yours.

You ask yourself finally, where *can* you make a permanent hit? And in time you know the answer—only in somebody's heart.

*(Continued on page 96)*





Esperanza (Chata) Wayne says goodbye again to Duke as he leaves for Ireland to make *The Quiet Man* directed by John Ford.

■ "Just wait till those British newspapermen get their hooks into you," a fellow actor warned John Wayne one day in the RKO commissary. "They're death on American actors, particularly big, robust characters like you who act tough in films. I'll bet they barbecue you alive."

"Oh, I don't think so," Duke drawled. "I've always managed to get along with newspapermen."

The subject was dropped until the night, several weeks later, when Duke left for England with Mr. Herbert Yates, president of Republic Studios, to open the company's new film exchange in London. As their airliner droned high above the Atlantic, Duke said, "What's so tough about the British press?"

"Nothing, really," answered Mr. Yates. "They're perhaps more serious than most American reporters. Just be careful not to say anything that might be misconstrued. You know, you are sort of blunt and outspoken at times."

"Don't worry, I won't," Duke laughed. "I'm not going to spout off a lot of opinions. But I was thinking. Why don't we have all of the guys up to our room after the opening? Then we can sit around, roll up our sleeves, and swap windies. I've never known a newspaper guy who wouldn't rather kill an hour talking than rush back to the office and work. They can't be that much different in England."

As it turned out, Duke was right. The seven British reporters who came up to his room for a few rounds of liquid fellowship stayed for nearly two hours talking about the war crisis, American women, the London fog, California smog, the high price of good Scotch, and other vital topics. Next morning, their interviews were glowing, to say the least.

"Those guys would have murdered me if I'd talked to them like a big shot actor," Duke told his employer, as they flew home. "But I spent (Continued on page 64)



# look out for this guy!

He's putty in the hands of his family, but Duke Wayne's no softie to Hollywood. He got to the top the hard way—and he's not stepping down for anyone.

BY TOM CARLILE



Duke's Stetson hat and pistol twirling skill charmed this young British fan when he was in England. An ideal good-will ambassador, he'll tour S. America next.



**DUKE AND HIS BIG FAMILY** threw a birthday party for Melinda (*above center*) at Oceanside where he was on location. Incurably sen-

timental about his family, Duke is especially devoted to his daughters. (Toni's *above*.) He plans to take them all on a vacation cruise soon.





Tony and Piper left L.A. at 7:15 A.M.; were met at the Denver, Colorado, airport by first prize winner, Mrs. Alice Bankert. KLZ announcer, Matt McEniry, interviewed them:

# Tony and Piper MEET THE PEOPLE

Six pages of exciting photographs—Universal-International's Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie



Crowds of eager Denverites, including a contingent of wounded Korean war veterans, were on hand to greet the young stars. They drove into Denver with a 50-car party.



Before the gala premiere of *The Prince Who Was A Thief*, Mrs. Bankert gave a dinner for Tony and Piper. Neighbors jammed her house until the walls bulged. Denver's Dale Morgan was on hand to describe events for the radio audience.





AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE GAVE TONY AND PIPER AN 11-MINUTE OVATION AFTER THE PREMIERE. TONY HAD TO CARRY PIPER OFFSTAGE.

visit the lucky winners of MODERN SCREEN'S "Bring A Star to Your Home" contest



Denver's most outstanding high school journalists got a special close-up of Tony and Piper and a chance to interview them at a banquet held for the stars on the third day of their Denver visit.

**FIRST STOP: DENVER, COLO.** It was a shudderingly cold morning. Heavy fog billowed in off the Pacific Ocean, sweeping across the Los Angeles International Airport. High above, a half dozen planes droned patiently, waiting for the overcast to lift, and below, a dozen huge four motor planes taxied to their positions, impatient to rise.

At exactly 6:38 A.M. the doors to United Airlines burst open. In rushed Tony Curtis, hair uncombed, tie askew, the cuff of one of his shirts hanging out of a brand new leather traveling case.

"Where is everybody?" he shouted. "Am I late?"

Early morning passengers seated in neat rows looked up, and those who weren't asleep, laughed out loud.

"If you're looking for your girl," a tall Texan boomed, "I'll bet that's her, over there!"

Tony swung around, and sure enough, there was Piper Laurie, equally tousle-headed, standing in front of an automatic insurance machine. In two jumps, Tony was by her side. He grabbed her by an elbow and tugged. "Come on, honey," he exclaimed. "We're (Continued on page 59)





Piper was selected as Miss Flame Thrower of 1951 by the Headquarters Colorado Military District.



Tony throws flames in an entirely different manner. The heat was terrific when he got together with his fan club in Denver. They really poured it on.



In cooperation with the Denver Post, the Pepsi-Cola company gave a big party for Piper and Tony at their new Pepsi plant.

**GOVERNOR DAN THORNTON SHOWED PIPER AND TONY THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW FROM THE CAPITOL. "THE CITY IS AT YOUR FEET," HE TOLD THEM.**







The prize was a \$25 bond, and teen-ager Georgia Lauder milk won a kiss from Tony, too, for her letter about the Post party.

"And promenade, all!" The Rocky Mountain motion picture exhibitors and their wives held a square-dance for Piper and Tony at the Variety Club.

"So who's a square now?" shouts Piper as she whisks merrily around the floor at the Variety Club dance.

These pictures capture a few of the memorable events of Piper and Tony's Denver visit.

(Continued from page 57) going to miss our plane."

Piper wouldn't budge. She pounded on the machine, furiously. "I don't care," she said, stubbornly. "My dad told me never to travel on land or air or sea without insurance. Now I've put three quarters in this machine—that's \$15,000 worth of insurance, and know what?"

Tony put down his traveling case impatiently. "No Piper, what?"

"Tony," Piper wailed, "I've got a tilt!"

That was that. The insurance papers wouldn't jump out, the way they do 99 times out of a hundred. So Tony went for help. They shoved some papers at him. He shoved the papers at Piper. She signed. She put in more quarters. The sweep hand of the big airport clock kept circling off the precious seconds. Piper signed the insurance papers, put them in an envelope, borrowed a stamp from Tony, who swears he's never carried a stamp in his life before, and handed her valuable papers to a total stranger.

"Please," she begged, with a melting look. "Drop these in a mailbox."

Then her feet left the ground as Tony grabbed her by one hand, and sailed her through the underground ramp, up to the take-off gate. Their giant United Airlines Mercury plane, Flight 606, was slowly swinging around.

"Hey!" Tony yelled. "We're on that plane!"

A courteous but firm attendant, in the act of closing the gate, exclaimed, "Oh no you're not—that plane's full!" He gestured his flight manifesto board in Tony's direction.

"Please," Piper said. "We're with the MODERN SCREEN photographers. If they go without us it will be terrible!"

As though in answer to Piper's plea, the big plane paused, a door opened, and out peered the anxious face of Bert Parry, MODERN SCREEN photographer. Instantly, the big automatic ramp slid toward the plane, and Piper and Tony scrambled aboard. At exactly 7:15 A.M., the very special Flight Number 606 was airborne.

(Continued on page 76)



Piper and Tony visited Korean veterans at Fitzsimmons General Hospital. Tony, once hospitalized himself, said, "I wish each parent could see the way his sons are treated here."



"Nothing like a day with your fans," says Tony. "The lipstick's not bad—but it looked better on the girls. And how am I going to explain losing those cuff-links to Janet Leigh?"





## **SECOND STOP: TERRE HAUTE, IND.**

*Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie, beloved English teacher of Terre Haute, didn't care whether school kept or not the evening she entertained Piper and Tony at dinner in the Terre Haute House (above). Tony hated to tell her good-bye. "I've never met a more wonderful person in my life," he said. "Why, everybody loves her." "Including me," said Piper.*



# Tony and Piper MEET THE PEOPLE

## THIRD STOP: COLUMBUS, OHIO

*Two pretty ladies shake hands, as Donna Morrison proudly introduces Piper and Tony to her family (above). Not only Donna's sophomore class, but practically the whole high school turned out when Tony and Piper offered to sign all the autographs anybody wanted. Tony got cornered against one window—while Piper and Donna were surrounded on the other side of the lawn.*



## FOURTH STOP: CHARLOTTE, N. C.

*Tony said, "It sure is true what they say about the South. Never had such a warm welcome as from Clara Hobbs and her family in Charlotte (right). Clara joined the stars on WAYS broadcast with Gladys Lavitan and Lindsay Brooks (above). Her deep soth'n accent surprised her when she heard a playback. It tickled Tony, and Piper went around envying it for days.*





## no more playboys for rita

(Continued from page 29) instead of a divorce—but when you've come to the parting of the ways as we have, then I'm all for a clean break.

"I didn't go into this divorce lightly. I thought over all the possibilities, particularly the possibility of giving the marriage another try. But after a lot of soul-searching I decided that a divorce was the best thing for us."

When asked if there was a third party involved, perhaps another woman, maybe two (after all, under Moslem law, Aly is permitted to take four wives) Rita smiled and referred to the statement by her lawyer, Bartley Crum: "The divorce is based on the general grounds of incompatibility."

Aly himself wrote Rita, "I certainly do not want to remarry or have any woman in my heart except yourself. So I do not want a divorce from my side."

JACKSON LEIGHTER, a radio agent who drove to Reno with Rita, volunteered to act as her spokesman, and it was he who said, "Don't ask Rita about any other women in their marriage. The 'other woman' in this case is gambling—24 hours a day of it."

Rita admitted that Aly gambled. "But who doesn't?" she added.

The true story behind Rita's divorce is that she and Aly never should have married. They were swept up in a grand passion—tempestuous, mad, altogether incredible. But the day to day living of marriage couldn't sustain it because of background, inheritance, and temperament Rita is not a playgirl. She has worked hard most of her life.

What Aly Khan has done beside taking care of his horses, his estate in Ireland, skiing in Switzerland, hunting in Kenya, speed-racing in Italy, moonlight-dancing on the Riviera, and sunning in Spain—not too many people seem to know.

Some of his friends insist that he spends a good deal of his time traveling around the world and visiting various Moslem populations. This is understandable since these are the people who indirectly contribute to his support.

Rita herself said, "Since my marriage to Aly, I have visited all the countries of England and practically all of Africa including Madagascar. I particularly liked the city of Nairobi. I stayed there while my husband went big-game hunting, and it is fascinating to see the game in their natural state. Yes, there is a large Indian population in Nairobi and also Madagascar."

"Naturally wherever I went with my husband, I was constantly being interviewed, and that's why it's good to be in Nevada away from all that. This is my residence, you know, and I like it so much that I intend to stay here after the divorce. I really do. It's so wide open and the air is so invigorating and the children like it so much."

"Of course I'll go back to Hollywood and make a picture, but I haven't seen a script on anything and I can't really say whether I'll make any film before 1952. I'm not asking for a penny of alimony for myself. I still can work."

"I think Nevada is a wonderful spot to rest. I play golf and take my children down to the beach, and I read a lot."

"How about your children?" she was asked. "Do you think they should be raised here or abroad?"

Rita thought for a moment. "Ideally," she said, "I think they should be raised partly in the United States and partly in Europe. There's no country like America

in the entire world. It's the best place to raise children, but travel does none of them any harm. Besides, Yasmin (her 18-month old daughter by Aly) will have to spend some of her time with her father. I think that's only fair. She's his daughter as well as mine."

Although Rita was not compelled to adopt the Moslem religion when she married Aly, she promised to raise any offspring as Moslems, and the question of Yasmin's faith came up.

"I promised," Rita says, "to raise Yasmin as a Moslem, and that's the way she will be reared."

Under Moslem law, Yasmin inherits one-fifth of her father's fortune—Rita has asked for a \$3,000,000 trust fund for the child—but the other four-fifths go to Aly's sons by a previous marriage. Moslem law makes it mandatory that each male child inherit twice as much as each female child.

There are no Moslem temples in Los Angeles where Rita and the children will undoubtedly live. The only official Moslem congregation in this country is located in New York City.

When these facts were pointed out to Rita, she refused to say anything. She is interested in the future not the past.

**Michael Curtiz recently was working with the cavalry. He wanted to order them to charge. Curtiz couldn't think of the word, so he cried, "Lunge!" Everybody broke for lunch.**

*Irving Hoffman in  
The Hollywood Reporter*

But for those who are interested in her past, too, the pages can be turned back to 1948 when Rita was touring the Continent. It was rumored then that she was being wildly pursued by Ted Straeter, a Swiss orchestra leader. Reporters said that Straeter tried to get into her room at the Hotel Lancaster in Paris by climbing out a window and cat-walking across a ledge while hundreds of amazed citizens stood in the street cheering.

That summer she motored down to the Riviera, and at Cannes where the society playboys sidestroke in the Mediterranean, Rita was introduced to Prince Aly Khan by Elsa Maxwell.

Aly was married at the time, but on a friendly basis. He and his wife had agreed to a separation but no divorce.

When Rita returned to Hollywood and was asked about the Prince, she dismissed him casually. He's a friend," she said, "a good friend, nothing more."

Aly made himself something more. He came to the States, and was seen everywhere with Rita. People started talking, so Rita and Aly flew to Mexico, then to Havana, then to New Orleans, then back to Hollywood.

When Aly sailed for Europe aboard the Britannic that year, he occupied Cabin 51-A. Rita had the adjoining cabin—51-C. This was one of the great infatuations of all time. But even though the whole world loves a lover, there were some dissenting opinions. These opinions were voiced most loudly in England.

Roared the London Sunday Pictorial: "The current behavior of Miss Rita Hayworth and the millionaire Prince Aly Khan, if described in a film script, would never get by the censors."

Added The People, another English newspaper: "This is the last time that this newspaper will report in its columns, details of the squalid love affair of film star Rita Hayworth and Prince Aly Khan . . . We have taken this decision on the grounds of public decency, because we believe that the extravagant expeditions of this Indian prince and his 'friend' have become an in-

sult to decent-minded women everywhere."

Despite these occasional journalistic blasts, Rita Hayworth said nothing. She was convinced that Aly would marry her just as soon as he could obtain a divorce.

He took her to meet his father, the Aga Khan. The Aga found her "intelligent, charming and very beautiful."

Aly then took Rita to meet his step-mother. She, too, consented to the marriage.

Aly settled \$3,000,000 each on his two sons and entered into divorce negotiations with his wife. At one time, Aly, Rita, and Aly's wife were all living in the same Swiss Hotel together. Aly was even compelled to write one of his now famous letters to the press.

This one, dated, January 18, 1949—four months before he and Rita were married—said: "I have hitherto refrained from making any comment upon the uninformed and often scurrilous reports which have recently appeared in some sections of the press in connection with my domestic affairs."

"I should now like it to be made known that by mutual consent my wife and I have lived apart for almost three years . . . I am going to marry Miss Hayworth as soon as I am free to do so."

"In these circumstances I hope that my private affairs will be treated with the consideration which is usually extended to the private affairs of individuals in general."

RITA's marriage turned out to be a three-ring circus. It received almost as much publicity as the marriage between the now Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

In January of 1950, after the birth of Yasmin, Rita toured the continent with Aly. There was a perpetual round of auto races, horse races, dinners, social affairs. Now the Prince was on his home grounds, and Rita was the visiting celebrity.

In Europe, the husband is the boss. He gives an order, and the wife obeys. Rita tried to be a good wife. She accompanied Aly into all sorts of affairs, parties, and countries. But when would the mad whirl stop? When and where would they come to rest? Where and how could she bring up her two children in normal, healthy surroundings? European nobility was decadent, spending what it had, contributing little. Rita didn't belong on the Riviera.

Then, too—what was to become of her? Must she renounce her career? Aly didn't particularly care about spending the rest of his life in Hollywood. Most of his money is in British pounds. His horses, his plane, his motor cars are in Europe. So is his real estate. The town apartment is in Paris. The castle is in Ireland. The chateau is in Cannes. Would he give up all this because Rita wanted to return and star in films?

There are some who say that Rita felt strongly that she was losing her glamor appeal to Aly, that unless she returned to Hollywood and made a picture she would lose him, too.

There are others who say she refused to renounce her career, refused to live her entire life in Europe, and that Aly would not move to the U.S.A.

Rita herself says, "Aly and I are still very good friends. The parting was very amicable. If he comes to this country, I shall always be glad to see him. We just found living together incompatible."

A woman as physically attractive and as young as Rita will undoubtedly get married again. Just who husband number four will be is vague at this point. The chances are, however, that, unlike Aly, the lucky fellow will work for a living. Rita won't come right out and say it, but she thinks that workingmen make the best husbands. And she ought to know. THE END



## who wants a private life?

(Continued from page 35) to Palm Springs. They stayed at the Racquet Club, too. We didn't know just what to expect. But they weren't nearly as demanding as we anticipated. In fact, they were very considerate. We've found that true in 99 per cent of the situations since."

So thoroughly have John and Pati adhered to the open door policy that John was a close runner-up to Alan Ladd in the Hollywood Women's Press Club election of 1950's most cooperative actor.

This doesn't mean they've turned into publicity hounds—the kind who'll do anything to get their pictures in print. When a photographer asked to accompany them to the hospital for their baby's birth, John yelled, "Are you kidding? Why, I'd have to call you before I called the doctor!" But John had permitted himself to be photographed practicing fatherhood from preparing formulas to changing diapers. And photographers trailed them on shopping expeditions.

"That was tiring!" Pati recalls. "I'd been feeling pretty good and wanted to go to the Anticipation Shop, a book store, a candy store, and a couple of other places in Beverly Hills. Well, shopping's exhausting enough, but just add being pregnant and having to stop often to pose for those pictures!"

As has been told many times, Russell Andre's first weeks were touch-and-go. A delicate operation gave him his chance to live, and finally the day came when he was strong enough for the Dereks to permit writers and photographers in.

It would have been easy enough to follow the course taken by many celebrities who simply call a studio photographer and have him make an assortment of photographs suitable for release to publications. Others invite all interested publications to send their photographers and writers at the same time for one wholesale session.

But not the Dereks. For one whole week, they entertained photographers and writers individually, morning and afternoon, giving each publication an opportunity to get its own personal stories.

"Sure it was trying," John said, smiling. "I found out then that neither of us has enough clothes! 'How about changing into another shirt for this next shot?' they'd keep asking. And there went another fresh shirt."

"To top it all off," said Pati, "one publication came out saying we were proudly presenting our new daughter to the public! But really, everyone was wonderful! Patient about the baby's naps, bottles, rest periods and all."

"Not one of them," said John, "asked for anything out of character, or were peeved when I made a reasonable denial."

"There are a few writers who are hard for me to take," John went on. "The ones who say, 'Tell me, what do you think about?' Usually I'm thinking about my next scene, but quite willing to answer any questions they may ask. Or there's the rare photographer who says, 'Get up on your toes and dance with joy' in an effort to get a smile from ear to ear! I'm not a fellow with a ready grin. Yet they seem to think an actor ought to be able to do anything on the spur of the moment because he is an actor. They don't understand that when we're enacting a role, we're disassociated from our own personality. We've had time to study the character we're portraying, and to take on that personality. But here at home, being myself, I'm not the kind of person who goes around grinning. Nor do I clown!"

"Nor give formal dinner parties," Pati

spoke up. "We were asked to give one once and we refused because we wouldn't cooperate in anything which presented a false picture of our marriage. A formal dinner would have. We're the kind who love to entertain informally. And that's the way we're going to show up in that spotlight."

Her words were vehement and John grinned at her. "Well, I can remember dinners in the morning, breakfasts in the afternoon, and a New Year's Eve party when you walked in saying, 'You will have to set the clock at either 10 of or 10 after 12 because we were photographed somewhere else with the clock set at 12 midnight.'"

"John, we aren't supposed to spill that secret," Pati laughed.

"More than one magazine came out early in December showing Hollywood celebrating Christmas and New Year's Eve. People must realize that some of those parties are staged long before the holidays," John pointed out logically.

"Well," Pati answered thoughtfully, "it isn't a bad idea, you know. Anyone who's planning a holiday party likes to get new ideas for one, and those advance parties we attend are a wonderful source for them."

"Speaking of parties," John said wistfully, "that's when I sometimes get irritated, but only momentarily. I look forward to going to a big party because I know we're going to see a lot of people we like but don't get to see often. Not long ago, I was selfishly pleased to see Barbara (Hale) and Bill Williams for a particular reason. Next day I was going to start building a new wall out here. Bill's a fellow who does things like that well, so I was all set to ask him how I should go about it when a photographer asked me to pose for a picture. By the time the picture was taken, others had joined our group, and I didn't get another chance to talk to Bill. And I didn't get up nerve enough to make a point of asking him. That happens often. You get into an interesting discussion with someone and the interruption leaves your conversation hanging in mid-air, never to be finished."

He shook his head when asked about other annoyances—like having to bare his chest and pose leaning out of a shower.

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in the **september**  
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**lana turner**  
on the cover

"Oh, I've posed for a few of those," he said.

"He sees nothing wrong with them because he has a good figure," Pati teased.

The Dereks have found there are times when being cooperative isn't fair to them or the press. Pati tipped that off when she said, "Tell about that interviewer. The one on the roof."

"Oh, yes," John recalled. "I was working in *Saturday's Hero*, and had only a half hour for lunch. I was to spend that time on the roof to get back some of the tan I'd lost working inside. That meant a sandwich and milk lunch. Then the publicity department called to tell me an interviewer had to see me that day between certain hours or not at all. He was a writer I'd never met before, here in Hollywood on a flying trip from New York. When I explained the situation, he said he'd interview me on the roof. Well, knowing I couldn't talk and eat at the same time, I just took milk with me for my lunch. He was a nice fellow and I did the best I could under the circumstances. But I wasn't surprised to hear later that he said he'd never had such a bad interview before."

"I learned something then that I'm not forgetting. By being too cooperative I'd put him, as well as myself, on the spot. He couldn't excuse his bad story to his boss by telling him he hadn't seen me. Yet it wasn't a fair opportunity for him to report on what I'm actually like. My mind was half on the scene I was to play right after lunch because it was a difficult one. If he'd had the chance to turn his publicity spotlight on me at home, where I'm a married man and a father, he might well have had a better opinion of me."

John says he's fortunate to have married such a good trouper as Pati. "Well," says Pati, "a wife has to see herself as part of a team. Some wives help their husbands by being prominent in club circles, devoting a lot of time to that kind of work. My husband needs a different kind of help."

They both agree that the publicity spotlight is a real challenge.

"It makes you realize that you have to become progressively more interesting, and it broadens you. It makes you more careful about quarrelling senselessly, too. If one of us does some utterly ridiculous thing, the other doesn't yell angrily, 'How stupid can you get!' Instead, the words, 'Well, that's one for the interviewer tomorrow!' Pati laughed.

"A couple of irresponsible radio commentators rumored Pati and I were separating," John said, "but too many reporters and photographers were seeing us during that time. What they saw didn't let them take much stock in those rumors. There's nothing like making your marriage a public one to kill that kind of false talk!"

So the Dereks have found the price of fame and popularity a cheap one, because they've taken the publicity spotlight on their marriage of nearly three years as a matter of course. Wherever they've gone, writers and photographers have been free to record their activities for the interested public. They had a breather on a recent trip to Tijuana. The photographer who happened to be along couldn't stomach a bull-fight, so they saw that alone. But all their other activities were duly photographed.

And they never put on airs for the public. If they're busy painting the walls of their new house, they put down their paintbrushes and settle down in their old jeans to share a cup of coffee or a coke with the interviewer and photographer. Barely a year old, Russell Andre already imitates them, holding out a welcoming hand to whomever drops in.

The whole Derek family is a lesson for a good many stars!

THE END



## look out for this guy!

(Continued from page 54) most of the time during that bull session listening. "When I was a kid in school I thought I could solve anything by charging it head-on," Duke said recently. "I didn't have a lick of sense, but that didn't stop me from thinking I knew it all. In fact, I didn't really know what thinking was until I had already had one big opportunity in pictures and flopped on my face. Then, with failure staring me down, I finally realized what was wrong. For more than 20 years, well-meaning people had been telling me things to help me, and I'd forgotten every word they'd said. Real self-assurance, I discovered, isn't something you come by with your eyes and ears closed."

**T**ODAY, big John Wayne is one of the most self-assured men in Hollywood, a man who moves with poise and quiet confidence in a profession that traditionally is populated with neurotic individuals.

Of course, you might say that Duke has lots of reasons for his self-assurance. Last year he earned slightly more than \$1,000,000. He owns a third of a very profitable oil field in Texas. He has achieved the distinction, which comes rarely to actors, of being recognized as an important man in the industry. Yet all these things have happened to others, and they have been caught in a trap of self-adulation which ruined their lives.

"None of Duke's friends are worried about all this glory going to his head," one of his closest buddies reported. "He'd rather have the electricians on his set say hello to him than be a friend to all the bank presidents in America."

It was not so very long ago, as time is measured in motion picture circles, that Duke was making feature-length horse operas in three days. His take-home pay, less deductions, was \$1,000 for each of these headlong wonders. Sometimes, when the budget was padded, he made as much as \$1,500 a picture. Duke couldn't act then, and he didn't pretend that he could. But he knew that a few more horse operas would spell doom for his career.

One day, in desperation, he looked up his old friend Paul Fix, and asked him to work with him on dialogue. "I guess I can't escape it any longer, Paul," he said. "I'm going to have to learn how to act."

Duke has learned plenty about acting since that day. He's learned it the hard way from tough directors like John Ford, from other actors, good and bad, but especially from technicians on his sets like the electrician who, some years ago, came up to apologize for the way he had to light Duke's famous leading lady.

"I'm sorry, Duke," he said. "I'm going to have to light her up like a Roman candle, and you'll have to grope around in the leak-light. She has it in her contract."

Duke's knowledge of the motion picture business is an accumulation of a thousand such experiences, some starkly fresh in his mind, some only half-remembered. His tremendous memory for technical detail never fails to amaze other actors who work with him for the first time. Janet Leigh, his co-star in *Jet Pilot*, had never encountered anyone like him before. "He's always coming up with little bits of action that add color, not only to his own performance, but to everyone else's as well. Coming from some actors, that kind of advice would be resented. But Duke is sincerely interested in making the whole picture good."

Perhaps the most alarming discovery which the skeptical critics of Duke's career have made is that his phenomenal success isn't entirely due to luck. For nearly 10 years, John Wayne has had a reputation for being a stubborn, argu-

mentative, and downright ornery man to deal with. "Look out for this guy," was the general opinion, "his energy's likely to explode into a storm at any time." Today almost everyone is willing to admit that there must have been a grain of sense somewhere in his polar-bear battles with the front office.

"Duke's biggest problems have always arisen from his refusal to do pictures that he felt were phony or unnatural for him," said a director who has known him since his horse opera days. "He knows more about making movies than half the people in Hollywood, and he'll prove it conclusively someday. But even now, when he's in a position to throw his weight around, he only does it when it'll help the picture. Anyone who doesn't listen to his advice, particularly about action scenes, should have his head examined."

For the second consecutive year, Duke is the No. One box-office star. Even *The Angel and the Badman*, made in 1946, brought in a six-figure profit. Already this year, he has completed *Operation Pacific*, *Jet Pilot*, and *Flying Leathernecks*, and is now working in Ireland on *The Quiet Man* for John Ford. Soon after his return, he will produce and direct his own spectacular production of *The Alamo* in Mexico.

**Hair stylist Mildred Seamster rushes in to tell us about the actor who has made such a good living in westerns in which he points and says, "They went thataway," he has obtained \$50,000 insurance on his forefinger!**

Irving Hoffman in  
*The Hollywood Reporter*

"The only catch about Duke's overwhelming success," one of his old poker partners complained, "is that we never see him any more. Last year, he worked 341 days. This year, it will be almost as bad."

In the old days, Duke used to spend all of his leisure time hunting deer high in the Sierras or trolling for marlin off the coast of Mexico. Three years ago, he bought a membership in a duck hunting club in central California, but he hasn't been there yet. Last season, the members finally hung his picture above the fireplace with a label which reads, "Forever Absent."

Duke feels bad about that. In fact, while he was making *Flying Leathernecks* at Camp Pendleton, he took a morning off from work to shoot a limit of ducks from the commanding general's private blinds. He got an immense boot out of sending a picture of his fat catch to the club, inscribed, "Here's mine. Where's yours? —Forever Absent."

"Even so, I still felt like I was playing hooky all the while I was hunting," Duke later confessed.

**D**UKE's hectic schedule hasn't helped his domestic life, either. This spring, while he was away on location, Esperanza (Chata to him) went to visit her mother in Mexico City. When she lingered there nearly three months, recuperating from a recurrent illness, the gossips howled that a divorce was impending. Duke didn't even bother to deny the rumor, and when Chata became well enough to accompany him on his six weeks tour of South and Central America as Howard Hughes' good-will ambassador, it died quickly. Now Chata is awaiting Duke's return from Ireland so they can begin the involved job of decorating their new home. Duke bought it last November from Norris Goff, of Lum and Abner. It's a four-and-a-half acre ranch-style place in Encino, equipped with stables, swimming pool, and plenty of trees and lawn. For a short while after he bought the house, Duke thought of having

it completely decorated as a surprise for Chata's homecoming, but reconsidered.

"She'll brain me if it isn't the way she wants it," he apologized to the decorator he'd asked to come out. "Perhaps I'd better call you later."

Duke and Chata lived for five years in their old home in Van Nuys, and loved it, right up to the moment a housing project started going up across the road, destroying both their view and their privacy. That was the end.

"Chata will be broken-hearted if she has to leave the rose bushes she has worked for years to bring into bloom," Duke said. "I'm not much of a hand with flowers, but I suppose we can dig them up and move them to the new place."

The one area into which Duke's self-reliance doesn't extend is the management of their home. Chata runs that domain.

"Duke may be a lion when he's setting up a movie deal," says Bo Roos, his business manager. "But he can't add three and five when it comes to anything practical like bottles of milk."

For that reason, Chata does all of the household buying, including the numerous guns and cameras Duke likes to collect. Duke, as is the prevalent custom in Hollywood, spends only his weekly allotment of pocket money. He rarely manages to have any left at the end of the week.

His only personal extravagance is gadgets. He orders every one he sees advertised. He usually fiddles around with them for a couple of weeks until the novelty wears off, and then Chata systematically carries them out to a corner of the garage. He refuses to have them thrown away because, like the completely equipped pottery kiln that still sits there unused, they are all things he hopes to get around to again some day.

If the rigors of his expanded career have made it necessary for Duke to cut out the hunting and fishing he loves, they have also given him a deeper dependence than ever before on his home, his family, and his few close friends. He is almost pathologically addicted to privacy, simplicity, and old clothes.

"He has an old beaver hat he stole from John Ford that looks like it's been through the sewers of Paris," a friend says. "But I bet you couldn't buy it from Duke for \$1,000 cash."

One of the principal reasons why Duke bought a home with such large grounds is so his four children, Toni, Michael, Patrick, and Melinda, can have plenty of room to play when they visit on weekends.

Duke is incurably sentimental about his children. On Melinda's tenth birthday, for instance, he was working on *Flying Leathernecks* and unable to stage the kind of party he usually throws on his daughters' birthdays. But the whole family came down anyway, and they had the best party that could be arranged in the nearby beach town of Oceanside. "Duke rushed around for two hours, looking for presents that would make up for the lack of a birthday cake with Melinda's name on it," his makeup man said.

When he returns from Ireland, Duke hopes to take Chata and the kids for a long shakedown cruise on the yacht he just bought. They haven't had a real vacation since early in 1949, when they spent six wonderful weeks looking at Catalina Island. Ever since then Duke has been having a recurrent dream about falling asleep on a small sandy isle far, far away from everybody. He always wakes up with the alarm clock on the night-stand ringing militantly in his ear. This summer, he hopes that he can actually fall asleep on a sandy isle and then dream that he hears the alarm clock. That, he figures, would be a perfect beginning of a perfect day.

THE END





*"Be Lux Lovely!"*  
*all over!*

says **RHONDA FLEMING**

CO-STARRING IN  
"CROSSWINDS"  
A Paramount Picture

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

**"My Lux beauty bath leaves my skin  
so smooth, so fragrant!"**

"I'm delighted with Lux Toilet Soap in the big bath size," says Rhonda Fleming. "It makes my daily beauty bath more luxurious than ever!"

You'll agree when you try this generous satin-smooth bath size. You'll enjoy the rich creamy lather, abundant even in hardest water.

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**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



for your  
**Beauty  
Bath**



## a new love for coop?

(Continued from page 31) not believe in divorce. I will never divorce Gary. . . .

"I'm heartbroken, completely heartbroken that our marriage had to end this way, but I don't see any other way our troubles can be taken care of except by making a clean and definite break."

WHEN this announcement hit the press, Gary was in Naples, Florida, making a film. Pat Neal was in Los Angeles, starring for 20th Century-Fox in *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, and Rocky was packing her bags in the Cooper mansion in Brentwood preparatory to a trip to New York.

Gary refused to answer any of the long-distance calls put to him in Florida, the long-distance operator usually volunteering the information that "Mr. Cooper is out working in the swamps today and can't be reached."

Gary did, however, phone his lawyer and financial adviser, I. H. Prinzmetal of Beverly Hills and say, "You'd better start looking around for an apartment for me. I guess Rocky and Maria will live in the house."

Pat Neal, her feelings ruffled that she had been mentioned as the cause behind the separation, angrily said, "Friends have been going around quoting me as saying I'm in love with Gary Cooper. Well, that's simply not true. I think Gary is a great actor and a very wonderful person, but I've had absolutely nothing to do with the trouble between him and Mrs. Cooper."

A few months previously when Pat had been asked to tell how she felt about Cooper, she'd said, "Am I in love with him? Could be. But I'd be silly to go around advertising it, wouldn't I? After all, he's a married man. Where does that leave me?"

Right now, if Pat really cares for Gary—and the overwhelming opinion is that she does—she's in the very same position that Ava Gardner occupied when she fell in love with Frank Sinatra. Gary has no grounds for divorce. The chances always exist for a reconciliation as long as there is no divorce, and while she won't say so, that's pretty much what Rocky Cooper has in mind. She feels strongly that her 13-year-old daughter, Maria, needs a father. She knows that Gary is tremendously fond of his only child, and she hopes in time that he will stray back into the home fold.

THE picture of Cooper as a lover may seem an inaccurate description to many young movie fans, but to the older ones with longer memories it is very fitting. Before 1933, Cooper's love-life was one of the most tempestuous and incredible in Hollywood.

Clara Bow, the "It" girl, the Paramount actress who actually sizzled when she wiggled, was reportedly Cooper's first Hollywood love. Today, Clara is a respectable married woman living in Nevada, but 25 years ago, she was Hollywood's original bombshell. Twenty-five years ago, Cooper was 25 himself, just starting in the business, and not particularly experienced with women.

When Clara Bow liked a man she went into action. In 1927, for instance, Clara got a sudden crush on Morley Drury, captain of the University of Southern California football team. After seeing him play, she phoned him. "This is Clara Bow," she announced. "I'd like to meet you." Amazingly enough, Drury turned Clara down, but the following week, a notice was posted on the bulletin board in the USC locker room: "All members of this football squad are to stay away from Clara Bow."

Gary, who has never played football in his life, was not included in that notice. Clara took up with the Montana cowboy, and in a little while the Paramount publicity department announced that they were engaged. This meant relatively little since two months later, Clara was reported engaged to Harry Richman, then to Gilbert Roland, then to director Victor Fleming.

From Clara Bow, Gary progressed to tempestuous Lupe Velez, which was like stepping out of the frying pan into the fire.

Lupe and Gary were in love, and they admitted it. "Are we married?" Lupe used to ask. "Who cares? Maybe one day I marry him. Maybe today, tomorrow. I don't know. He is all I live for. I love him so much some time I want to make him die with pleasure."

Lupe almost did. At least, she succeeded in completely shattering his health. And at the conclusion of their romance he was a mere shell of his former self. Doctors told him that unless he left Hollywood on an extended vacation he'd better make immediate cemetery reservations.

Gary left Hollywood. By the time he reached Italy, he was in worse shape than ever. Friends said he was not only heartbroken about his crackup with Lupe but that he had no physical reserve left.

In Rome, the Countess Dorothy di Frasso, an American girl who had married into Italian royalty, took Cooper under her wing. She nursed him back to health in her beautiful villa, and in the process they fell in love.

A year later she accompanied him to Hollywood. It is popularly supposed that it was she who taught Cooper all the social niceties. The Countess di Frasso was one of the great Hollywood hostesses. She herself was no actress, but the parties she threw were the gayest, most imaginative social functions Hollywood has ever

seen. At many of these, Cooper was regarded as the host.

WHILE the countess was still in Hollywood, Gary met Veronica Balfe, a socialite who, bored with life on Long Island, had come west and obtained a job at RKO under the name of Sandra Shaw.

People who knew her, called her Rocky and quickly explained that her step-father was Paul Shields, a big-time broker and member of the New York Stock Exchange.

Gary was very much taken by Rocky when he met her on the set. She was not only good looking, but also poised, charming, dignified, and well bred.

Although his publicity had pictured him as the soft-spoken cowboy of quiet hayseed charm, Cooper had many of these attributes himself. He had been educated in England as a youngster, and had attended Grinnell College in Iowa. His father, a lawyer, was a Superior Court judge in Montana. In short, Cooper wasn't the country bumpkin most of his fans thought he was, and for that matter, still think he is.

Rocky Balfe was the kind of girl he had always wanted for a wife. They were married in 1933 at the bride's Park Avenue apartment. Five years later, their one daughter, Maria Veronica, was born. The Coopers moved into a Georgian mansion on a three-and-a-half-acre lot in Brentwood, and after a few years, Gary came to be regarded as one of the more sedate and conservative citizens of Hollywood.

On screen he continued playing the bashful, awkward All-American boy but in real life, he lived like one of those widely-advertised men of distinction. His clothes were impeccably tailored, his manners were beyond reproach, his friends were hand chosen.

No one mentioned Lupe Velez, Clara Bow or the Countess di Frasso. In fact, these ladies were more or less completely overlooked in Cooper's life.

Before his breakup with Rocky, he was mentioned in connection with only one other woman. That was Ingrid Bergman, and the gossip started while they were making *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. This was just gossip, however, Ingrid wound up with Roberto Rossellini, and Gary stayed with Rocky.

Since their separation, it has been rumored that Peter Lawford has been frequently seen in Rocky Cooper's company. According to a mutual friend, though, "the only thing Rocky and Lawford have in common is that they both like the beach."

There is little doubt that Gary is the only man who counts in Rocky's life. If he wants to return, she'll certainly take him back.

Whether he wants to or not, however, Gary isn't saying. In the meantime, all eyes are on Patricia Neal. THE END

## liz taylor tells the truth

(Continued from page 41) become the real thing, as I knew it wasn't, then. However, we were both in the spotlight of public interest, and the result of that simple, friendly gift was a false interpretation that we were engaged.

I TRIED to deny it, and so did he, but the reporters and publicity men were so excited that they simply wrote the next chapter before we had a chance to come anywhere near living even a portion of it. It was natural that I resented what was going on. Pictures were constantly being made of us until we felt like a pair of criminals.

"Who can say what might have happened if we had been left alone? All I know is that to me, this almost-romance might have become the real romance in my life.

"Glenn went to Korea. After he returned, I flew back to Florida to meet him. During this time, I wore the gold football, and I didn't go out with anyone else. At this point, the situation became completely impossible. There were millions of questions, and it is still incredible to me how anyone can ask you when you are going to be married—and then resent it when you say you don't know. If I had said he hadn't asked me yet, then he would have been asked what was wrong. You see, neither of us had come anywhere near living up to the point at which the public thought we had already arrived. Both

of us knew by now, that it was impossible for our lives to blend normally. We had a quiet talk about the problem and decided to break up, which we did in as friendly a way as was possible under the circumstances."

Liz was just a little past 16 when she went through this romance. The experience must have jolted her more than any other event in her life up to that time. It seems only logical that once she had awakened to a world beyond the disciplined sphere of her life as an actress, she would seek other male companionship to substitute for what she had lost.

All of us are familiar with the old term, "caught on the rebound." I think that is what happened in the case of Elizabeth's next romance with Bill Pawley, Jr. It was



in March 1949, that Elizabeth broke up with Glenn Davis, but they had not seen each other for a long time, and except in the wishful thinking of Liz' heart, there was nothing to break up. However, when June 1949, arrived, the public was not aware of this. It couldn't be, and for Elizabeth to become engaged to Bill Pawley was something of a shock. Actually, the circumstances were as normal as they would have been in any other town in America, with the single and vital exception that Elizabeth had been denied the normal development in human relations that most girls have. She was not denied this by her mother or father, or her studio, but by the complicated circumstances of life as an actress.

Of her romance with Bill Pawley, Liz says: "I met Bill Pawley at a party in Florida when I was visiting my uncle. He was 28 and I was 17. He is a fine man. He is also a rugged individualist. He seemed strong enough to resist the tide of rumor and speculation that had completely spoiled the Glenn Davis romance before it was a romance. I won't go into all the details, again, but Bill and I did fall in love, or thought we had. He gave me a beautiful ring, and then as the days flew by, I once again realized what my profession as an actress could do to my life.

"When we discussed marriage, Bill firmly insisted that I give up my career. I just couldn't. The compromise was that I would live in Florida and commute to Hollywood. But as time went on I knew that this was almost completely impossible. Marriage needs more attention than can be given to it under such circumstances, and I could not bring myself to give up something I had worked so hard for all my life. I want to point out that, although I was counseled by my parents, the decision to break this engagement was strictly on my own. And it hurt me deeply."

Not only did the broken engagement cause Elizabeth suffering, but she was caught in the web of public misunderstanding. Newspapers have little time to delve into much more than what appears on the surface; they saw only a girl who had two "engagements" in one year, and the immediate reaction was to call her "fickle." Nothing could have been further from the truth. Bewildered, hurt, suspicious of publicity men and reporters, as well as of her family who were naturally over-solicitous and at this point prone to say and do the wrong thing, Elizabeth was now almost openly defiant. She had only herself to look to, and she didn't have the answers. Another girl, in like financial circumstances, could have gone away for a time until her wounds healed. But Liz had to go to work every day, conscious that her entrance on the sound stage or in the commissary caused an immediate flood of whispering.

**S**HE had no one to turn to until she met Nicky Hilton. In Nicky were all the apparent answers. Scion of a rich hotel man, he was not one of the Hollywood-type men who had been barraging her with telephone calls. He obviously was not going to woo her for her ability to earn big money as an actress. In his business, he had seen the world. There could be no career competition. He understood her problems, and many of the objections her parents had to other men vanished. Nicky was not "too old," as Mrs. Taylor had felt Bill Pawley was. There was not the anxiety that comes with possible marriage to a military man, as in the case of Glenn Davis.

"During our courtship, Nicky was wonderful," Liz says. "We went together for six months, during which he didn't drink or gamble. He was attendant to my every

whim, and I'm sure that we were just about like any other couple, showing each other our best sides. And to make the situation seem still more ideal, at that time, Nicky got along beautifully with all my friends. Perhaps I should have known, in view of past experience, that the situation was too ideal."

Only behind the scenes, to veteran reporters, was there a clash of temperament; a mild hint that all might not be well. For instance, publicity announcements were made concerning who was to do the trousseau. By accident, several names were mentioned! But naturally, Helen Rose, Metro designer and close friend of Elizabeth, had the job. It never occurred to her that this would bring forth some rather distasteful arguments. Suddenly, these jealousies broke out into the open. Elizabeth and her mother became involved with doing things the way other people wanted them done. The greatest diplomacy was necessary in handling all sorts of people who were really unimportant to the actual event.

Meantime, Elizabeth was trying to work, to crowd in her instructions in the Catholic church, and to enjoy those serene pre-marriage days with the man of her choice. In the end, the marriage was about as they pictured it would be, except perhaps

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

*During a bond drive in San Francisco I had tried all morning to get within admiring distance of Victor Mature, but to no avail. That afternoon Madame Chiang Kai Shek drove through the expectant throng*

*of the city. Imagine my amazement to see standing right beside me on the curbing Victor Mature, ogling and admiring the spectacle as much as I!*

*Mildred McLain  
Colorado Springs, Colorado*



for the delay caused by a last minute breakdown of the church organ. This made them laugh and they joked about it as an ill omen that couldn't possibly effect their perfect union.

The ill omens were there, though, hidden in the other experiences that Elizabeth had had. Obviously, Nicky Hilton had steeled himself for the ordeal of the big public wedding. Obviously, too, he knew what they were both in for at the beginning. But it is now apparent that he was simply tolerating these intrusions and that, without showing it, he resented them deeply. He, like Elizabeth, expected that once the ceremony was over, they would be left alone.

They were naive, of course. Otherwise, they probably never would have allowed all these fancy trappings. They would have wed quietly in a distant town. At any rate, they discovered that it was necessary to throw people off the track by making false plane reservations, and then to practically sneak out of town.

They had promised themselves complete freedom on their ocean voyage, but public interest had grown so great that this, too, was denied them. And now, Nicky's smoldering resentment began to show.

As Elizabeth puts it, "Two weeks after our marriage I discovered that Nicky was jealous. Of what and whom, I couldn't tell. At the time, I didn't know how to handle the situation, and when we sailed for Europe, we were hardly speaking to

each other. In a way, we were both spoiled, and didn't know it. We were trying to grow up, but under the circumstance, we couldn't possibly do it together. I had never been exposed to any sort of drinking or gambling, and I didn't know the reasons why Nicky was compelled to do these things. I simply couldn't reach him for an understanding. As a result, I became afraid, negative, and defiant.

"When we came back from the honeymoon, there were more quarrels. I discovered that he didn't like my friends. Under other circumstances, this might not have been the case, but I could only see his resentment. One day the Geary Steffens and the Marsh Thompsons suggested we join them on a picnic and afterwards have fun flying a new type of kite.

"I won't say exactly what Nick's retort was, but the gist of it was that I could go on and grow up with my friends, he'd stick around home. Of course, there are not any more normal, adult-minded, and sensible people than the Steffens and the Thompsons, and we both knew it. This was just a way young couples have of hurting each other when their problems reach a point that defies solution.

"We had found out that I liked one type of people. He preferred an older, more sophisticated group."

**R**ECENTLY, there have been certain recurring remarks about Elizabeth in various columns and over the air. They suggest she is a "run-around," heartless, and too obviously sophisticated.

This is an extreme half-truth, if my choice of words is correct. Elizabeth does have about her a certain air of disillusionment. She does appear to be sophisticated. Yet, she is still the type of girl who would rather go to a quiet preview, a concert, a play, or a zoo, than a crowded night club.

If they told the truth, the hardened young men about Hollywood who "play a circuit" of young divorcees, could confirm my opinion. They have tried every means to make Elizabeth Taylor an "on the town" girl. They have telephoned, sent flowers, contrived to met and fascinate her at every turn. Meantime, she has only remained closer to her friend, director Stanley Donen, who offered her sympathy and understanding when she needed it.

The fact is that Stanley Donen could be the one permanent man in Elizabeth's life. Certainly he is openly in love with her, and she is completely fond of him. But it is doubtful that this romance will lead to marriage. It is a romance only because Liz has preferred the company of one man, rather than become a "patsy" for Hollywood wolves. However, only recently she attended the races at Hollywood Park with young Lin Howard. In the weeks and months that follow, she will undoubtedly begin to have other dates.

She has successfully avoided, at least until now, any complicated situations. She will probably continue to avoid them. She lives quietly in her small apartment with her friend and secretary, Peggy Rutledge. I believe that she has found a new and quiet dignity in her life—a way of living that may occasionally be upset by publicity outbursts intimating more exciting and imaginative romances.

But Elizabeth Taylor is no longer a frantic little girl. Gradually, she seems to be moving toward a more understanding relationship with her mother, and now she has an opportunity to prove that she is not only a beautiful, but an intelligent and worthwhile girl, too.

Elizabeth explains herself well when she says, "This is my life—and I only ask the chance to live it."

We should, at least, give her this chance

THE END



# "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,  
not a cream—  
Halo cannot leave  
dulling, dirt-catching  
soap film!

Gives fragrant  
"soft-water" lather  
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embarrassing  
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hair and scalp!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with  
even finest liquid or oily cream  
shampoos leaves dulling,  
dirt-catching film. Halo, made  
with a new patented ingredient,  
contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair  
the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's  
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Halo leaves hair  
soft, manageable—  
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## Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

## groundwork for glamor

build your fall  
wardrobe like Shelley  
Winters does—around  
dreamy but practical  
all-purpose lingerie.

■ Gay and glamorous Shelley Winters, wearing a pastel pink, blue, and green plaid silk organza Tula negligee, previews our luscious, summer-cool, perfect-fit feminine lovelies. Shelley is currently appearing in RKO's *Behave Yourself*.

On this page: An intriguing and exquisite nitie of satin and sheer rayon (crossed braided straps in back). White, black, pink. \$8.95. Sizes 32 to 38. Order from Petite Paris Lingerie, P. O. Box 71, Sanford, Florida (add 15c for postage)—or write for catalog. Satisfaction guaranteed. In front of the lovely nitie Seamprufe's irresistible "knee-deep-in-lace-petit-flirt" of Bur-Mil rayon crepe and lavish Alencon-type lace. Small, medium, large. White, black, navy, \$3.98. Arnold Constable, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; May Company, Los Angeles. The full length slip is by Stardust. This four-gore-cut, lace trimmed "miracle" slip is of acetate rayon with nylon—it is porous, cool, shadow-proof, easy wash'n dry and guaranteed for one year. White and pink. Sizes 32-44. \$2.39. Litt Brothers, Philadelphia; Mandel Brothers, Chicago; Bullock's, Los Angeles.

Tula negligee (with cord tie not shown) worn by Shelley Winters. About \$25. Sizes 10 to 18. B. Altman, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco.

All coiffures by Mr. Donn of Lenthéric Hair Salon, New York. All ballet slippers by Capezio, New York.

Prices may vary slightly in different areas—or because of government regulations.





**modern  
screen  
fashions**







## figure perfection with gentle persuasion

(On this page) Stardust's bra and petticoat modeled by "Miss Stardust of 1951". The pre-shrunk cotton bra. \$1.00. The Sanforized fine cotton petticoat is generously flounced with eyelet embroidery. \$1.98. Both in white only. Guaranteed for one year—and are available at: Gimbels, New York; Rallman & Sons, Cincinnati.

(At the right) is Perma-lift's sensational Stitched Cup bra and lightweight (yet powerfully strong) pantie girdle. The bra has built-in uplift—the pantie girdle also has this Magic inset (can't roll over, wrinkle or bind). Bra: white cotton, \$3; white or pink satin, \$3.50; white nylon, \$4. Pantie girdle: white only, \$5.95; girdle, white only, \$6.95. All available at: Bloomingdale's, New York; Bullocks, Los Angeles; Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia. Nylon hosiery in the new summer color—Iced Tea—by Holeproof. (Opposite page) Maidenform's "Dream Girl of Television" models the Maidenette Declatay three-way bra (halter-fashion, conventional with straps, or strapless as shown). White only—of nylon sheer and marquisette. \$3. James McCreery, New York; DeMilo Shop, Beverly Hills.

(At the top) Lovable's strapless bra of embroidered cotton eyelet. White only. \$1.50. Marshall Field, Chicago; May Co., Cleveland. (Below) Peter Pan's Merry-Go-Round bra with the new "Secret Scenter" (a perfume disc that hides in a net pocket inside the bra between the cups). Broadcloth, \$3. Nylon taffeta, \$3.50. White only. A. Harris, Dallas; Jordan Marsh, Boston; May Co., Los Angeles.







*beauty—slim and trim.*

For an enchanted silhouette you'll love these cool, invisible Playtex Pink-Ice girdles that are like a second skin—that move as you move, are light as snowflakes, smooth as mountain ice, and fashion-right from dawn to dusk. Of latex, without a single seam, stitch, or bone, they wash and pat dry in seconds. The three Playtex Pink-Ice styles pictured (pantie girdle with garters, pantie girdle without garters, and girdle) are also available in the Playtex "Living" and Fab-Lined girdles. All Playtex girdles sold at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere from \$3.95 to \$6.95. Reach-right, proportioned nylon hosiery in the glorious new color—Radiant Blush—by Glen Raven Hosiery.



*daintiness  
means  
everything*

Lingerie must be forever feminine for true glamor. Start the "little miss" out right with Carter's precious princess slip of Celanese run-proof jersey, cotton lace and ribbon trim. Blossom pink, and white.

Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4. \$1.69.

Gimbels, New York.

Carter's straight-cut Junior slip of nylon tricot has a classic sweetheart neck—lace trim.

White and black. Junior Sizes 9-15. Under \$8.00. The Emporium, San Francisco.

Nylon hosiery, in the lovely color—Sunbloom, by Rivoli. Cool and sheer—the Luxite by

Holeproof nitie (*in the center*)

is of all-nylon tricot, with satin trim and ties. Pink, blue, basque gold and white. \$8.95.

Sizes 32-42. B. Altman, New York; Bullocks, Los Angeles, Carson Pirie Scott & Co.,

Chicago; Brandeis and Sons, Omaha. The "new fashion"

Bur-Mil rayon crepe strapless bra slip by Seamprufe has nylon net top edging, elasticized shirring deep in back and across the front top—the top is cut to fit all bust cups.

White, veil pink, heavenly blue, jonquil, black, and navy. \$3.98.

Sizes 32-38. Stern's, New

York; Mandel Brothers,

Chicago; May Company, Los

Angeles. With this Seamprufe

slip we show Seamprufe nylon

stockings in the exciting

color—Sparkle.



"In your hair—flowers, ribbons, jewels—these are the gay and exciting coiffure notes for summer coiffures," says Mr. Donn of Lenthéric Hair Salon, New York.



# "Gingham Gal"



A pert and pretty daytime dress in a woven checked gingham with delicate tracteries of white embroidery at the shoulders and on the pockets. Simulated pearl buttons dot the front opening. Skirt is full and flared. In black, brown, green, red and lilac. Sizes 12 to 20 and 14½ to 22½.

At leading stores or write:

**COTTON CLUB FROCKS Inc.**

1350 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

## is grable quitting?

(Continued from page 46) an unusual thing. The clause covering suspensions is an instrument of value to both sides and is used frequently. In many cases it is invoked amicably. A star wants to do a play, so he arranges a leave without pay. A studio has no picture lined up for an actor, so it arranges extra vacation time for him, while still retaining its rights to his services. All on a friendly basis. Then there is the other kind. A player doesn't like a part—the studio does—so he plays it or goes off salary. The procedure in these cases is that the actor remains unpaid until the film in dispute is completed. These are the nasty ones. And this was the kind of suspension 20th Century-Fox handed Betty Grable.

If Dean Acheson had taken a poke at Harry Truman, it would have caused no more consternation in Washington than the Fox-Grable quarrel caused in Hollywood. These two have been wedded with splendid success from the first day Betty Grable's initial starring film appeared under the Fox banner. They have both profited financially beyond their wildest hopes, and Betty has never had anything but the super AA, velvet glove treatment from her bosses.

Her contract is the most unusual in Hollywood, for it calls for Technicolor in any movie she makes, and one of the largest salaries paid any star at any studio. She has never been asked to make more than two pictures a year, and she has a good deal to say in the choice of cast, story and directors. Where, then, is Betty Grable's discontent?

Like George, the reporter, we checked—and we think we know. We believe Betty Grable wants to quit, that she wants to hang up the dancing shoes, straighten out the pin curls, pack the pretty costumes in an attic trunk and settle down as Mrs. Harry James, 35-year-old wife and mother.

You can't say she didn't warn us. Betty Grable hasn't been interviewed in the last five years without making the specific statement:

"When I get out of the top 10 box-office attractions—I'll get out of the business."

And she meant it. She said it first at a time when she was number one in the list of 10—and she said it more emphatically when she dropped to number five. At that time, however, she was still the leading female star. She is not today. She is still fifth in line all right but the roster, according to the latest survey of Box Office magazine is: June Allyson, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert and Betty Grable. *She's the number three woman now*, and it might be that is Betty's point of no return. She may want to step aside before she catches her first glimpse of that famous skid.

**A**NOTHER statement that Betty Grable has made constantly is that she will never let her career interfere with her marriage. At this point it could. As a matter of fact, the current disagreement which led to her suspension, concerns the studio's demand that Betty go into another picture with just a few weeks off from the last one. This, Betty contended in a public statement, does not give her enough time with her husband and kids.

Just how much does the glitter and rewards of movie success, mean to Betty Grable? Well, it must mean, above all, the living enactment of a very old dream, for she has been climbing a ladder to the stars since she was five years old. She has been

working in pictures since she was 12. It must mean, too, a lot of money. Betty Grable's income is regulated only by her desire; and combined with her husband's huge pay checks, she has had available all the money she could use for a number of years now. What else does it mean? We'll say nothing—less than nothing!

You'd have to be an old timer in Hollywood to remember seeing Betty Grable at a swank social affair or an elegant industry gathering. She just doesn't go to them. Why? Because she gets no kick from the adulation of the crowd and the compliment of a request for an autograph. Someone who has seen her private wardrobe says she has bought three new evening gowns in the last five years—and two of them have never been worn. It has to be a really good show to get Betty Grable into one of the chi-chi Hollywood night spots. Check the fan magazine photographs and you'll find there hasn't been a shot of Grable at Mocambo in ages. When she goes out at night it's to a neighborhood café—a place the little people patronize and the autograph hounds ignore. No, there is nothing in the idolatry that goes with stardom that appeals to Betty Grable!

How about the power of a star? Here's the routine she followed making *Call Me Mister*. Betty got up at six o'clock in the morning every day for an average of seven months a year and checked into the studio at a time ordered by a hundred-dollar-a-week assistant director. She took a chair pointed out by a staff make-up man and sat and followed instructions until he told her to get up. She dropped into her dressing room and signed the papers and made the calls her secretary told her to, and she left for the set when the director sent for her. As soon as the cameraman was ready, Betty stepped into the area he designated, rehearsed the lines the dialogue director gave her, and then played the scene the way the director told her he wanted it. At lunch, she ate with the reporter the publicity department assigned to her, and went back to the set at the time the first assistant director said would please him most. And before she knocked off for the evening, she listened humbly while they all told her what they required of her the next day. In her dealings with the big shots in the front office, she says and does just what her agent prescribes. Does that sound as if Betty Grable gets a kick out of her power as a star?

Without the thrill of being a glamorous celebrity to spur Betty Grable on; without the need of money and the urge to earn it; without a feeling for power over lesser people to drive her, what does Betty Grable get out of the movies? Just one thing—work! Hard, tiring endless work. It is not a fair exchange for the best hours of the best days of her daughters' and husband's life, and we say Betty Grable wants out.

There is no man who can point a finger at Betty Grable today and charge her with climbing anything but that ladder in her ascent to her place among the stars. She victimized no one, climbed aboard no band wagons. She learned her arts, developed her talents, and sold herself to the big time the hard way—by proving herself a standout performer in her profession. Consequently she has no obligations or commitments to anyone in Hollywood. From her first moment before a camera, 22 years ago, to the completion of her last picture, she has paid off in effort and superior ability for every dollar the movies have given her. And during her period of stardom, when the bulk of responsibility for the sale of her pictures rested on her shoulders, there is only one film on record which hasn't been a smash hit. Her studio has never had to list her as a temporary liability.



Her mother and the friends who knew Betty in the early days will tell you she really wanted to be a fine dramatic actress. But with the first blush of success there came the realization that in Betty Grable, 20th Century-Fox had a rare personality. And this personality was the perfect composite for a star of glittering musicals. The drama went out the window. Grable the song-and-dance gal was born, and they've never let her be anything else. It was a disappointment to Betty Grable that she never had a chance to really act, but she never made an issue of it.

**I**n summation, it would appear that Betty Grable has devoted a lifetime of honorable labor to a career that has fulfilled her every dream. As the saying goes, she's now "got it made," and the fields she's trod so long are no longer green and inviting, for they have been long harvested. The last disagreement Betty Grable had with 20th Century-Fox (in those days it was known as Fox Studio) was in 1929. Things were different then. She was an eager kid of 13 under contract to the company as a stock dancer at a salary of \$60 a week. It wasn't much, but it was the fulfillment of a crazy dream she had back home in St. Louis that someday she'd be in the movies.

Everyone on the lot liked the Grable kid. She was skinny, not too pretty, but she made up in energy and willingness what she lacked in adolescent glamor. It would be no time at all, her boosters

**Bette Davis, asked by a London reporter to give her recipe for a long, happy marriage, said, "I have none. Remember, Gary Merrill is my fourth husband."**

*Hedda Hopper in  
The New York Daily News*

predicted, before she would be a featured performer—and then anything might happen. But her world tumbled about her ears when the Los Angeles County Board of Education notified the studios they would have to get rid of all minor employees, and Betty was fired.

But Betty didn't give up. She wanted show business, but mainly movies, and she was willing to keep trying. Until she was 21, nobody was more active in theatrical circles than Betty Grable. She personified the popular co-ed of the period and her picture was in the magazines and newspapers constantly. She married Jackie Coogan, a helter-skelter lad if there ever was one, and she began making the front pages without cheesecake.

After Coogan, she was signed by Fox again, this time by Darryl Zanuck, who has been the mentor behind the marriage of Betty Grable and Color-Music-Extravaganzas. He couldn't find the right spot for her at the moment, so when a chance to go to New York and play a leading role in *DuBarry Was A Lady* came along, Zanuck gave her a "suspension" to go ahead and take it. She was a smash hit, and, some time later when Alice Faye decided she had had enough of pictures, the studio called Betty back and starred her in *Down Argentine Way*. The rest is dull, professionally—nothing but hit after hit, more money, more fame and soon Betty Grable became an expression as self-explanatory as Saturday night or Spearmint gum.

Betty played the glamor circuit for a while, all right. She had her day as a movie star. She signed the autographs and wore mink and ermine. And she got men—any she wanted. Her romances were photographed and written about for years. George Raft, Victor Mature, Ty Power, Vic Orsatti, Bob Stack, John Payne and

a good many more eligibles kept the Grable phone busy—and she danced the soles off their shoes, and laughed and sang with them far into the night.

With Harry James it was different. Almost from the first date, James seemed to exert a sobering influence on Betty. They didn't get out to the hot spots as much as she did with the other lads. They skipped the usual publicity.

On Monday, July 4, 1943, very close to dawn, Betty and Harry were married in a hotel room in Las Vegas, to avoid the crowd in front of the wedding chapel. And they have lived in almost semi-seclusion ever since.

That is the way it was—and that is the way it is. Betty Grable has her man, her two kids, Vicki, 7, and Jessica, 4. She has more money than she can spend, a fine home, and a lot of years of good health and good living ahead of her.

It is true, however, that no decision of profound importance is made without some strong reason. We have recited *why* Betty Grable would want to quit. But what is the reason for her retirement at this time? She will not talk about it, and neither will the studio. The veil of ethical secrecy that hides the happenings beyond this shelters many things, personal and business alike. Things that are rightly private information. But, basing our conclusions on known facts, here are some reasonable guesses.

**A**NY movie star, who works 12 consecutive years for one company must draw a tremendous annual salary, plus many bonuses and stock option certificates. Often, in bad times, the bankers of the film companies decide that no matter what the star's box office appeal, a contract written in greener years and still expanding toward a distant date of expiration, might well wreck the solvency of the company. In this event, the order is given to take off the velvet gloves.

It is not the contention here that this happened at 20th Century-Fox with Betty Grable. But it must be pointed out that the studio announced a 50% reduction in all major salaries at almost the same time it announced Betty's suspension. An investigation of Grable-studio relations through some of her friends brought out the information that, "the studio hasn't been as nice to her during the past year." And the clincher is the bare fact that the box-office is in bad shape, and there seems no current likelihood of it getting better.

If 20th Century-Fox wanted to break its contract with Betty Grable, it couldn't have used a better device than the issue at hand. It has been Betty's one demand that she be given a vacation during the Del Mar racing season. That is Harry's vacation time and they look forward during the entire year to bathing with their kids in the nearby surf, and watching their horses run at the track. For years the studio has established Betty's schedules to suit this arrangement, and have even kept the press away from her. The picture they wanted her to make would be shooting during that season this year. And Betty said, "No."

Was it accident or design?

Intentionally caused or not, the situation is what is known in Hollywood as a *hassle*. An unpleasant situation that requires a lot of jockeying to iron out. But our bet is that Betty Grable won't jockey.

She may not quit officially, or make an announcement. She may even make another picture, maybe more. But as far as she's concerned, Betty Grable has had it.

Betty Grable is a star, but she'll trade it. Not too cheaply, though. She'll take in exchange Harry, Vicki and Jessica, and the quiet peace of a horse ranch where a camera never turns.

THE END



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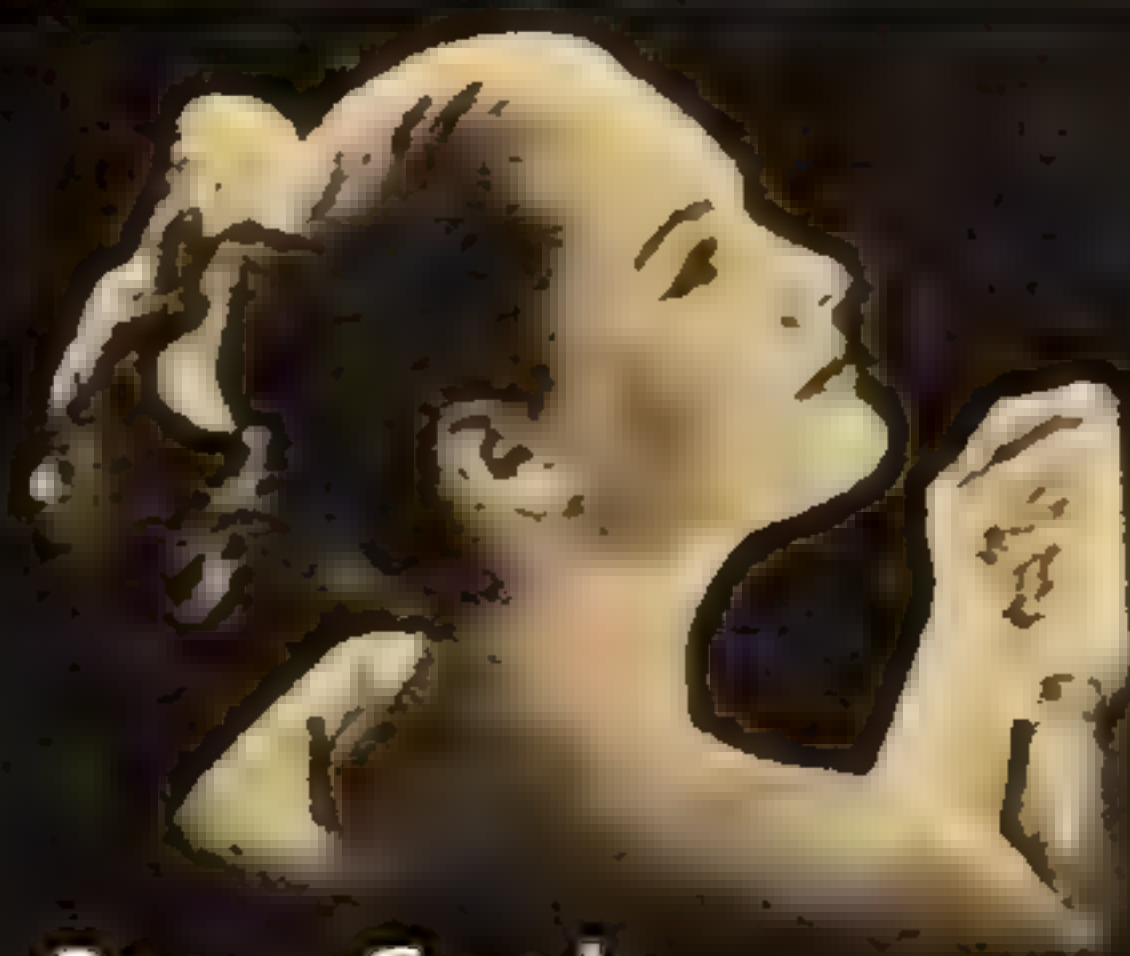
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(Continued from page 59) Inside, confused but happy, the MODERN SCREEN party found itself pointed toward Denver, Colorado, the home of Mrs. Alice Bankert, first prize winner in the big MODERN SCREEN, Universal-International, Pepsi-Cola "Bring A Star to Your Home" contest.

As the big plane found its cruising level, Piper and Tony retired to the club room accommodations at the rear, and Piper looked out at the world above. "Look, Tony," she exclaimed, "we're flying above a huge stack of pillows." They were traveling at 273 air speed miles per hour, and the earth couldn't be seen through the fleecy clouds.

While the other passengers looked on, Piper straightened Tony's tie. They seemed like honeymooners, which they weren't, as they settled down to a breakfast of superb United Airlines fare. Stewardess Mary Wallace laughed as Piper's and Tony's eyes popped at the sight of fluffy scrambled eggs, crisp bacon, warm toast, coffee and two kinds of fruit.

"I should eat like this at home," Tony exclaimed, gulping his second cup of coffee. Afterward he went up forward to take the morning shave he'd missed. He never got that shave, for he spotted a pretty girl with a pair of blue eyes that would stop a man dead in his tracks at 50 paces.

"Bless your heart, little girl," Tony said. "Haven't we met somewhere before?"

It was doubtful, although that honey-haired charmer, Julie Anne Grant didn't say so. She simply threw him an angelic smile, followed by a big kiss. Julie Anne, a debutante from Castle Rock, Colorado, has probably forgotten about that kiss by now, even though Tony promised he'd write to her, and that someday they might even get married. Julie Anne is an extremely fickle little two-year-old.

Might just as well be factual. Mr. Tony Curtis has a way with women. And as for Piper Laurie. Well! By the time the plane was winging past Las Vegas, Piper had fascinated every man in the place, even if she did kick off her shoes, curl up and go to sleep with her hair-do still uncombed.

Blame all this giddy excitement on the altitude if you want to. But the effect these two enchanting young people had on those aboard Flight 606 this morning was small potatoes compared to the arrival at Denver.

United Airlines Captain Eddie Brooks taxied the plane to a halt at the Denver airport, Tony peered out and exclaimed, "Hey—brass band stuff!" And it was almost that. There were people crowded fast against the heavy steel gates, and inside, close to the big ship as it came to rest were all manner of jeeps and other military vehicles. This was a reception committee of Korean War Veterans, and another group of handsome soldiers, on hand to name Piper "Miss Flame Thrower of 1951!"

Contest winner, Mrs. Alice Bankert was there, too, glowing with pride in behalf of her city and all the movie-goers there, for having brought Piper and Tony to her home town. Now the feverish round of activity started. There was an open air broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System, with Piper and Tony being welcomed by Mrs. Bankert against a background of roaring military planes. Then, the 50-people-party was rushed into a cavalcade of army cars and along the route to downtown Denver, with banners flying.

First stop—the famous Brown-Palace Hotel in Denver. While Frank McFadden and Cliff Brown of Universal-International checked on their reservations, Piper and Tony strolled around the huge lobby, the ceiling of which extends clear

to the very top floor of the old building.

In a few moments, they were whisked up to their rooms, 535 for Piper's cute suite decorated in shades of soft green; and 735 for Tony's rooms, done in knotty pine. They both felt every bit as important as the visiting Presidents and cattle barons who have made the Brown-Palace a Denver boast for more than 50 years.

But that feeling of luxury lasted only a few minutes, for the military summoned Piper again. She was called for by a handsome top sergeant and rushed off to the army base to be christened "Miss Flame Thrower of 1951." The situation was so filled with excitement that Piper nearly fainted when nearly 1,000 fighting men paraded by in salute to their visitor. Then, with an actual flame thrower tossing a blaze a half block long for a background, Piper received her high honors. It was an impressive moment, relieved only when a flustered Lieutenant rushed up to her and said, "Gosh, it was wonderful of you to come out here, Miss Piper Cub."

Meantime, Tony was having an experience never matched before in his young life. Alone, he dared to accept an invitation to pay a visit to Loretta Heights College. While it is one of the educational prides of the State of Colorado, Tony's visit was something that has rarely happened in the history of Loretta Heights, for it is an all-girl college.

"I've had some wonderful experiences

**Dance Director Milton Hill gags that in Hollywood when an actor gets outfitted "from head to toe" it means from toupee to elevator shoes.**

*Irving Hoffman in  
The Hollywood Reporter*

since I've been in Hollywood," Tony said, "but nothing quite as impressive as the sight of those dozens of attractive girls, on horseback, riding out with their school colors to bid me welcome."

Sounds a little formal for a guy like Tony? Well, he can make a pretty good speech when he means it, and wants to, as the sisters and the students all agreed. But they'd hardly agree that having Tony present at classes would help them all concentrate on the studies at hand.

Hardly had Piper and Tony arrived back in their rooms at the Brown-Palace than their telephones were ringing again—This time they were reminded that if they didn't hurry they'd miss the big event of the day—the party being given by the Denver Post and the Pepsi-Cola folks at the big new Pepsi plant.

This was the high fever point of the day, for the fans of both Piper and Tony had written special letters, and the winners were invited to the party. More than 300 of them had gathered for the welcome. Wisely, the studio limousine was driven in a side entrance, and Piper and Tony were smuggled to the party room.

For the better part of an hour, the Tony Curtis Fan Club took over, and in their enthusiasm, almost took their favorite apart. So many of the boys and girls wanted to dance with the co-stars of *The Prince Who Was A Thief* that arrangements finally were made to select the dancers by applause.

Then the Denver Post awarded war bonds to the writers of winning letters, refreshments were served, and the stars signed autographs for almost two hours. When they left, Piper had to be hurried out an emergency exit, while a flying wedge was formed to get Tony to the car. The wedge miss-fired, somehow, and when

the door was finally slammed after him, Tony was covered with lipstick from ear to ear. Not only that, he was minus his tie, and a pair of cuff links—something he said he'd have a hard time explaining to Janet Leigh, later.

"But don't get me wrong," he enthused, "I love every second of this. Where else could an ex-sailor get such kicks?"

There was no denying it, Piper and Tony were completely exhausted. Although they danced together at dinner that night, they were yawning widely, and they retired early in preparation for the next day's big events.

It was Sunday morning when they emerged on the streets of Denver to have a look at the city. First, they mingled with the church-going crowds, and later they went to see the State Capitol building, climbing to the mile high step, where they posed for their pictures. Here they met Dick Peuser, a Californian from Redondo Beach, stationed at Loring Field, and a few minutes later were on their way to the huge Fitzsimmons General Hospital.

Welcoming them were Major William F. Shutt, and First Lieutenant Jamkochian, Chief of the Welfare Division. Piper and Tony broadcast over Fitzsimmons' own radio station KFG, to all the patients in this hospital, which is a city of almost 7,000 inhabitants. And afterwards, requesting that no pictures be made, they went visiting the more than 900 wounded Korean veterans there.

As they left, late in the afternoon, Tony said: "This has been a remarkable experience. I wish that the parents of these fighting men could see how well they are taken care of in this great hospital. Some of the finest medical minds in the world are here, and I was surprised to learn that at Fitzsimmons, some of the greatest discoveries in medical history have been made."

Next morning, Piper was awakened at seven A.M. by a telephone call, and a pompous voice which said, "Miss Laurie, this is the general major domo factotum of the Brown-Palace Hotel."

"Yes, Mr. Factotum," Piper said, a little puzzled. "What can I do for you?"

"Well," the voice went on, "we endeavor to make all our guests happy, and we understand that your lifelong ambition has been to have breakfast in bed . . ."

Piper gasped. "Why, yes, but it was only a joke."

"A joke?" Tony's voice turned back to normal. "Well, joke or not—you climb into a robe, because I'm on my way down with that breakfast right now."

And he was, properly chaperoned by a waiter, of course.

Right here is a good place to explain to people who don't know Tony Curtis that he may have soared to stardom almost over-night but he's strictly a down-to-earth fun guy.

That's why, when they returned to the State Capitol at 10 A.M. the next morning to meet Governor Dan Thornton, Piper squeezed his hand as they walked into his private offices, and whispered, "See if you can behave yourself, you big lug."

Tony could, and did. Matter of fact, before Governor Thornton knew it, he was being subtly interviewed by one Mr. Curtis. Also, before he knew it, he had put on his big hat and was climbing the sharply turning 97 steel steps which lead to the breathless top of the gold domed capitol building. As they stepped out on the cement balcony, Piper and Tony confessed to being completely winded. But the Governor grinned broadly and said he guessed he was in pretty good condition from winning the race for his position.

Then the conversation took a serious turn. With his broad arms around both



these young people, Governor Thornton explained a little about the great state of Colorado which they could see spread out for many miles below them.

"I'll never forget those few moments," Piper told Tony later. "It proves that there is still great opportunity in our country. Just think, Governor Thornton was born of share-cropper ancestors, and today he is Governor of Colorado."

"Yeah," Tony agreed solemnly. Then he grinned, and winked at Piper. "Not only that, but from a plain Texas cowboy, Dan Thornton worked his way up to become one of the biggest ranchers in Colorado. And without an enemy in the world. He's not only a big man—but he's rich—why he has almost as much money as Bing Crosby. And maybe that's why the people love him so much. They know he's not like most other politicians—he has enough money so they'll never have to worry about him dipping into the cash register."

For an answer, Piper kicked Tony squarely in the shins.

At noon that day, Piper and Tony were guests at a luncheon of Denver's most outstanding high school journalists. A group of fine reporters and editors, they fired questions at the pair for a couple of hours, before MODERN SCREEN's stars were removed, almost bodily, back to the hotel to rest in preparation for that night's big preview-premiere of *The Prince Who Was a Thief*.

First came a gala dinner for Mr. and Mrs. George Bankert and their friends, followed by a visit to the Bankert home, where all the neighbors had come to see Mrs. Bankert's prize guests.

On hand to broadcast the reactions of those present was Dale Morgan, whose "Where's Morgan?" program is must listening all over Denver.

The most amusing moment of the evening came when Dale asked one charming girl whether she was related to Mrs. Bankert. "Oh no," she gasped. "Nobody knows me. I just slipped in because I had to see Tony Curtis and ask him something!"

"All right, honey," Morgan said. "You go right ahead and ask him."

"Oh, I couldn't!"

"Come on," Tony broke in. "You can ask me anything you want."

"Well," the girl exclaimed, blushing deeply, "I just want to know—do you know Peter Lawford?"

Tony gulped. He admitted that he knew Pete, all right, and that he was a nice guy. Later he said, "That'll teach me not to get the big head—also not to open my big mouth." An hour later, Piper and Tony were sneaked backstage into the Fox Denver Theater, where *The Prince Who Was a Thief* was nearing its climax. Quietly, they slipped into a dark aisle and over the shoulder of a husky usher, watched themselves in the final big love scene.

As the lights went up, applause roared through the house. And then they came out together from the wings to thank the people in that packed theater—people who by now were their old friends.

The ovation, timed by a stop watch, lasted exactly 11 minutes and 28 seconds before Piper could make herself heard. She didn't have the slightest idea what she would say before she faced that crowd, but her words of simple gratitude set off another hurricane of applause.

As for Tony, every time he opened his mouth, there were yells of approval, so he finally just picked Piper up in his arms, kissed her soundly, and raced off the stage.

It's difficult for any reporter to try and effectively set down in words the reactions of two young people, who have worked hard in their profession, when they are suddenly confronted with the fact of their instan-

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taneous success. Perhaps it's enough to say that all of the editors of MODERN SCREEN are proud that their "Bring a Star to Your Home" idea made it possible to record this big event. As for this particular reporter, he had coffee at six A.M. the next morning in the drug store across from the Brown-Palace Hotel with Piper.

She was tousled, sleepy, but game and ready to catch the plane for their next stop, Terre Haute, Indiana. And even a hardened newsman, who has seen celebrities by the dozen come and go, had to admit to himself that here was a really fine girl—somebody he'd like to have for a kid sister.

**B**UT, let's not get emotional—on to Terre Haute, where third prize winner, Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie, a veteran educator, welcomed our stars.

"I've never met a more wonderful person in my life," Tony exclaimed, later. "Why everybody, from taxi drivers to bank presidents in Terre Haute, have learned English from Mrs. Denehie, and everybody in town loves her."

Piper added fervently to that. "It's just like I keep repeating, Tony," she said. "These people we've been meeting didn't win the contest. We really won it, because we've had a chance to meet them!"

It would take a complete issue of MODERN SCREEN to fully relate the further adventures in detail. The entire party fell in love with Columbus, Ohio, prize winner, Donna Morrison, a high school sophomore.

And then came the climactic last visit to the home town of Miss Clara Hobbs, of Charlotte, North Carolina. "We had a great beginning, on this trip," Tony said. "And like a successful play, a second act that didn't sag in the middle, but we never expected such a whirlwind

finish. That Clara Hobbs! Piper and I just grabbed her and put her in the act. She was terrific!"

"You know, it was our first trip into the South. And when we heard Miss Hobbs talk, we couldn't believe it. I'm not polishing an apple when I say everybody was so wonderful it was hard to believe. But—about Miss Hobbs. We made a radio transcription together. Then, when we got together later at the hotel and played it back, out came that same, rich, wonderful, slow Southern voice. And Miss Hobbs, her eyes opened real wide, said, 'Wha—is that me—bless me, Ah din no Ah had such uh Sothrn accent!'"

When Piper and Tony left for the airport that day, they were followed by a 20-car escort of cheering fans. And just before their plane took off, Tony grabbed pretty little Miss Hobbs and kissed her like there was no tomorrow. "That did it!" said Miss Hobbs, and acted as if she were fainting dead away.

And as we go to press, MODERN SCREEN adds to its archives, the following telegram: MR. CHARLES SAXON, MODERN SCREEN, 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. DEAR CHUCK. WE'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT MOST OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WOULD LOVE TO VISIT HOLLYWOOD AND GET A PASS TO SEE THE MOVIE STARS. WE THINK THAT'S SILLY. AFTER WHAT WE'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH, WE THINK THAT MOVIE STARS SHOULD TRY TO USE THEIR INFLUENCE, IF ANY WHATSOEVER, TO GET A PASS TO SEE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. LOVE. AND IF WE'VE LEFT ANY LAUNDRY BILLS IN DENVER, COLUMBUS, TERRE HAUTE, OR ATLANTA, JUST CHARGE THEM TO MODERN SCREEN.

PIPER AND TONY.  
THE END

## brief marriage

(Continued from page 37) practically newlyweds, had been bickering off and on ever since their marriage. Although they have tried to keep these spats quiet, it was inevitable that rumors should spread, and the old cliché, "Where there's smoke, there's fire," seems to be true.

Both Ruth and Mortimer have persistently denied all talk of a rift between them. To an inquiring Hollywood columnist, they present a picture of perfect marital bliss. This must mean that they still hope, some way, somehow, to overcome the obstacles that threaten their happiness. But, at a party recently, those barriers came out in the open.

It was a gay gathering in a San Fernando Valley home. Among the guests were John Ireland, Joanne Dru, Veronica Lake, Andre DeToth, Joyce Holden and a host of other celebrities. It was an informal affair with most of the guests in casual clothes, and everyone seemed to be having fun. But there, in a corner off by themselves, were Ruth and Mortimer Hall. Ruth, wearing dungarees and a sweater, was crying as though her heart would break, and whatever Mortimer was saying to her didn't seem to help.

Surprisingly enough, the others were paying no attention to them.

"What's the matter with Ruth Roman?" someone standing near John Ireland asked.

"Oh, the same old thing," Ireland answered, shrugging. "They're just fighting again."

"Fighting?"

He nodded. "It's been going on all evening."

Suddenly Ruth got up and ran into one

of the bedrooms. Mortimer followed her and slammed the door. No one could hear exactly what was said within those four walls, but from the angry pitch of their voices, it was obvious that they weren't cooing.

**S**oon, Mortimer came out, his face flushed. He went over to the bar, had a straight drink, and then stalked out of the house. Ruth left a few moments later. Her face was streaked with tears.

It could have been that Mort waited outside for Ruth and drove her home. But, the fact remains that they didn't leave the house together, and about 25 people noticed it. Here was a juicy morsel for the gossips; an incident to be told, repeated, and exaggerated far beyond any semblance of the truth.

And so the stories spread: "Ruth Roman and her husband are headed for a split. That marriage can't last. They're just not meant for each other."

But surely, these two people are entitled to a chance to work out their own destiny. After all, is it unusual for a married couple to have disagreements? The path of married love is often a rocky one, but the union is all the stronger for it.

No marriage in Hollywood has caused more predictions of failure than that of Lana Turner and Bob Topping. They have had their share of spats in public, and no one knows how many in private. Yet they seem to have weathered the stormy days that come in the first few years of matrimony.

This may be true in the case of Ruth and Mortimer Hall. Perhaps time and patience can erase the differences that exist between the dark, tempestuous actress, and her suave, sophisticated husband.



These differences are not trivial. Picture a freak show in Revere Beach, the Coney Island of Boston. A barker spiels his wares luring the curious and the suckers into his "odditorium." There's the fat lady, and the strong man, and the magician who saws a woman in half. There's a snake charmer who winds the deadly reptiles around her neck and strokes them and purrs to them until they lapse into their habitual torpor. And then, there's the little girl, barely eight years old, amazing all onlookers with her ability as a knife thrower.

That little girl was Ruth Roman. The barker was her father, and the snake charmer, her mother.

Today, Ruth is a beautiful, impeccably groomed young woman; a highly regarded actress with a brilliant career in front of her. But those years in the carnival have left their imprint. Ruth is strong-willed, independent with a self reliance that comes of a lusty childhood; fired with the burning ambition that took her from almost hopeless poverty to Hollywood stardom.

The story of Mortimer Hall would have to be written with a different pen. He is a product of wealth whose daily existence has been sheltered by the padding of privilege and the luxury of social standing.

The rich young man is prone to lack ambition. The poor young girl is apt to be loaded with it.

In the American tradition, these two opposites are compatible. But a look at the Hollywood divorce records shows that this is often not the case.

You can find quite a few people in Hollywood who can compare the Ruth Roman-Mortimer Hall marriage to the Betty Hutton-Ted Briskin match.

"Ruth Roman is like Betty Hutton," they say. "Those girls came up the hard way,

and those rich guys can never understand them."

A well-known screen writer, who dated Ruth a few times, says, "Ruth is earthy, like Betty Hutton. She has too much ambition to be fenced in by a lot of social embroidery."

Ruth and Mort have done a lot to induce this feeling. Before their wedding in December of 1950, Ruth didn't display much confidence when she stated in an interview: "I'd be the world's worst wife, but I'm willing to try."

Mort let it be known that he was tired of the tinsel of Hollywood and intended to make his permanent home in New York.

Since their marriage, both have changed their attitudes. But, their underlying psychology is not so easily altered. It's not simple for a girl who has worked all her life to become a movie star to turn into a dutiful home maker. Being a good wife and preserving a marriage takes any woman's best effort. With Ruth, her friends will tell you that her career comes first.

Mortimer, in turn, has been a man of importance in society circles and a respected figure in New York. In Hollywood, his importance is dwarfed by his glamorous wife.

The dignity of the male is a sensitive quality which, when outraged, is much like the wrath of a woman scorned.

Recently, Ruth and Mortimer attended a Hollywood premiere. When the show was over, hundreds of adoring movie fans crowded around the lobby hoping for a peep at the celebrities. As Ruth and Mortimer stood near the curb, waiting for their car, a couple of teen-agers edged up within hearing distance.

"Gee, she's beautiful," said one of the youths.

"Yeah. Ruth Roman. She's a doll," his chum agreed.

Their eyes swung to Mort.

"Who's the guy she's with?"

"That's her husband."

"What's his name?"

"I don't know. Mortimer something."

Luckily, the kids wandered off, saving Mort from any further humiliation.

For a man like Mort Hall, who was managing editor of a New York newspaper and accustomed to a large amount of deference, this type of thing is crushing. And yet, this is what he must face and learn to tolerate as long as he remains married to Ruth Roman.

In a way, Ruth faces a similar problem. Most of Mort's friends and associates are upper strata socialites, and Ruth has probably had many qualms as to whether or not they really accept her.

These anxieties can rob people of their equanimity and irk them to a point where they become short-tempered and uncongenial. A person in this mood finds the tiniest oversight reason for an argument and becomes practically impossible to placate.

However, Ruth and Mortimer are intelligent people who realize their problems and are fighting sincerely to preserve their marriage. The mere fact that they deny all rumors of a rift proves that they are trying to make a go of it.

When two people tiff bitterly and then find within themselves the willingness and the humility to make up again, it means only one thing. They're in love.

Whether that love is strong enough to last remains to be seen.

One thing is certain. Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall have many friends rooting for them to stick together. And when two people are as courageous and determined as they are, nothing is impossible.

THE END

(Ruth Roman can be seen in Warners' Strangers On A Train.)

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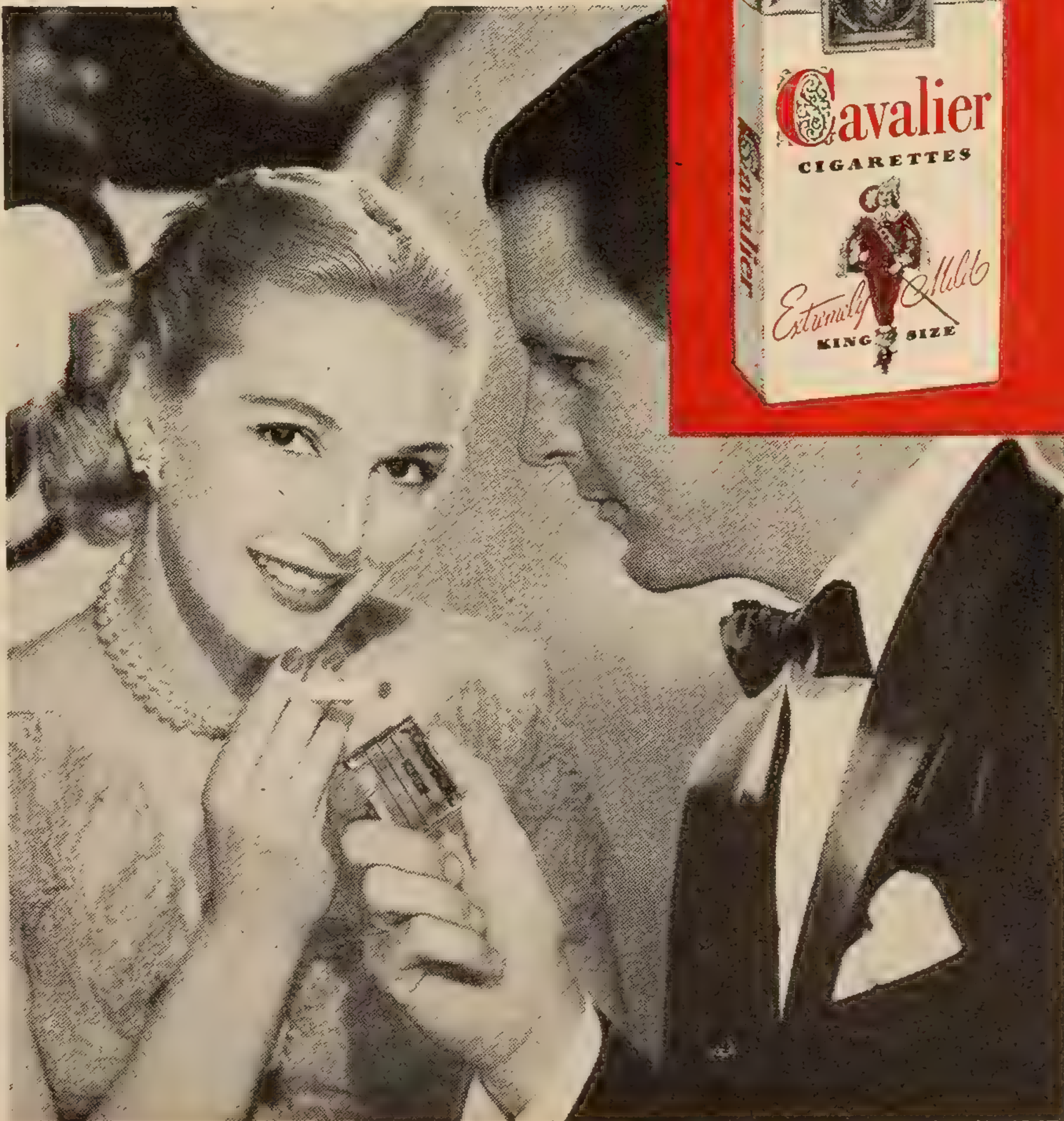
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Does your dream-man consider you a "pal?" Here's a tip on how to make him feel romantic.



**A** GIRL from Port Arthur, Texas, who signs herself E.F. writes, "I am a girl of 16 and my problem is this: Every boy considers me just a good pal. One of my friends told me that's why I don't have dates. Please help me." In the same mail there was a letter from a younger girl from Bellmore, Long Island. "Whenever anyone has a party of any kind the boys won't dance or play games. Refreshment time the boys are the first ones at the table. Could you give us a suggestion about what to do?"

It boils down to how to make a boy romantic. And, kids, this has been a problem for a long time, but maybe by kicking it around we can discover what some of the trouble is.

I remember a dance my mother gave for me when I was 13. We were living in New York and the whole episode was so funny that my mother wrote a short story about it called "They Won't Dance."

When the boys arrived they sat around reading comic books and talking among themselves, and all of us girls were simply furious. What happened to make my party a success is kind of unusual, but you can learn something from it. It happened that Lucille Ball, who is a great friend of ours, was in New York and when my mother saw the party dying on its feet (or not on its feet) she asked Lucille to come over. You can imagine what that did. All of a sudden the party became alive. Then Lucille put all of us in a circle and taught us a little Cuban dance she had learned from her husband, Desi Arnaz. And pretty soon all the kids were paired off and dancing on their own.

Most boys seem to think dancing is "sissy." But the big trouble is that when a group of boys are together, they are afraid that the others will laugh at the boy who starts to dance first. Boys are so ter-

ribly bound by the group spirit which is sometimes good and sometimes not so good.

So why don't you take a tip from Lucille Ball? Begin the dance with everyone joining hands and going around in a circle and then have the girl who is giving the party say, "Dance with the girl on your right." Then everyone is started together, and no one boy has to break the ice. This is one of the reasons, I think, that square dancing has been so successful.

We all know that girls grow up faster than boys. Boys are more shy than we girls are and this makes it difficult for them to ask us to dance. Get around this by making every other dance "girl's choice." This means that the girls ask the boys to dance. It's fun and if you have the same number of girls as boys it means that no girl will be a wall flower.

But remember this—all these things are up to the girl who is giving the party, and don't be afraid of being called "bossy," just because you insist on making the kids do these things. Honestly, all good hostesses are "bossy" but when you're older it's called being a good hostess.

The perfect hostess always plans a party in advance. If she has a friend who can sing or play the piano, she asks him to entertain her guests and then afterwards she arranges the groups so that the people who will like each other best are together. And she insists on this rather than just leaving the grouping to chance. Don't be afraid to ride herd on the kids. It's your duty as a hostess to force them into doing the things that will make them have a good time.

And this all leads up to how to make boys romantic. Just as the younger boys are shy about dancing, so the older ones are shy of romance. Actually, many boys would rather pal around with a girl than to get serious. Boys hate to be pinned down.



**I**N the picture I finished not very long ago called *On the Loose* this situation is brought out very clearly. The girl—that's me—gets serious with the boy—that's Bob Arthur. She starts talking about getting married and having a home and he is so frightened by this that he never wants to see her again. This is true to life and the girl is wrong to get serious with a boy at once, or to be obvious in her feelings for him.

But there are other ways. The girl who is "just a good pal" should ask herself why boys consider her so. She has probably read that she should always fall in with the boy's mood and if he wants to go to the bowling alley she should learn to bowl, or if he wants to skate that's what they should do. Now this is fine up to a point, but when a boy knows he can always have his own way he somehow loses respect for that girl. So, it seems to me, she should surprise him some time and when he suggests bowling or skating she should say, "I'd rather see a movie. There's one I've been mad to see that's playing at such-and-such a theater tonight." Seeing a movie, by the way, often sets the mood for romance.

Very often the girl who acquires the reputation of being "just a good pal" is the girl who has been a tom-boy when she was a kid. So she has to become more feminine. I'll bet most girls who are the good pal type go around in blue jeans and shirts all the time. (I can be wrong but I've seen it happen.) Jeans and shirts are swell for horse back riding or hiking, but they certainly aren't romantic. No matter what they say, boys are suckers for feminine clothes. And they like a girl who behaves in a feminine manner.

I don't mean you should put on a phony glamor act, or try to make yourself mysterious. The main thing is to be conscious that you're a girl and not to compete with boys on their own territory. Swimming, riding, tennis, bowling, skating—all the sports are wonderful for girls to do. But when you start beating the boys at these sports then they think of you as "just a good pal."

**A**ND now for a few more questions:

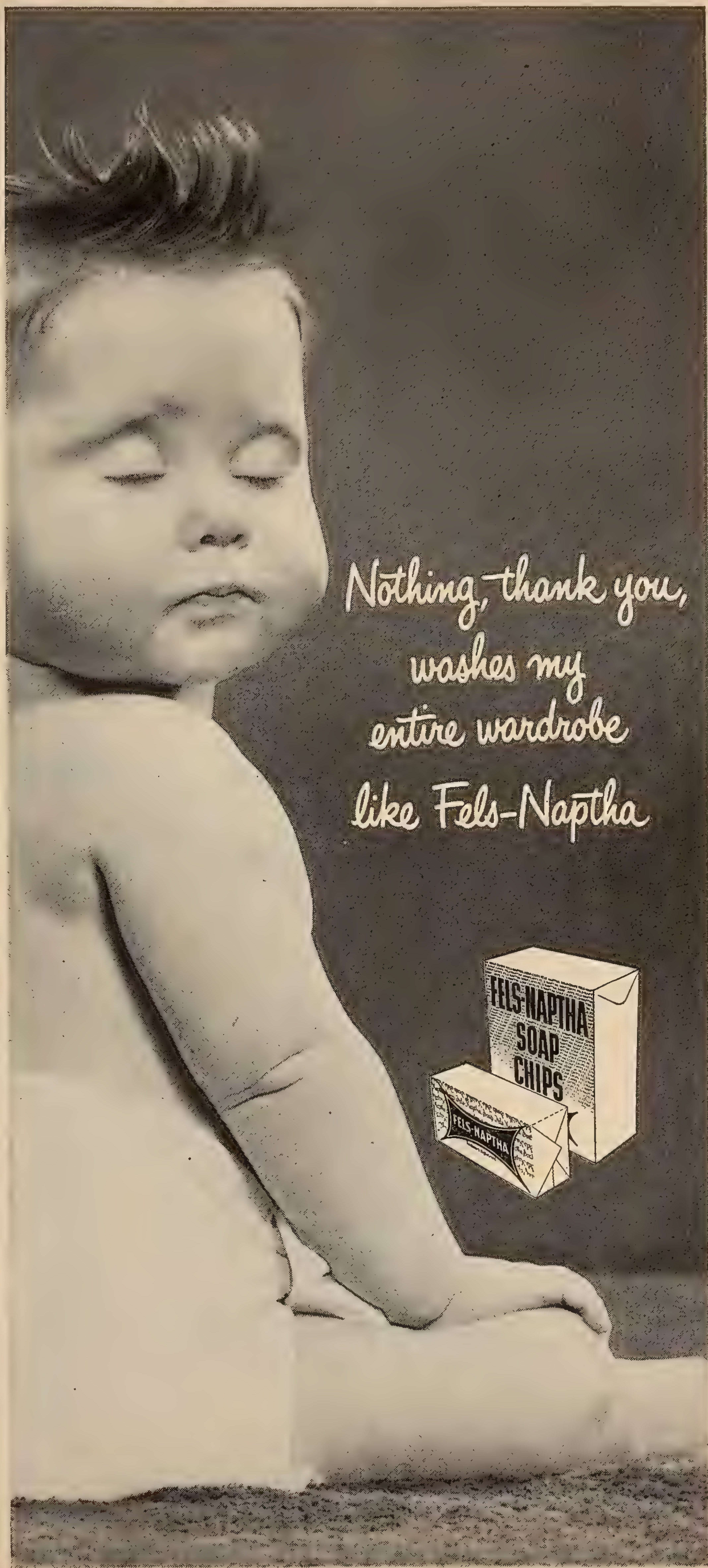
"Dear Joan: About two years ago a dog bit my cheek and it left two scars. What can I put on my face so that no one will notice them?—E. R., PANAMA CANAL ZONE."

There are several good products on the market that will cover scars and blend in with your makeup. Some of these are advertised in the magazines. I suggest you look for these ads, or speak to your druggist who is sure to know of these products.

"Dear Joan: Recently I went on my first date. Everything went fine until he brought me home. We fumbled around for words and made a mess of everything. What should a girl say to her date when he brings her home?"

—C. MCG., TACOMA, WASH."

I know it's tough but the simplest way is the best way. You should say something like this, "I had such a good time. Thank you for a lovely evening and I hope I see you soon." If he lingers on the doorstep it's easy to say, "I'd like to ask you to come in but it's pretty late so I'll say 'Good-bye' now." And then you say "Good-bye" and that's that.



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"Dear Joan: I have a girl friend who is cute and she knows it. And every time I start to like a boy she does, too, just to see if she can get him. —B. R., INDIANA, PENNA."

I thought there was a kind of law—a lady's agreement, sort of. A girl who tries to take a boy away from another girl can't be a good friend. If you are really fond of this girl, you should discuss the situation with her and tell her to lay off. Then if she doesn't, if I were you I'd get myself another girl friend.

"Dear Joan: My girl friend and I would like to write fan letters to a lot of stars but we don't know what to say. We are not afraid to write to you because you are just two years older than we are.—J. T. and C. S., ELMWOOD PARK, ILL."

Honestly, movie stars are just people like anyone else, no matter what their ages are. And most of them are surprised that they are movie stars. So you just write to them as you would to any friend. You first figure out what you want to say. Do you want a picture? Do you want to tell them you enjoyed their movies? Do you want to tell them you think they are nice? Whatever you want to tell them—why, just say it simply and sweetly as you did in your letter to me.

"Dear Joan: What would you do if you're at a party and they serve something that you don't like? Or, even worse, if it makes you sick. —B. J. P., OMAHA, NEB."

If it is something that you just don't like, I'm afraid you have to eat it anyhow. If it is something that really makes you sick, or gives you an allergy just quietly leave it alone. If your hostess notices that you're not eating and is rude enough to remark about it (which

she should not do) then you have to say, "I'm terribly sorry. I know it is awfully good but I have an allergy." And if she offers to get you something else you should refuse gently but firmly. However, if she insists, then accept whatever else she prepares. Always the rules of etiquette are to do everything in the simplest, easiest, and most comfortable way. If the hostess doesn't notice that you're not eating then you'll just have to grin and go hungry. "Dear Joan: A very bashful guy asked me for a date a week in advance. When the evening arrived he didn't show up. What should I do? —W. L., MORRISTOWN, MINN."

First of all you should give everybody the benefit of the doubt. What I would do is to call him the next day—or, if you go to the same school, meet him after class—and say something like this, "I must have had the night wrong. I thought we had a date last night. Was it supposed to be last night or when?" You know, you *might* have been mistaken and had the night wrong. On the other hand, if you say something like this then you'll know what happened. If he admits that he did make the date for last night and stood you up, then you have to tell him this is unforgivable. But if he has a very good excuse, then I'd give him another chance.

**A**ND that's it for this month. As I've said so often, you're all wonderful to write to me, and I wish I could answer every letter I get. Since that's impossible, I pick the most interesting ones. Also a lot of you ask questions that I've already answered. Some day I'll do a big repeat column.

IF YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGE PROBLEM  
WRITE TO JOAN EVANS, BOX 93, BEVERLY  
HILLS, CALIF.

### my son, peter

(Continued from page 39) annoyed, I guess, because I'd come home from work at night and look at Pete in his crib without any show of emotion.

"You don't act like a father," she used to tell me.

"What am I supposed to do?" I said. "If he'd just say hello or something maybe we could strike up a friendship. But good night, Ellie, he just *lies* there."

It took me a long time to warm up to him, and I guess my delayed reaction bothered my conscience after a while.

I've made up for it since then, however. Pete and I are closer than fraternity brothers. The warming up process on my part started when I got over the shock of having a son, and began to think that Ellie was being too easy with the baby. Ellie lost her father when she was quite young, and she never had any brothers to fool around with when she was little, and on this basis I figured she wouldn't know too much about how to raise a boy. So whenever her discipline began to slip, I'd step in and be the heavy. At least I insisted he do what he was told, and finish what he started. I figured it would break him in for life later on.

**F**OR several years I tried to be the perfect father, and then I realized it would be too tough on the boy. So what if his hair wasn't combed once in a while? The world wouldn't come to an end.

It's like my role of Ben Hogan in *Follow*

*the Sun*. I was so intent on getting my golf form perfect for the cameras that I wasn't getting any fun out of the game. Ben noticed it, too, one day. "Relax," he said. "Don't be so rigid, and you'll get some fun out of it." It was like that with Pete. He came to know that when I said no I meant no, but that in between we could have fun.

It's a wonder to me that he doesn't think I have a bolt loose somewhere, because I always pitched headlong into imaginative things. I told him about all the creatures who lived under our house. Alec the alligator, Cecil the seal, the little brownie who wore a beanie hat. And the mouse who let the light come through the wall so that the movies would show up on the screen. There's a door in our house, between the den and the dining room, that swings open when the kitchen door is opened; the result of a vacuum, I suppose. Sometimes that door would glide open a half dozen times throughout dinner, but always, as far as Pete was concerned, it was Alec the alligator going into the den. I think he suspected that it was one of my tricks, for I'm sort of an amateur magician and have often amused him with sleight of hand. There's a magnolia tree in our garden which to Pete and me has always been the chewing gum tree. Whenever he was extra good, he would telephone me of the fact, and when I got home I would take him out to the tree, reach up into the branches and palm a stick of chewing gum for him. Even now, when he's almost seven, he never passes that tree without looking up at it in awe.

We had a lot of fun with the magic



routine. I'd tap underneath the table and tell him Cecil was signaling that Peter should eat his carrots. Thing is, I didn't count on his getting smart. I came home from work the other night and found him in the den, folding a paper napkin.

"What have you there?" I said.

"I'll show you," he said. He held the napkin up to the light and I could see a round object within its folds. "That's a nickel. If you don't believe it, feel it."

After my inspection he proceeded to tear the napkin into small bits. The nickel had disappeared.

"See?" he said. "It's simple."

It's hard for me to know what Pete feels about my being an actor. He's too young right now to understand the movie industry, but he seems to think that the world is filled with cameras.

His opinion of me was considerably heightened one day, although it was small satisfaction to me. The two of us were walking along the street when we met Bill Boyd, who called me by name and had a long conversation with us. Pete stood there beside me, his eyes like saucers, and for the rest of the day I noticed he treated me with a new deference.

Now I like Bill—he's a great guy—and I know that he has millions of fans, but I do some riding myself, and the fact that my son was so impressed by Hopalong Cassidy rankled a little bit. So when I was working in *The Redhead and the Cowboy* I did some scheming that I was sure would fix me up pretty well with Pete. There was a lot of stunt riding to be done for the picture, and I saved it all for one day. Then I asked Ellie to bring Pete out to the set.

I'd spent half the morning and most of the afternoon at it, and by the time Ellie and Pete arrived in the afternoon, I was

pretty bushed. But there were still some chores left to do, and I'd saved the most difficult for the last. We ended up with the scene where I take a running leap from a raised sidewalk and land on my running horse. When it was finished, I strutted across to where Pete was standing.

"Well, son," I said. "What did you think of it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Hoppy would have jumped from a roof," he said.

Another problem I used to have with Pete was to get him to eat his meals. The doctor had recommended a lot of tomatoes, but the little guy wouldn't even look at one, let alone eat it. So I got the idea that if we planted some around the garden and he helped me with the job, he might take such an interest that he'd begin to like them. The awful part was that I knew next to nothing about tomato growing, and ignorant of the fact that four tomato plants will supply a whole family, I went overboard and bought several hundred plants. Pete helped me put them in, and when the round ripe tomatoes appeared he began to eat them right off the vine. My plan had worked its initial purpose, but the entire neighborhood was inundated with tomatoes that year.

PETE took a dim view of fish, too, and I figured if the tomatoes had worked, so would the subject of fishing. So whenever I went fishing I'd bring home the catch on a string and Ellie would say, "Look what Daddy caught!" Pretty soon Pete was tasting his first trout and liking it, so when we bought fish at the store from then on, we'd get it whole and I'd show it to Pete and lie in my teeth, "Look what Daddy caught!"

He grew so interested that I began to talk up the possibility of a fishing trip that would include him. I told him that if he

got a gold star in Sunday school for six straight weeks, silver stars in school for a month, and the required number of credits on the chart in his room for teeth brushing, fireplace stuffing, etc., his mother and I would take him fishing. There's a place out in the valley called Sportsman's Lodge where they invite customers to catch their own trout for dinner, and I thought this would be the easiest way to initiate Pete into the sport. He strained himself being good for weeks on end, and finally the big day arrived. He and Ellie and I got dressed to the teeth for a Sunday dinner and drive out to the Lodge.

They gave Pete a fishing pole, and he was almost expiring with excitement. He dropped his line and not a second later hooked probably the biggest trout in the pool. I'd told him all about the art of hauling in a fish, but he forgot every word of it at that moment, and instead of pulling in his line, walked right off the bridge into the water. Ellie screamed and I yelled, and there was Pete, up to his neck in the briny. There was nothing for me to do but jump in myself, in my brand new suit, and haul out our small Isaac Walton, who was still holding to his fish like grim death.

By this time Pete was becoming pretty interested in sports, and I started telling him about what a great hunter I was. Every lamb chop that came into the house had been personally shot by me. If I had let it go at this, things would have been better. But no, I had to open my big mouth and tell him what a torrid Indian fighter I was. Yes sir, I said, I was the one white man whose scalp they were afraid to take. And every time he saw an Indian on television he'd point and say, "You'd shoot him, wouldn't you, Daddy?" And like an unshirted idiot I'd say, "Sure thing, son."

Then one day I took him over to Metro

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where Ellie was making *Duchess of Idaho*, next to the set of *Annie Get Your Gun*, a film that was crawling with Indians. Now I've done quite a batch of westerns in my time and as a result know just about every Indian in Hollywood. So just as Pete and I were passing that set, the stage door opened and out came a whole tribe of the boys, wearing full war paint and feathers.

"Hi, Glenn," they all said. "How's tricks?"

I looked down at Pete. He was standing there thunderstruck.

"Aren't you going to shoot them, Daddy?" Pete said.

That was one I just couldn't handle.

Actually, I've improved myself in a lot of little ways just to set an example for Pete. Before he came along I never paid much attention to my food, but these days I have to eat every last kernel on my plate, or else I can't expect him to finish his dinner. Then there was that sermon I gave him on keeping his room tidy. That one cost me four hundred bucks, because one day while I was working, Pete wandered into my den and when he saw the mess on my desk, decided to clean it up for me. Into the trash can went my rare and valuable Columbian stamp, and since that day nothing shows on top of my desk except the blotter.

Peter Ford is no angel, but he does have one quality that Ellie and I are pretty happy about. It's his consideration of others, a thing which I think a person is born with and can't very well be taught. If Ellie or I happen to be ill, he'll come into the room on his own volition, holding a glass of milk.

"Here," he says. "If you drink this you'll feel better."

He can't bear brutality in any form, particularly to animals, and he suffers torments when he sees other kids break toys.

I've tried to teach him to share, and the value of money, and good sportsmanship and honesty and all those things, and feel I've done pretty well in everything except his fibbing, which he'll always do in order to save my feelings. I used to spank him for those little white lies, but

he's growing up now, because the worst thing I can do to him these days is to say, "Peter, I'm disappointed in you." That's all. It's better than any spanking.

He's growing up, all right. He hates to see me go away on business, but he stands up to it and faces it very well for a kid. I want him to grow up—I think it's unfair for parents to try to keep a child forever a baby. Ellie thinks I go off my trolley on this subject, though, for I hold long conversations with Pete on serious things like the United Nations and the price of beef, and Pete babbles right back at me. He doesn't know what he's saying, but at least he feels he's a pretty important guy if his father consults him.

By now he's reached the stage where he wants to be manly, and his newest obsession is keeping his word. Or maybe I should say my word. If I leave the room and tell him to turn off the television at seven o'clock, nothing in this world will prevent him from doing it. The other night Ellie wanted to see Ed Sullivan's show.

"You can't," Pete told her. "Daddy said it should be turned off."

Ellie came out to me in the kitchen where I was making a Dagwood sandwich.

"I only live here," she said. "This thing about Peter keeping his word can go too far."

But she smiled when she said it. Ellie gets a big boot out of the close relationship between Pete and me. It goes so far that I won't let him know when I'm in a bad mood, and for his part, he refuses to cry in front of me. He can be bawling his head off, surrounded by the rest of the household, but when I come into sight he turns off the tears as though he had a faucet growing out of his head.

But Ellie has her times, too. Pete's favorite dish is the revolting combination of French fried potatoes topped with ice cream, the thought of which makes me mildly ill. Ellie figures it can't kill him, and as long as he likes it, she gives in. So whenever I see the two of them sneaking out of the house together, I know Pete's headed for his own peculiar heaven. The privilege of joining him is all Ellie's.

THE END

## hollywood's bedtime manners

(Continued from page 33) the latter, whether it is the tops or bottoms, or both.

To give you a few quickies: Jeanne Crain sleeps in a sheer white nightgown in a double bed. Jeanne requires plenty of sleep and is a quiet sleeper. She usually wakes up in the same position in which she fell asleep—which is generally on her back. Susan Hayward sleeps in a twin bed and usually wears an old-fashioned nightgown or a pair of snuggles, or sometimes a striped jersey shirt. Susie often wanders in her sleep, but doesn't get far. Either husband Jess Barker wakes her or walking into the bedroom wall does. Van Johnson generally sleeps in an old slip-over sweater, and he eats graham crackers in bed. Evie has tried to break him of this habit by serving him a hearty midnight snack before retiring, but she has only partly succeeded. Joan Crawford sleeps in a medium-sized bed with oil portraits of her two oldest children hanging above the headboard. On the opposite wall are similar portraits of the twins. Joan always sleeps with the windows wide open and a stack of blankets over her. In the winter she wears elegant pajamas, and in the summer she sleeps in nightgowns fingertip in length with matching panties.

According to historians, the first beds were piles of leaves on the floor cov-

ered with skins of animals. But people always were trying to improve their beds and to sleep more comfortably. The early Egyptian bed consisted of a cushion placed on a framework in the shape of an animal, with back curved to carry the human form in comfort.

In literature, you'll find that next to love, sleep has fascinated the poets most. Stories about sleep and bed go back to those two original characters, Adam and Eve.

The tale is told about how distressed Eve was when Adam disappeared for two days from Eden. On the third day of his absence Eve was really worried. "There's no other woman in the world," she told herself. But she still worried. On the third evening Adam returned, and Eve asked him, "Where have you been?" Adam answered, "Why, I've been out searching for a new home for us, and I think I've found the cutest place."

"That's a nice story," said Eve. "Who is she?"

"Darling," Adam said, "don't be like that. You know there isn't another woman in the world."

They had dinner and retired for the night. While Adam was sleeping, Eve put out her hand and started counting his ribs.

Human nature hasn't changed much since then. Woman still wants a man to belong to her. Proof of this is uttered in the modern *All About Eve*, when actress Margo Channing says: "In the last analysis nothing is any good unless you can



look up just before dinner, or turn around in bed—and there he is. . . .”

Bette Davis, who played the role of Margo Channing, must have believed those lines, for she married her leading man, Gary Merrill, and sleeps in an extra large bed. She is never in the same position when she awakes as when she goes to sleep. Bette wears sheer nightgowns, when she wears a nightgown.

Nancy Olsen wears nightgowns in hotels, only the tops of pajamas in her own bed. Mel Ferrer, who is very tall, has an extra long bed at home. In hotels he always takes a double bed and sleeps on it diagonally. Mercedes McCambridge, who has spent the greater part of her life traveling, sleeps best on boats and trains, and has trouble falling asleep in the luxurious bed in her new home. Doris Day listens to disc jockey programs before going to sleep and sings along with the recordings. Doris sleeps in shortie nightgowns because she likes to feel free, and says that pajamas bind her. Janet Leigh is another “nightie” gal, preferring nylons of pastel blue. June Haver belongs to the pajama set and wears what she calls “midriff” pajamas. June sleeps in a large double bed with a single pillow and plenty of blankets.

John Wayne and his wife sleep in an oversized bed which was built especially for them. John tosses and turns in his sleep. He can't wear the tops of his pajamas because they tie him in knots after an hour of tossing. John says his wife loves him because he doesn't snore.

**Lex Barker might be interested to learn his wife, Arlene Dahl, is an inventor. She was granted Design Patent No. 162,714 for a boudoir cap.**

*Hy Gardner in  
The Herald Tribune*

Kathryn Grayson sleeps in a bed that is the size of two full beds plus a few inches. Everything in her bedroom is over-sized and comfortable. The room is decorated in warm reds with cheerful yellow accents. When Kathryn sleeps in anything, she sleeps in nightgowns. Marie Wilson, a nightgown gal, sleeps on three small pillows and has her sheets and blankets especially made for her. When traveling, Marie likes to take along her personal sheets. Esther Williams sleeps in a flannel nightgown in the winter, and in the summer wears a thin nightgown which she describes as “loose and happy.” Esther's bedroom is softly colored with plaid taffeta draperies. She believes a bedroom should be “soothing and relaxing.” Esther and husband Ben have a super king-size bed.

SEVERAL firms in Hollywood build king-size beds for the stars. You may wonder how the term “king-size” originated. It's a throwback to the beds of the French kings of the 15th century. These beds were so large and rich in detail that it even became customary to hold receptions in bed. There was, for example, “The Great Bed of Ware,” which was widely famed for its size, accommodating 12 persons.

Prevalent among the nobility and the rich was “The Marriage Bed.” This was draped in ornate white hangings and coverlets. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, the bride and groom retired to their marriage bed to receive their wedding guests, congratulations and gifts. Often the wedding feast itself was served here.

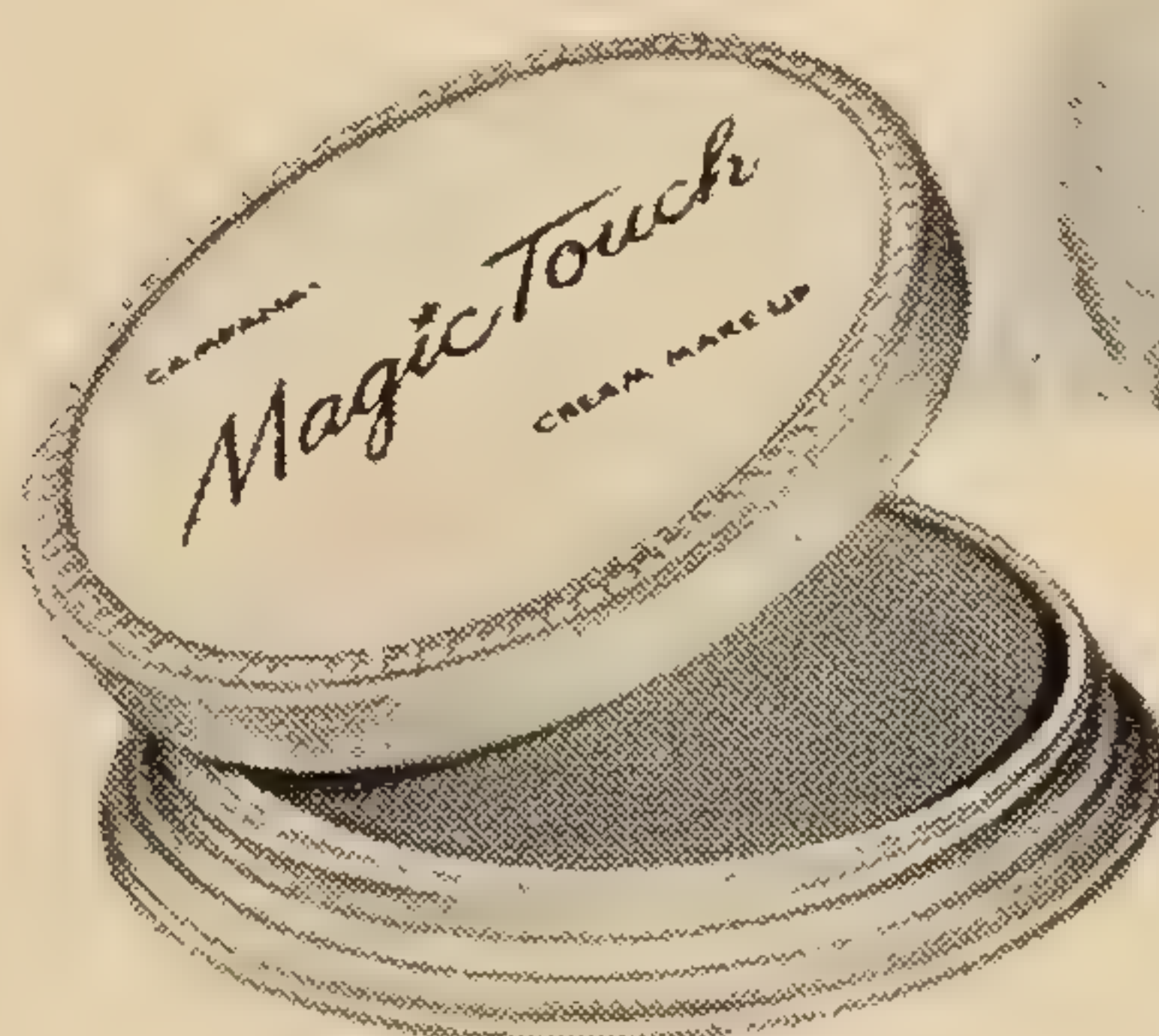
Beds have always been important, but perhaps most to royalty. Louis XIV had 113 beds in his palace. His favorite was a funny flat one. A jester remarked, “If Louis had one drink he couldn't get into it, and if he had two, he couldn't stay on it.”

I've often wondered how James Cagney stays put in his bed, but for different

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reasons than applied to Louis. Cagney's bed is a very high four-poster affair; the mattress comes to about the level of my shoulder. This style of high bed dates back to the time when snakes were rampant, and beds were built on elevated frames reached by short steps. This permitted the occupant of the bed to sleep peacefully without concern about snakes. Likewise the canopied beds are a holdover from those times when people would surround their beds with draperies or netting to protect themselves from insects. Betty Hutton sleeps in an oversized canopied bed and probably doesn't know the origin of it. Betty sleeps all curled up and with the windows open. She wears tailored silk pajamas in pastel shades, and wears both the trousers and jacket. Shelley Winters, at least the last time I was at her house, had an oversized canopied bed. Shelley reads in bed while nibbling on chocolate cookies. She wears men's pajamas "because they're more comfortable than nightgowns." If you care to know about Farley Granger, he sleeps in a big double bed and wears pajamas when it's cold outside. Otherwise, Farley sleeps in the raw.

Lana Turner's bedroom is an ultra-modern version of the centuries-old bed with the drawn draperies. Lana sleeps in a double bed and likes to sleep late when not working. Lana has "blackout" curtains hidden beneath the tapestry draperies which are drawn to keep out all light. She sleeps in hand-embroidered nightgowns.

**A**MONG the Hollywood actresses who prefer feminine bedrooms is Ava Gardner. Ava sleeps in an upholstered oversized bed in a modern bedroom. She always has a book on the night table next to the bed. Ava sleeps in tailored flannel pajamas, which must be the brightest colors she can find. Ava says she likes to be gay in bed. Marlene Dietrich once told me that she spends almost as much time preparing for bed as she does preparing to go to a party. "A woman should look her best in bed," said she.

Betty Grable, who is strictly feminine, has just that type of bedroom. Betty sleeps in a large bed and without a pillow and with mountains of blankets. She used to wear pajamas, but now she wears only white satin-and-lace nighties. Betty admits this is because Harry prefers nightgowns. She always tries to please Harry. Elizabeth Taylor is re-doing the bedroom in her new Westwood apartment. It will be all in lilac—with a blue-lilac rug—very dainty, frilly and feminine. But Liz isn't one to stay in bed for breakfast. She likes to have it on a card table in front of the fireplace. She wears chintz housecoats or cute, short, organdy breakfast coats. She sleeps in nightgowns, now preferably lilac in color. She has to have plenty of air and lightweight blankets. She cannot sleep unless a goosedown comforter is over her—even when she lies down for a cat-nap, which isn't often. Anne Baxter, who has become a cute dish since her marriage to John Hodiak, sleeps in a large bed and wears lacy black nightgowns. Anne wanted to wear one of her own nightgowns in a boudoir scene for one of her pictures. She was told she couldn't—that the censors would object.

All bedroom scenes in movies must be approved by the Johnston Office which insists that all bedroom scenes be photographed in good taste. Producers and directors appear to believe that twin beds guarantee good taste. Very seldom will you see a married couple in a double bed in the movies. It may be okay in real life, or even on television, but the movies are even afraid of taking a chance on having Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main, play-

ing man and wife, get into a double bed. The bedroom sequences of Hollywood movies usually provoke laughs when shown in Europe.

**F**ORTUNATELY, however, no censor has any jurisdiction over how a glamor girl like Linda Darnell retires at home. Linda sleeps in those new short nylon gowns which, she says, "feel like a cloud." She has them in yellow, pink, blue and white, with matching short robes. Linda likes to be active in bed, eating and reading. She admits to an odd bed habit: she always tosses salt over her shoulder when getting up in the morning. Hedy Lamarr, who sleeps in neither a nightgown nor pajamas, has her own idiosyncrasy. Hedy always makes her own bed. She claims she can't sleep unless she fixes it herself.

I don't know of any actress, but I know of a couple of actors, who can fall asleep faster than you can say "insomnia." I have seen Gary Cooper go sound asleep in his chair on the set, despite all the noise and activity going on around him. Coop snoozes peacefully until the director wakens him to play a love scene. The only other actor in a league with Cooper is George Sanders, but he can't hit the sack as quickly. Sanders insists his favorite exercise is sleeping, but he goes to his portable dressing-room to do it. Sanders gets annoyed with directors who waken him before they're ready to shoot. The story is told that his kitchen once caught fire while he was napping. After firemen had extinguished the blaze, he sleepily appeared to inquire what was going on. When he was told, he said, "All right, but don't make so much noise about it." Sanders is particular about his pajamas and has them designed for him. He always wears both the trousers and jacket. He sleeps in an oversized bed big enough for his huge frame and reinforced so he doesn't have to be careful when he gets into it. Sanders sleeps so much he wears out a mattress a year.

"Hopalong" Cassidy is another gentleman who can take a cat-nap whenever he desires, and finds this very helpful on his strenuous tours throughout the country. I hate to be disillusioning, but William Boyd sleeps in pajamas—not "Hopalong" Cassidy pajamas, either—and he snores! I would say that rather a frank fellow about his bed habits is Steve Cochran, who confesses, "I sleep in pajamas—if the laundry came back."

Tony Curtis, unlike other movie heroes, hasn't an elaborate or fancy bedroom. He resides in a two-bedroom apartment in San Fernando Valley with his mother, father and 10-year-old brother, Bobby. Tony shares a bedroom with Bobby. It is light gray with a king-size bed in the middle. They also share pajamas, splitting up the tops and bottoms between them. Tony usually wears the bottoms. Records, books, and boyish junk are strewn all over. Tony has a large picture of Janet Leigh on his nightstand. The family is just getting used to the fact that soon Tony will be an important movie star. One day, after he'd finished *The Prince Who Was a Thief*, Tony returned home completely exhausted. He didn't even stop for dinner, but went at once into the bedroom and flung himself across the bed. Soon his mother tiptoed into the room, looked at him and pleaded, "Bernie, give it up."

Events happen rapidly in Hollywood. When I started to write this article, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck had announced their divorce and auctioned off their separate beds. Just as I reached this page, I learned that Stanwyck and Taylor may effect a reconciliation. "Go get yourselves a good double bed this time," is my advice to them.

And so to bed.

THE END



## how esther and ben live

(Continued from page 52) (the door is usually wide open) and you're in a high-beamed room with a brick fireplace at one end and a spinet piano at the other.

A lot of living goes on in this comfortably cluttered room. Ben's desk stands against one wall so that he can do some of his bookkeeping here. Esther keeps dress designs, scripts, and other studio paraphernalia in a filing cabinet under the stairs. After the children have gone to bed, she pulls out a stack of papers and does her homework. Kimmie's antique cradle is always somewhere in the living room. It gets moved about to accommodate whomever is tending him at the moment. Benjie's Salem rocker is usually pulled squarely in front of the table model R.C.A. television set awaiting "Time for Beany" and "Howdy-Doody."

When the Gages have four or more guests, the living room serves as a dining room, too. This arrangement is true to the farmhouse tradition. Like generations of Williamses before her, Esther owns a Hutch table which can be tipped down for dinner. As a matter of fact, she has two. The smaller one stands just inside the kitchen door with its top up. At dinner time it's pulled in front of the fireplace and the table is set for six or eight.

The larger table is permanently set up in the living room. It was built especially for Esther by her pet cabinet maker, Sam Morse. He made the top from two beautiful old hand hewn planks so that the wood is antique but the construction is new. Mr.

**Because Olivia De Havilland likes to be called "Mrs. Goodrich," friends now call her "Olivia De Goodrich."**

*Earl Wilson in  
The New York Post*

Morse had to make it larger than the customary Hutch table because Esther needed an over-size piece that would seat at least 12. "Anything smaller would have appeared dinky in this huge living room," Esther explains. And on this table is one of Esther's original and smart ideas for entertaining a crowd. At first glance it appears to be a lamp with a blue and white ceramic base. It is that and more. The lamp base is actually a two-gallon jug sitting on a miniature milking stool. For a long time Esther and Ben used the jug whenever they gave a buffet supper party. Esther would fill it with coffee, surround it with cups and let the gang help themselves. Between parties it sat on the shelf. This bothered Esther because she's a practical girl and hates to let anything gather dust in a back closet.

One evening when she was leafing through a home magazine, she saw an ad for miniature antique furniture. The ad gave her the spring-board for her idea. With a three-legged stool as a pedestal she figured she could suspend a bulb and shade over the jug and she'd have a useful and handsome lamp. She did and it worked better than she'd dreamed. In addition, the small stool brought the jug up to just the right height for fitting a coffee cup under the spigot. Now the jug is in continual use. It's a lamp all the time but for parties it's the centerpiece and fountainhead of Esther's dinner table.

**B**EN and Esther don't go in for elaborate parties. They have the sort of adaptable meals that can always be expanded to include a few more guests. "My mother's home was like that," Esther says. "I guess I learned it from her. Besides, it fits in when you live farm-style as we do."

When Esther says "farm-style" she's referring to her kitchen-sitting room.

In Grandma Austin's (Ben's side of the family) day such a multi-purpose room was called the "keeping room." Literally everything was kept in this one room except the livestock. And sometimes on winter nights back in Bloomington, Ill., the stock was brought in, according to Ben.

The only real difference between Grandma Austin's time and today is that Esther has a Thermador stove with two ovens, an electric dishwasher, a telephone, a garbage disposal and a lot of Revereware pots. Otherwise the room functions in exactly the same way.

A typical supper-time scene at the Gages has Alice, the cook, preparing dinner in the fenced-off work area. Annie, their Hawaiian nurse, is feeding Kimmie in his highchair. Esther is comfortably settled in the fireside chair reading to Benjie, and making conversation over his head to Ben, who's carrying on a business discussion over the phone from a reclining position on the day bed. This slightly mad combination of working while surrounded by the family seems to be the secret of their cheerful household.

The children love it. They never fuss or cry for attention because they are right smack in the middle of everything. Esther and the women who help her with the house-work, like it because they have companionship as they bustle around the kitchen. At first, Ben called it "hodge podge lodge" and went looking for a quiet corner. But he's getting used to the friendly hub-bub. He can even fill his pipe, answer the telephone and stir the chili all at one time. "Great for improving your powers of concentration," he often remarks.

At the opposite end of the house away from the kitchen are the children's rooms. A lot of careful planning went into these two rooms.

Esther spent months figuring out good, sensible baby decorating. She came up with some unusual but practical ideas. For example, the wallpaper in Benjie's room is an entrancing circus mural, but it's put on the wall at a point above the natural wood panelling where it's too high for the boy to crayon or peel it off. In his room, Kimmie is separated from his nurse by a white louvered partition. This makes it possible to cut out the light but not the air when he's sleeping, and Annie can hear his smallest whimper.

Both children's rooms are connected with the kitchen by a Talk-A-Phone system. When it's turned on, Esther or whoever is working at the cooking counter, can hear baby noises from the nursery. Esther loves to enter the house by way of the kitchen and call through the Talk-A-Phone. The babies recognize her voice immediately.

Before moving into the new home, Esther and Ben went over the whole house as only two conscientious parents can. They studied every possible hazard and then had it baby-proofed. In other words, they put safety devices at all points where they anticipated danger for their little ones.

A gate with a firm catch prevents toddlers from coming inside the work section of the kitchen and touching the stove. All the fireplaces have an ingenious metal lock which makes it impossible for any child to open the screen and get near the fire. Esther figured she couldn't keep boys from trying to climb a fence around a pool so she had Ben enclose a part of the backyard as a playground for the children. Then she equipped it with all sorts of swings and toys to keep them happy inside the enclosure. As a further precaution, she's teaching Kimmie to swim,

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Benjie's already like a duck in the water.

In designing a room for themselves, Esther and Ben had most of the furniture built-in. His chest of drawers is tucked under the eaves. Her vanity table is a shelflike drawer in the dressing room, and one wall of their room is solid with wardrobe closets.

"We don't have a lot of furniture in our bedroom," Esther points out, "but what we have is pretty special. Take our bed, for instance. Ben surprised me with it the first Christmas after we moved in the house. I had always talked about owning an ideal headboard that combined all the useful features of night-stands. Of course I couldn't find one anywhere. Ben got together with Mr. Morse, and the two of them doped out our bed. Using beautiful old wood, Mr. Morse built a deep headboard. It has a six-foot shelf along the top for books and Ben's pipes. Behind two sliding panels are hidden compartments for our two telephones, Kleenex, cold cream, and all the necessary bedside clutter. During the day we keep the panels closed and the headboard looks like the top of a massive double bed. At night we open the two niches and have everything we need within easy reach.

"Another custom-made piece is the wooden valet I gave Ben for his birthday. I'll admit I had it copied from a rare and expensive antique I once saw. I sketched it for Mr. Morse and he built me a replica to fit Ben's suit measurements.

"And lastly there's my Contour chair. I didn't have anything to do with the design of this but I might have had because it suits me to a 'T.' It holds me in the best and most relaxing posture, and it's the first spot I land on after a day at the studio. Then Benjie comes and plops on me and we have our evening tussle."

Naturally, no home belonging to Esther Williams would be complete without a pool. Her oval-shaped tank is located on a rise of ground away from the large oak trees and the children's bedrooms. There's

a small guest house and snack bar beside the pool, and this summer Ben plans to add a barbecue.

As a rule, Esther keeps the water at a comfortable 80°. She swims an easy 20 laps a day. Benjie, at 21 months, fancies himself quite a swimmer, too. He can paddle along without help but Esther insists on two precautions. She's taught him to lie on his stomach whenever he comes near the edge of the pool, and he must wear an inflated tube so that he doesn't get tired and cramp up.

Almost any sunny afternoon from May to December you can stop by the Gages' and find them out by the pool. Benjie will probably be splashing and bobbing in the water while Kimmie bounces in his carriage in an effort to mimic his brother. Ben will undoubtedly be waging a losing battle with the leaves that blow into the pool. Esther's most likely taking a sun bath and keeping an eye on her active offspring. It's a refreshing and pleasant sight—worth stopping to watch.

"We always intended to build a modern farmhouse on the property we own in the Pacific Palisades," Ben reflects idly, "but I don't suppose we'll bother now."

"I don't suppose so," Esther echoes. "This is our home for good." THE END

Miss Williams' swim suit, dry-off suit and blue dress—Cole of California; children's dry-off suits—Cole of California.

APPLIANCES IN ESTHER WILLIAMS' HOME

Thermador stove

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Countour chair—Marie Designers, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

## what do they do with all that money?

(Continued from page 49) Few stars in that situation can face those stern facts. Few stars can ask themselves, "What money?"

Victor Mature is a good example of the rare, prudent actor. Although his income is as large as most, he has resisted everyone's efforts to make him live like a movie star. When he came back from the service, he lived for almost a year in a small bungalow on the studio lot, and kept his money in a metal box under a cot. This showed almost complete disregard for the money itself, but not the slightest inclination to toss it into the luxury market. Mature seldom lets anyone else take a dinner check or buy a drink, but he lives like a successful real estate salesman rather than a movie star.

The Mature home is on a middle class residential street and, according to Hollywood standards, is tiny. It is well furnished and nicely decorated. One day when he found out that the same news was in four daily papers, he stopped taking three of them. He has a bar in his home, but there is no line of fancy liqueurs on the shelf. He buys the same brand suit you do, and he thinks a Cadillac was built to last several years. He owns a radio and television store, not as a hobby, but to make money—which it does or the manager has a lot of explaining to do.

Sunset Boulevard gave the public a rather exaggerated idea of how movie stars, past and present live. No old time

star lives so extravagantly, nor does a current one. The flashy present-day stars live in elegance almost as splendid but on a more modern plane. Gene Kelly, for instance, has a home that would be hard to beat anywhere. Van Johnson has a private theater in his. Bing Crosby's menage is a palace. And most of the top stars have anywhere from two to seven servants. It's hard to figure out how they do it.

To assist the reader in understanding why movie stars can't afford to live like movie stars and pay taxes, let us take four fictional movie stars and, without attempting absolute accuracy, see what happens to their dollars in a general way.

We will begin with Eric Lansdowne. He is of the era of Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, John Wayne and other stars who have been making big money for about 20 years. He is still a big star, very much in demand and makes two pictures a year for a total income of \$300,000. He is married, has a daughter of 10, and is paying alimony to a former wife.

Because Eric can barely make out a laundry list, he has employed a business manager who picks up his checks, pays his bills and handles a hundred kindred matters for him. Therefore, Eric never sees his money, he just hears about it. The first thing the business manager does with Eric's dough is deduct the sum of



\$16,000 as legitimate, off-the-top expenditures for charitable contributions, lesser taxes, interest paid and legitimate entertainment.

He figures up other deductible items which include \$30,000 (10%) paid an agent; \$15,000 (5%) paid a business manager; \$5,000 salary for a secretary and another \$5,000 for office expenses (supplies, photos, fan mail stationery, stamps, etc.); \$5,000 retainer to his attorney; and \$15,000 annual alimony to his ex-wife. He is also allowed to deduct \$1,800 for himself, wife and child. These items amount to \$92,800, a neat tax saving except that he hasn't got the money. He had to spend it to save it. He subtracts these amounts from the \$300,000 and winds up with a net taxable income of \$207,200.

If Eric ever looked at his books he would be delighted—until he looked further and saw that this income obliged him to give Uncle Sam a flat \$130,000—and all he has left is a mere \$67,200. What is bad about \$67,000, you might ask, but Eric can tell you.

In the first place, Eric is not only a movie star but a man who makes \$300,000 a year—and he must live like both. What does it cost him? Well, take his home. It's rather lavish; it has to be. However, in the interest of economy he has cut down to two servants, a cook and butler-maid. He pays them \$400 a month or \$4,800 a year, and lucky to get them for that. He has a gardener whom he pays \$250 a month or \$3,000 a year. Upkeep of the grounds and house, including such necessities as new plantings, a new hose or sprinkler once in a while, replacing faucets, painting a kitchen, etc. cost him \$1,200 a year. He is feeding five regular eaters and the drop-in trade and his grocery bills average \$750 a month or \$9,000 a year. Then there is liquor, flowers for the house, broken lamps and ash trays after parties, recovering or replacing minor pieces of furniture and such and all this works out to another \$500 a month or \$6,000 a year. Household, then nicks Mr. Lansdowne for a fast \$24,000 a year.

But that isn't all.

Eric never did get his mansion fully paid for, so he is paying \$7,000 a year on a mortgage. His kid goes to a private school and that costs \$1,500 a year. Clothing for the family runs \$10,000 a year. He has a bad gall bladder, his wife is a hypochondriac and his daughter is susceptible to everything that comes along, so he pays the family doctor \$5,000 a year to keep them all functioning. Eric himself carries \$150,000 in insurance and sends the agent \$6,000 a year to keep them in force. There are two Cadillacs in the garage and a Ford. The upkeep, gas, oil, washing, lubrication and trade-in cash paid out on these cars is never less than \$7,000 per annum. He belongs to two clubs, doesn't patronize them much, but manages to work up a tab of \$300 a month at them, including dues, so that accounts for another \$3,600 a year.

Now you can begin feeling sorry for Eric, because the total of all these necessary expenses is \$64,100. Uncle Sam left him with \$67,000, so he has a residue of \$2,900.

These figures have not been exaggerated in the least, and have been computed after the careful examination of many confidential income and outgo reports on famous movie stars in Eric's bracket. At the rate figured here, Eric could, in 10 years of hard work retire on a capital of \$29,000 at the age of 54 but, only if he forbids his wife to go to beauty parlors, buy lipsticks or other cosmetics, if he doesn't smoke, if his kid doesn't buy candy or toy balloons, if he never goes to night clubs, if he never takes his family



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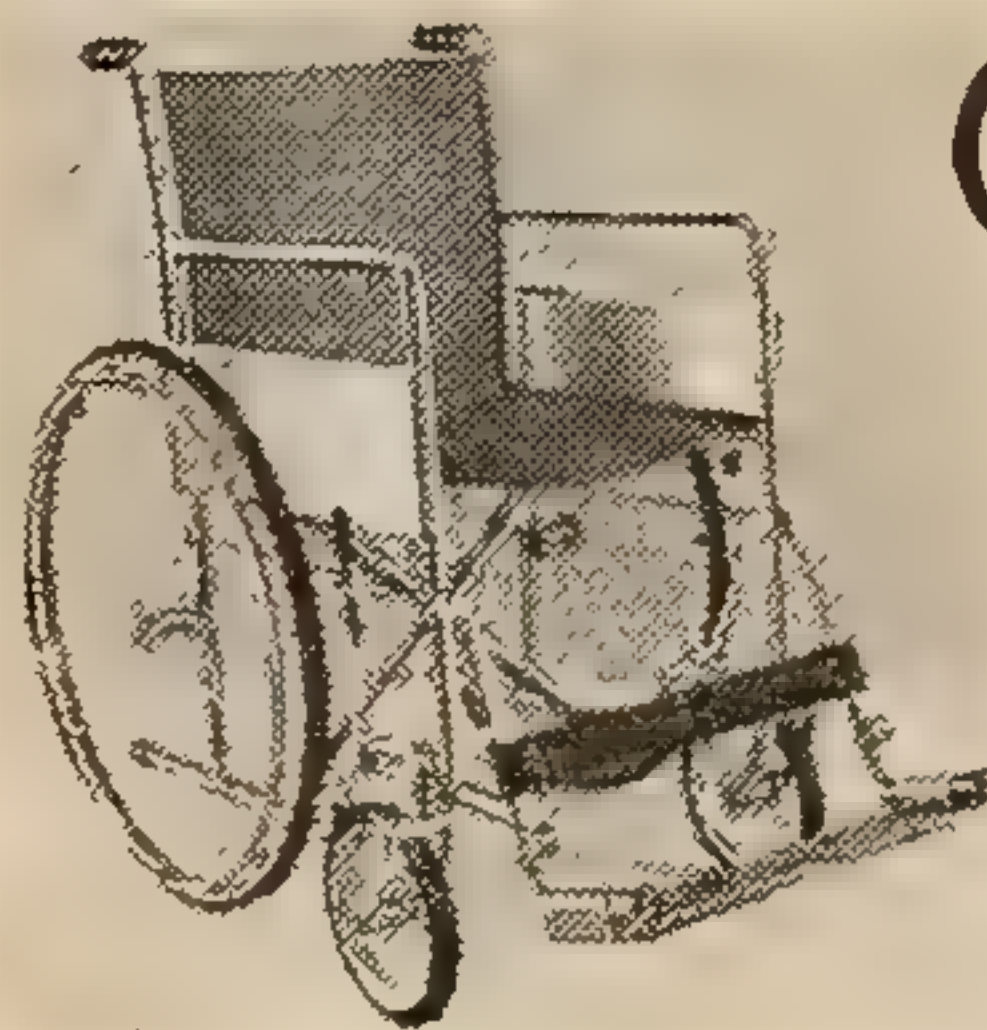
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farther out of town than the Cadillac will drive on a full tank, if his gall bladder doesn't have to come out, if he doesn't have another child, if, if, if. . . . One bad break in any direction could easily ruin Eric Lansdowne for life. And if he ever lags in his tax payments he's a gone goose, for the interest and added layout of cash to pay them up to date would be ruinous. If you feel unhappy for Eric now, shudder a bit, because these figures do not include his state taxes.

**H**AVE you ever dreamt that you'd like to get out of that advertising agency and come to Hollywood and be a movie star? Don't do it, young fellow. You might make good like, let's say Dalton Crewcut, the idol of the bobby-soxers, and really be unhappy.

Dalton is of the era of Van Johnson, Peter Lawford, Robert Walker and others. He is single, 28 years of age, lives simply in a nice home with a houseboy. He is a ladies' man and his salary is \$3,500 a week. He's on top of the world, isn't he? Let's look at his books.

Because his contract calls for 40 weeks work a year, Dalton draws \$140,000 in studio salary and another \$12,000 for four radio shows, making a total income of \$152,000. His business manager promptly knocks off \$7,200 for contributions, interest, taxes, etc., \$15,200 for his agent and \$7,600 for his business manager, a total of \$30,000 leaving Dalton a solid \$122,000 in net income. The Crewcut lad is nice to his mother, sending her a few bucks now and then, but because Ma has another source of income, he is not allowed to deduct it, so he pays a tax of \$78,000 and finds himself holding \$44,000 to live on for the year. That shouldn't be hard, should it?

Now let's estimate what it takes to keep Dalton going in his fine, new life. A houseboy costs him \$300 a month or \$3,600 a year. The house isn't paid for, so that nails Dalton for another \$5,000 per annum on the mortgage. The gardener gets \$200 a month to jockey the lawn mower—after all a man can't live in a weed patch—and that's \$2,400 a year. He doesn't eat in too much, so food and a little grog for the portable bar runs into \$300 a month or \$3,600 per fiscal. But, because Dalton dines out, mostly with glamor girls, and then takes them to swanky night clubs and shows (a very fair average for such pastimes in Hollywood runs to about \$100 a night) the tab at the end of the year is \$12,000.

You never saw a successful young movie star without a brand new convertible Cad, and Dalton has one that after oil, gas, servicing, a couple of minor accidents and a couple of grand lost on trade-in, costs him \$5,000 for the year. He wants to get as much insurance as he can at a good rate while he is young, so he obligates himself for \$5,000 a year in premiums. Then his club dues and expenses take \$300 a month or \$3,600 for 12 months. He is a sharp dresser, and when he figures it all up at tax time, he finds he has dropped \$3,000 in haberdashery and tailor bills. He's pretty healthy, but even so, what with shots for hangovers, cold treatments and a lame back or two he pays a doctor \$1,000 to keep him in acting shape for 12 months. We don't have to go any further to show you that Dalton Crewcut has worries, because he has spent \$44,200 to live, on a net income, after taxes, of just \$44,000.

These figures, too, do not include emergency loans to old pals, the dough to Mom, cigarettes, hair tonic, shaving stuff (the studio won't let him grow a beard), a couple of trips to New York, presents to girls, poker losses and other

nonsense. Dalton is sometimes not so sure he did the right thing by enrolling in that little theater.

**A**ND how about the lad who was picked off a bus two years ago and became an immediate smash with fan mail coming in by the truckload? They started him at \$75.00 a week and now his salary is \$12,000 a year. He is like Tony Curtis of some time ago, Rory Calhoun or Guy Madison, a couple of years after they got in the movies. Let us name him Laddy Washburn.

Laddy is not in too bad a shape, actually, because after he has paid his taxes, he has a balance of \$8,100. He is a big star but he can't live like one—he hasn't got the money. When he came to Hollywood, his mother and father came with him and because their income is only about \$100 a month from a small investment, they all move into a house together. It's a modest place, furnished, that costs \$150 a month or \$1,800 a year. Laddy has a small car a few years old, but it still costs \$600 a year to keep it running. Ma is a sharp customer in a super market, so food for the family runs to \$100 a month or \$1,200 a year. Laddy keeps a small insurance policy on which he pays \$150 a year. He belongs to an athletic club, lifts weights and such, and that drains \$600 a year from his roll.

There is nothing Laddy would like more than to be a clothes horse like Dalton Crewcut, but he can't afford it, so he struggles along on \$500 a year for garb. Medical care for the family—they don't call a doctor unless absolutely necessary—is \$500 a year and the household utilities, gas, water, phone, etc., are kept to a small \$300 a year expenditure. Laddy has one joy in life, really, and it is his biggest expense. He is in love with that glamorous young movie star Sally Singer. Everywhere they go they are photographed together and, being young, they go plenty. But, despite the fact they don't drink much and seldom order pheasant under glass for dinner, it still costs Laddy \$2,500 a year to court his girl. Everything listed here runs into \$7,900, and taken from his net of \$8,100, Laddy has a neat \$200 left with which to play the stock market or buy an engagement ring.

**T**HEY'RE a lovely couple, Laddy Washburn and Sally Singer, and so obviously in love. The gossip columnists write about them all the time, and they are the pets of the photographers. Their romance has been going on for quite a few months now, though, and people are beginning to get a little impatient. Sally and Laddy want to get married. But do you know why they don't? *They can't afford to!*

They figured it out, so let us. Imagine they've been married for a year. We'll forget the wedding and honeymoon. Somebody had to pay for that and neither Sally nor Laddy's folks could afford it—so a few thousand dollars is a debt we will saddle them with.

Their combined incomes, her \$30,000 and his \$12,000 is \$42,000 a year. Deductible items, before the tax bite are \$12,000, leaving them \$30,000. The tax, on a double return, is \$8,000 and they wind up with \$22,000 net.

Laddy and Sally are sensible, so they rent a furnished house for \$300 a month or \$3,600 a year. They find a couple who will work cheap, \$3,600 for both. They've got a yard and a front lawn and the man with the hoe charges them \$1,800 to take care of it for the four seasons. They market carefully, very carefully, and spend only \$150 a month for food; that makes another \$1,800 a year. They remember the courting places, but they only go out

once a week. At a low \$50 an evening, that comes to \$2,500 a year—a big bite, to be sure, but they have to be seen around. Now they have two good cars, and that puts a nick of \$5,000 a year into the budget for upkeep and trade-ins. Laddy keeps his clothing bills down and Sally slices hers a little, so it costs \$1,200 between them for rags. Insurance comes to \$150 a year and medical expenses \$300. Sally still goes to the beauty parlor for \$400 and still buys \$300 worth of cosmetics. Two go to the club now, so the price goes up to \$1,000; and, because they now have a household and accept invitations themselves, the Washburns spend \$1,400 a year entertaining at home. Laddy sends his elderly parents \$1,800 a year (\$150 a month) to augment their tiny income, making a grand total of \$24,250 worth of expenditures for the year.

Alone, Laddy and Sally remain reasonably solvent but frustrated emotionally; married, they wind up with a deficit of \$2,200. And everybody wants to know why they don't get married. If Laddy and his bride want to enjoy their youth and go to shows, take trips, have hobbies, give presents, buy a small boat for weekends, go on picnics and do any of the other things young couples like to do, they will wind up in the poor house.

**M**OVIE stars in the main, believe they can't live on a strict budget because it doesn't look good. They can't economize too much or people will say they are cheap—people who can't add, that is. They have to maintain the honorable front of the idol, so they go in the hole.

It is obviously impossible to live in the proper manner and come out with enough to start an estate, so what does the star do? He doesn't pay *all* of his taxes, figuring to make it up later, and the first thing he knows he is in so deep he cannot get out. Uncle Sam is a kindly but firm creditor. His agents don't make the laws, they only enforce them, and they are sworn not to jeopardize the Boss's interests. Therefore, when a star gets to the point where current income won't pay present and back taxes, an Internal Revenue Bureau man sticks up a sign and takes away a house, or cars, or anything else that is owned (paid for in full or not) and sells them to settle the debt. This doesn't help the movie star too much. As a matter of fact, it might hinder him, for, as in the case of the DeToths, when the government moves in, all the other creditors, to protect their interests, file liens, too, and the panic is on. The star can't pay—and might have to go into bankruptcy. In the case of the DeToths again, their assets slightly exceeded their liabilities, but with everyone demanding payment at once, they were forced to go to court to ask a receiver to liquidate them peacefully.

A star's only chance is a business manager. There are two kinds; one the aggressive type, like Bo Christian Roos, Hollywood's most successful, who is a wizard at investments that pay a long profit; the other is represented by Joseph Wren, a conservative model—and one of the oldest-operating—who rules his clients with the temperament of a shrew. He saves and invests in only the soundest of enterprises, hewing to the thought that it isn't his money and he has to be careful with it. A few former tax agents are now in the field and doing well because of their experience in Uncle Sam's front office. One is Jack Schroader, a lad who, when he was an agent, once gave a star making close to a half million a year the choice of living on \$100 a week until the tax tab was paid or recommending that the government sell him out. The star



paid off—and sends clients to Schroader. When next you envy a star, think of this. If it is Cary Grant, and he makes \$300,000 a year, he pays, more than likely, at least \$130,000 to the government. If it is Howard Duff, and he makes \$150,000 a year, he will likely drop \$75,000 into the income tax kitty and have to spend the rest of it living up to the gross income and star status. If it is Shelley Winters, or Farley Granger—and the gossips say they average about \$1,000 a week each—you can bet that after they pay Washington they hardly have enough left to buy a brace of beers. And if it is Tony Curtis, feel real sorry for him, or any of the kids like him. They come into the business at a salary a good deal less than a fair plumber, and even when they reach the top (in popularity—not income) they seldom get over \$500 weekly, so that they are forced to spend their days acting like millionaires and their nights wrapped in the arms of fear and worry.

Gone is the era of fabulous jewels, hand-built cars, closets full of mink, magnificent mansions and underfoot servants. Now upon Hollywood is the era of the pinched penny, the wary credit manager and elegant, genteel poverty. **THE END**

## candy 'n' cake

(Continued from page 45) she returned to the gate. Betty took me aside. "You know," she said, "I think Candy'll grow up to be another Emily Post. But for a while I had my doubts."

It seems that for weeks before the party Betty and the children's nurse, Kirshie, had been coaching Candy on the gentle art of being a perfect hostess. Candy hadn't appeared to be absorbing any of the rules. It wasn't until the time came to apply them that Betty realized she'd been paying close attention.

ONE glimpse of the backyard convinced me that the Big Top had set up headquarters on the spot. The color scheme was green and yellow. The trunk of a large olive tree was wrapped with crepe paper. Yellow ribbons streamed from the branches and attached to each ribbon was a gaily wrapped gift. A big sign labeled it *The Birthday Tree*.

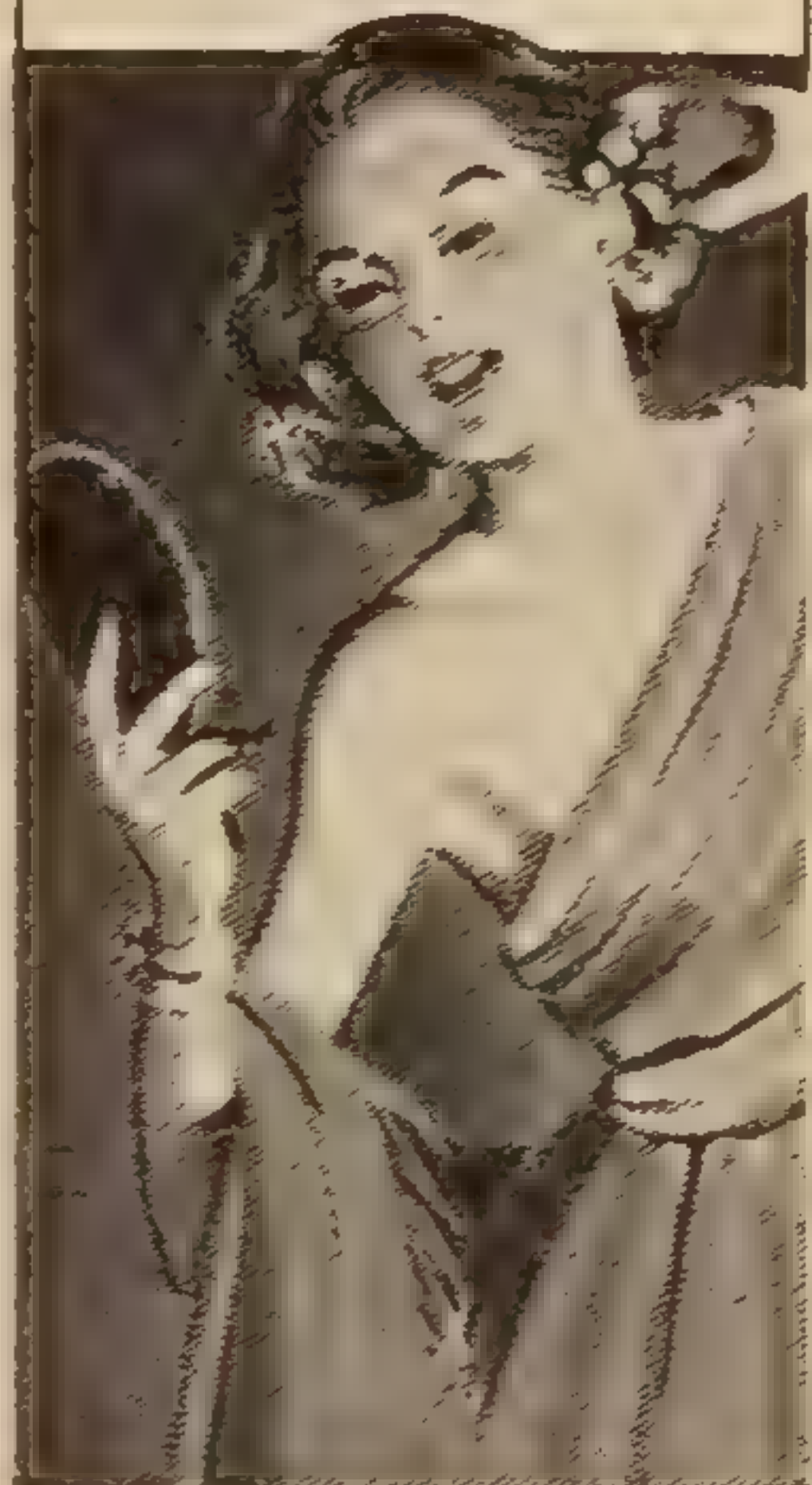
An immense cellophane tent had been set up. Inside were favor-laden tables and small chairs.

"Lindsay had a western party on her birthday," Betty explained, "so we wanted Candy's to be different."

Betty and her babies have been circus-minded ever since she worked in *The Greatest Show on Earth*, and it didn't take long to find out that everyone had caught the spirit. I was heading in the general direction of the clown when I heard a scream. "Here comes my boyfriend!" Candy was shouting. In walked Bruce Tebbe, a handsome young gentleman who, rising to the occasion, planted a birthday kiss on her cheek, and proceeded to hug her so hard she fell down!

Most of the guests were too busy to notice this touch of romance, however. Some of the 30 small fry were friends whose families are movie-folk. There were Mimi and Monica Henreid, whose own birthday parties are looked forward to by the young set. Mrs. Don DeFore brought Penny, Dawn, and David. The girls and their mother were dressed in mother-daughter outfits, and Mom looked as young as her daughters. Sue Ladd and David were on hand. And Vincente Minnelli had escorted Liza and her nurse to the gate, and promised to return for them. The majority of the guests were from the Brentwood Town

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and Country School which Candy and Lindsay attend.

On one part of the lawn, the organ grinder was working away as his monkey did tricks for pennies. Across the way, the clown was clowning. He'd brought along jars of liquid soap that produces bubbles, and the bubbles were sailing over a crowd of moppets' heads.

Ted Briskin had flown in from Chicago for the occasion, and he was everywhere at once shooting home movies.

When the last guest had arrived, we settled down on the lawn for the main events. First the clown appeared with an egg. No sooner had he put it up his sleeve than he pulled it out of his mouth. The biggest hit of the afternoon was the dog act. Betty had recruited the canine performers from studio casting. There were six tiny pups. And what professionals! They jumped through their trainer's arms, sat up, pranced on their hind legs, and had their audience begging for more.

BEFORE refreshments were served, the clown herded the children around the Birthday Tree. Heads bobbed like crazy as they jumped for presents. Betty and Ted helped those who couldn't quite reach the packages. Then the wrappings flew as the boxes were opened. Inside were toy animals—bears, elephants, seals, tigers. Candy's gifts were placed in a basket to be opened the next morning.

Things moved along at a mighty speed. "Isn't it wonderful?" Betty'd stop to say every so often. "Sometimes they get tired and start to cry, or want to go home—but they seem to be having too much fun!"

It was easy to see why no one would think of climbing over the back fence. The crowd was adjourning to the tent. Betty had had the local bakery make up tiny rolls. Cocktail sausages made perfect min-

ature hotdogs. The hamburgers were pint-sized, too.

The colorful horns and balloons gave the food a bit of competition. And there were jockey caps for the fellows and crowns for the girls. Candy drew all eyes when the birthday cake was brought out. The frosted production was set before her and she did her own slicing, after blowing out the candles and making her wish. She never told her wish, but a few minutes later she raced up to her mother. "Has it come?" she asked.

"I think so," Betty smiled. "It's a very special present," she told me.

"A weal wive wammy," Candy informed me.

"A what?"

"She means a real live lamb," Ted translated.

The lamb, it seems, was Candy's and Lindsay's hearts' desire. "But is it really for real?" Everybody had to be shown.

Came the journey to the nursery. The children were taken in a few at a time. There indeed was a real live lamb—all of two weeks old. David Ladd was enchanted. He knew just the place for the "wammy" and was all for taking it along to Alsulad, the Ladd's ranch.

"Wammy"—who later came to be known as "Nancy Frances," nearly stole the show from *My Friend Flicka*, who was only on film. The movie was shown in the living room to the group happily seated on the floor.

It was 7:30 when THE END flashed upon the screen. The only thing the guests were unhappy about was going home. "I had a wonderful time," I told Candy and right away I knew I'd made the understatement of the year. And from the twinkle in Betty's eye as she watched me skip out the door with my balloon and crown, I think she knew it, too.

THE END

## the low down on macrae

(Continued from page 43) (If you don't laugh ecstatically people think you've gone Hollywood. Going Hollywood means you're a stuck-up bum.) Gordon actually got named as "uncooperative" by the press last year, even though he gave 58 interviews, and every interview you give at home involves dressing up three reluctant children and making them act human until the nice reporter goes away.

Speaking of interviews, we're beginning to worry about running out of material.

"I'd like to stay in this business 15 years," Gordon said the other day, "and I don't know what we're going to tell them that they don't already know." He fixed me with an eye. "You'll have to have a dozen more kids, we'll make them into a Lacrosse team, and when you get your new mink coat, you can walk on it, like whoever that actress was."

I fixed him with an eye right back. "I'm going to put my new mink in the ice-box."

"Hmm," he said. "Good copy."

So far he hasn't bought me the mink, but I've got the ice-box, with a whole 11-room house around it. And a pool. We searched for a year and a half before we found this place. I wanted a house that looked like it came from the East.

When I told this to the owner (an artist who'd raised his own family there) he seemed surprised. "But this is a Southern Colonial house," he said.

"New England," I said.

"New Orleans," he said.

"Nouveau riche," said Gordon. "Here's a check."

That house is a dream. Our room is turquoise and white; white shutters, a

white fireplace, beautiful polished mahogany floor, and a door that opens right out onto the pool.

The girls have a wing to themselves, with identical dressing-rooms and bedrooms and closets, and their bathroom has its own small size equipment. Heather likes the shady side of the house, so we've got her there, and we're decorating in blue; Meredith likes sun, so she's yellow with butterflies. Gar's room is on the ground floor, with a separate entrance, but since he's only three, he won't be needing it for a while. He's got wall paper called "Happy Valley," red, green, yellow, with farmers, apples, etc., and his furniture's big and washable, and his bath has roosters all over it. Since it's downstairs, we can use it as a powder room when there's company.

I picked out all the wall paper on our recent trip to New York (Gordon goes there twice a year to do personal appearances) and for several reasons this last jaunt is one I won't forget in a hurry.

New York City is full of mixed sensations for Gordon and me, nowadays. It's beautiful and exciting, it holds a million memories, but we don't have fun there the way we used to. Not that I'm unhappy over the fabulous success Gordon's having, or the things it's brought us. Only that I sometimes think you experience more thrills—or at least they mean more—while you're still struggling, and you have time for just the two of you. And you get to take a ferry ride once in a while.

This year, we arrived at the Park Sheraton Hotel, and the phone started ringing. Gordon was booked for several shows a day at the Strand Theater, and the record company thought it would be a good idea for him to guest on some disc jockey shows. Then there were various



benefits (which he *likes* to do), and after all, he wanted to see his mother who lives in Jersey, and he had to take a music lesson every morning. (He's crazy about subways; he'd taxi up to his teacher at 86th Street, then subway back.) And on top of that, interviews.

There were kids who hung around the Strand stage-door, too, waiting to have their autograph books signed. That took an hour after every show, but what are you going to do, turn 'em down, when they stand there with their hearts in their eyes?

And always, you insult somebody. "How come you can't see so-and-so's grandchild who's a very talented little tap-dancer? Huh?" is the way the chant goes.

But I remember when New York used to be different for us. I remember 1942. Gordon was making \$65 a week. We owed half of it, and Gordon's brother-in-law (who bears the impressive name Duncan Van Cleef II) worked out our budget. The budget allowed a restaurant meal once a week, and the restaurant we haunted was a little place called The Epicure, over on the East side. It's narrow (about half a brownstone), and it smells like heaven.

**Dinah Shore gave me the lowdown at lunch yesterday on why she, husband George Montgomery and daughter Melissa, three, are leaving that dream home of theirs in Encino.**

"It's too expensive," Dinah, who is now a blonde for her role in *Aaron Slick From Punkin Creek*, confided. "Our business manager says we've got to cut down."

The Shore-Montgomery early American style menage, which he designed and built with the assistance of two friends, is one of the Valley show places. They've got six and one-half acres, four of them landscaped, and Dinah says it's rough just to keep the gardening crew.

"It's a luxury, we know that now," she admitted, "but after six and a half years there it's kinda hard to give up. But the only ones who can afford those kind of places any more are the coupon clippers. Certainly no salaried people like us can afford it."

"But whatever we do," promised Dinah, "we'll stay in the Valley."

*Dick Williams in  
Los Angeles Mirror*

We'd eat baked stuffed oysters, and chicken Tetrizzini, and converse sophisticatedly with Jack, the manager. He still remembers us, and we still remember him. The Epicure's our hangout when we're in town. "Sentimental, aren't you," my husband says to me. "Tonight I think I'll have shrimp cocktail." In the end, he orders baked stuffed oysters, and tries to look matter of fact.

There were other years in New York that I remember . . . Gordon fresh out of the army, and Meredith not quite a year old, and our whole future a question mark . . . We dumped the baby on my mother in Long Island, and started concentrating on rebuilding MacRae. He'd been away a long time, and all the contacts, the radio people we'd known, were gone, and CBS couldn't have cared less about the returning hero.

My husband's determined; I'm made of weaker stuff. "I wish we'd stayed in the army," I said. CBS seconded the motion.

"We don't need another singing baritone. We've got Jack Smith, Danny O'Neill—but we'll pay your old salary for a year—" (This was in line with the pro-

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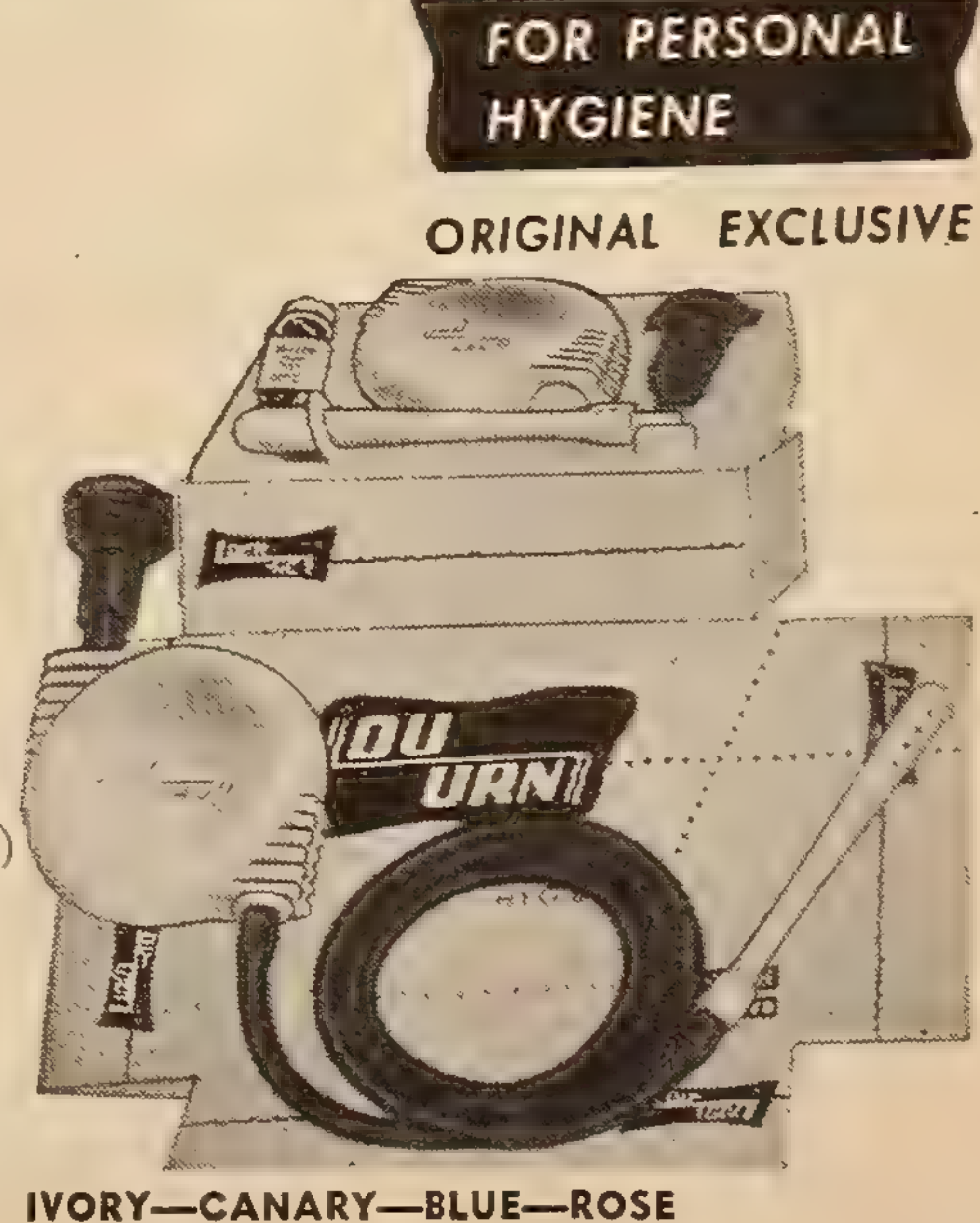
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gram that guaranteed veterans would get their jobs back, or at least come home to some measure of security.)

Gordon didn't care about the money. "We can live off what we've saved, or off my family, or even borrow. What I want is to get going, I want people to hear my voice again."

The powers shrugged. "If you can work out a format for some original program, maybe. Something different."

They never expected to hear from us again, but we decided otherwise. We got an idea for a show: songs, and some skit material involving Gordon and a girl we called Cathy (me) with whom bobby-sox listeners could identify themselves. Cathy was stuck on Gordon. It wasn't "War and Peace," but it was cute.

We took the idea to CBS, and told Wendell Adams we had it ready.

"Fine," he said. He picked up the phone and asked for Mr. Paley, the president.

"Okay," Mr. Paley said. "Put 'em in one of the studios. I'll catch it upstairs."

"Look," I said, clutching Adams' arm hysterically, "I said we have the *idea*. Nothing is written, nothing is on paper—we have no script!"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Adams, shoving us into a studio and closing the door.

We ad-libbed that show for 20 minutes. Gordon would say he had to buy a present for a girl, and Cathy would be properly nosey-but-heartbroken, and then the girl would turn out to be his mother, etc.

After 20 minutes, Paley called Adams. "Sign both of them," he said. "And whoever wrote the program." Technically speaking, this was also me. MacRae and I looked at each other, and like the song says, we saw blossoms though the trees were bare. This was the first step in his comeback and we knew it.

OUR show went on five times a week, and we got so good, if I do say so as shouldn't, that our time was moved up from five to seven in the evening. We were given a real professional writer (I'm no Mrs. Danny Kaye) and we even had an audience. (For the pre-audience shows, we used to let Meredith sit in the control booth. She'd watch with big sad eyes, and comment later, "Daddy sang. Mommy didn't sing." She never smiled; thought it was frivolous, I guess.) Everything was fine until I got pregnant. Three months later, we were still doing the show, and I was growing fatter and fatter and fatter.

Archie Bleyer (who's with Arthur Godfrey now) was in charge of our musical accompaniment. He came out with the subject of my figure one day. "You're getting fat," he said. "Or you're pregnant." Sort of as though he wondered if I knew.

I hunched down in my loose jacket. By then I was in the loose jacket stage. "It's true," I said.

"Sheila," Archie said. "You've got to tell them."

So Gordon and I were on the spot again. Pregnant bobby-soxers are looked upon with some disfavor, and we knew Cathy's days were numbered. But our luck held. Along came Stanley Gilkey, who was doing a Broadway musical, *Three To Make Ready*, and he wanted Gordon.

"Do you work as a single or a double?" he asked.

I looked at Gordon. "He's a single."

Gilkey grinned. "That's good. I don't know what I'd have used you for."

THAT afternoon seems a long time ago. I've got it packed away among my other New York souvenirs—opening night of *Three To Make Ready*, Heather's arrival, the funny days, the worried days, all the days when we were awfully young and awfully hopeful.

In New York, we went to bed late, we got up late, we had breakfast together. When we first came to Warners, we were plunged into a totally different kind of life, and we didn't like it. Gordon got up at seven, went to bed at seven, and was so dog-tired he was asleep by 7:02. The only time he saw the kids was in the morning, at breakfast, and I had to get used to the idea of literary evenings. A book's good company, but you can't talk back to it, and I'm a gabby sort of girl.

Gordon and I worked out a way to be together for at least part of every day by meeting for lunch. Not less than four times a week, I meet him and we eat in the Green Room at Warners, or we hop over to the Lakeside Country Club, which is right close by.

OFTEN, I take the kids over to watch the shooting on Gordon's set. They behave because they know they'll get whisked home if they make a peep. I once had to clap my hand over Heather's mouth at a crucial moment, and S. Z. Sakall, who was working in the picture, was horrified.

He came over to me later. "What a terrible thing to do to such a beautiful child." Heather's blonde, with fat legs, and people love her at sight. She returns the compliment. In fact, she'd have gladly gone home with Sakall that day.

I don't think I'm a tremendous disciplinarian, but I've got a healthy respect for the way my husband earns his living, and you can't have children messing up takes.

**Marie Wilson is in the hospital with a chest cold. No comment.**

Earl Wilson in  
The New York Post

Some picture people don't let their children know anything about "daddy's business." We don't believe in that. If daddy's a plumber, the kids know what he does; why not if he's an actor? Kids of people in show business often fail to make out on their own, in later life, and I think it's partly because the clothes, the toys, the money, have all been there, ready for them; things have come too easily, but they don't understand the effort that's gone into getting them.

Part of this I learned from Jack Haley, a real professional who sweated for years to achieve solid security. His children were always around the theater, seeing what went on. They learned that "Be quiet when I'm rehearsing" meant "Be quiet when I'm rehearsing," and it didn't hurt them any.

Once, in front of Haley, Meredith asked me, "Where's Daddy?"

"Singing," I said.

Haley held his head and moaned. "Singing!" he said. "Working! He's working! Let them respect it!"

Developing a respect for money in children is harder on the parent than on the child, I've found out. When I'm in New York, I'd like to go into Schwarz and buy the place out. It's a terrific temptation to get stuff for Meredith because she takes wonderful care of her belongings. But I know that young lady. We used to give her an allowance of 50 cents a week to cover the cost of comic books, Hoppy buttons, all such essentials. After a while, she figured she needed more, and she went and charged things at the local five and dime store. It was smart, but it wasn't very nice, so we had to come to an understanding.

She's a reasonable child, though. Very logical, and if she doesn't do what you tell her to every time, at least she's always got an explanation.

The mind-of-her-own doesn't keep her from being polite, even though she de-



clines to curtsy. I love it; she doesn't. I'm old-fashioned; she's not. Can I punish her for that?

Her biggest avocation is writing away for things she sees on television. She has a mania for cooking, and she's much more interested in the commercials than in the programs. An announcer will stand up and start burbling, "We have a special mix that makes biscuits—"

My daughter, pencil poised, copies down painstakingly, "Box 25, etc., etc.," in a large slanting hand, and then sends away for whatever it happens to be.

She made her first cake in honor of Gar's third birthday. It was a horribly soggy cake (she beat it so much) but to Meredith, the moment when Frances (our wonderful cook) turned on the oven for her was one of rare splendor.

Gar had three cakes for his birthday. Frances turned out a beautiful heart with strawberries, my mother brought over one she'd made, and Meredith's was right in the middle, tired, yet awe-inspiring.

Meredith and Heather both worship Gar, but they don't get on too wonderfully together. For one thing, Heather doesn't speak English. She's a very contented child, didn't talk at all till she was two. Now she says "Mereditss," and "I doe wan to do dat," which her older sister views with contempt.

At four, Heather's in nursery school (Meredith was in kindergarten at the same age); they're geared differently. Not that Heather isn't showing signs of violent

esthetic advance. She demanded that we bring her back toe shoes from New York. Miss Biscuit Mix, on the other hand (my daughter who lives by television commercials) wanted "a magic set that makes colors." Naturally.

I get a present from MacRae myself, now and again. He once bought me a gold charm bracelet, and adding charms has become a ritual. Every important event in our lives is commemorated by a charm. The wheels on the little train (that brought us to Hollywood) really run, and I've got a tiny movie camera (in celebration of Gordon's movie contract) with a heart on the side that says "you are the heart of my work."

For our eighth anniversary, he presented me with an 8-ball inscribed "option renewed with interest."

About the charm he chose when he signed his recording deal, I had reservations. It was a little bag of gold.

"What's that for?" I said. I'd been expecting maybe a record with his autograph.

"I don't know," said my bright husband. "I thought it would be nice."

"It seems a trifle mercenary, or commercial—"

"Well, for continued success or something, oh, you know—"

At which climactic point I leave you. If my husband had ever won an academy award, I'd have ended the story more thrillingly, but give the man time. I'm willing to give him the rest of my life. I'm funny that way. THE END

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We're paying higher prices than "a penny a kiss, a penny a hug" or even "a penny for your thoughts." The first 100 of you Modern Screen readers who tell us what you think will have earned yourselves \$1.00. All you have to do is read all the stories in this August issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, and we'll send 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Virginia Mayo—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ The New Mrs. Agar (John Agar)
- ☐ No More Playboys for Rita (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ A New Love for Coop? (Gary Cooper)
- ☐ Hollywood's Bedtime Manners
- ☐ Who Wants A Private Life? (John Derek)
- ☐ Brief Marriage? (Ruth Roman)
- ☐ My Son, Peter by Glenn Ford
- ☐ Liz Taylor Tells The Truth About Her Loves
- ☐ The Lowdown on MacRae (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ Candy 'n' Cake (Betty Hutton's children)
- ☐ Is Grable Quitting? (Betty Grable)
- ☐ The Perfect Happiness by Jane Greer
- ☐ Look Out For This Guy (John Wayne)
- ☐ Tony and Piper Meet The People (Curtis-Laurie)
- ☐ What Do They Do With All That Money?
- ☐ How Esther and Ben Live (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?

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## **NO HIGHWAY**

by Nevil Shute

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## **MESSAGE FROM A STRANGER**

by Marya Mannes

This is the story of Olivia Baird, wealthy and successful writer, and the four men in her life. Olivia gave herself completely to those she loved—Brian, her first and greatest love—Whitney, businessman and man of the world—Max, the dreamer. And finally, there was her son, Philip. How Olivia loved too well, and what brought her true happiness at last, are high points in this tale of love and destiny.

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## **the perfect happiness**

(Continued from page 53) in his love for you and his esteem for you. And you can't fake or storm your way to this. You can only earn it by giving of yourself as you yourself want to receive.

You couldn't have sold me this idea when I was younger. My hazy evaluation of things then was that a well-lived life must be more glamorous than that.

How I got to what I *am* from what I *was* I'll never know. To begin with, I started out with everything I needed to nurture a nice, fat neurosis:

A frustrated girlhood in which I persisted in trying to impress everyone that I was "different" . . .

A frantic teenhood trying to convince vocal teachers I could sing operatically and being absolutely rejected by them . . .

A constant series of slight gains and sharp losses in my fight to be somebody; "optioned" for Hollywood and then forgotten; finally installed in a studio and then ignored; tested for dozens of pictures and consistently turned down; auditioned for radio and "walked out on" by the producer.

Yet here I am today and my contract reads "starring roles." My husband has a smile for me every morning even before his coffee, and my two little boys have a thousand ways of telling me that nothing counts more than I in their lives. And this, even if it isn't so high a place in the world that all the rest of it has to look up at me, is the only place I want.

Happiness, in one form or another, was near me always. But I was always rushing past it. I had the kind of girlhood in which you keep saying to yourself desperately, "But nothing ever happens to me!" That was self-delusion.

Plenty was happening. While I was concentrating on myself, hopping from one dream-scheme or pretense to another, I was unmaking friends, influencing people to stay clear of me, and even unloading a good part of my troubles on my family.

Thus I ran in nervous, harried circles until one Hollywood day in my calmer twenties when I got the thought that maybe it would be interesting to be useful to someone other than myself. And, wonder of wonders, from that day on it seems that my whole world warmed up for me.

I think I got serious—and miserable—about my life as early as the age of nine. I heard Lily Pons and she fixed me good. I, too, would be a coloratura soprano! For five years I screeched everybody glassy-eyed around the house, and then insisted that mother take me to a vocal coach.

Maestro Papalardo, of Washington, D.C., where we lived, heard me. He had an honest face and at my first note the expression that fell over it was unmistakable. He was suffering from excruciating pain. His words were plain. A coloratura? Never! I didn't sing my high notes—I screamed them. Nor would I ever be able to sing them.

"But Maestro," I protested. "Let me sing just once more for you."

"No!" he begged. "Please, no."

On the way home with mother I sobbed—a broken-hearted 14-year-old girl (I didn't know then that I was also due to be a broken-hearted 15 and 16-year-old girl). Mother was sympathetic but, it seemed to me, not unduly concerned. Today I know why it is a good thing that mothers don't fall apart when their children do. Then there would seem to be no hope at all. As it was, her calmness suggests that there may be something left in life after all, even if you have just had a wonderful dream bubble punctured, and your life lay in pieces around you.



In my case I was to be shattered almost completely. Not six months later, after I had decided there was nothing left for me but acting, I suffered a unique malady which paralyzed the muscles on one side of my face! You couldn't think of a worse stroke of luck, at first, yet it turned out to be a great thing for me. After the doctors gave me up, I used to stand in front of a mirror and *will* my dead facial muscles alive. One side of my mouth was drawn up in a permanent smile by the paralysis. Month after month I worked on that smile and slowly, painfully, I began to get the curve out of it. Before a year was up I not only had conquered the paralysis, I had acquired control over all the principal muscles in my face. This was a decided asset for anyone who wanted to act. But I learned it takes more than Lon Chaney tricks to be an actress.

So, perversely enough, I went back to singing. I began using my voice, but in the lower register, trying it out on ballads. When I was 17 I embarked on a new big career. I was singing with Ralph Hawkins' orchestra in a night club outside of Washington, not getting home until 3 A.M., and feeling like a very special person indeed.

It was a little disconcerting that I would invariably get drowsy between numbers after midnight (often falling asleep on my bandstand chair). And it was very annoying to look so young that the only attitude of the boys in the band towards me was a protective one. Nevertheless, I quickly got back my old sense of *destiny* and lived up to it by playing the role of a very smart and sophisticated young lady.

My only difficulty was my family's attitude. Mother and Dad, and my twin brother, Donald, were interested in my career, but not feverishly. It was all right with them if I wanted one, but also all right if I didn't. How can you set the world afire when your own people are fond of you but hardly impressed? In the back of my mind I was always trying to overcome this.

One morning when I got home from the club I felt odd. Mother was waiting for me and I announced dramatically that something was wrong. I looked in the mirror and the face I saw seemed distorted, the eyes gleaming too brightly over dark circles, and the skin showing up red through the makeup.

"Mother!" I cried.

She just said, "Yes?" gently.

"Mother! I can't stand it! I'm going to have a nervous breakdown!"

"Yes," said Mother, peering at me closely. "You know, darling, it's hard to believe at your age..."

"But it's true!" I interrupted.

"It's hard to believe," she went on, quietly, "but you have the measles."

I know this is the kind of story that brings a laugh but to me it was pure tragedy. Just as the other "funny" stories I now remember were heartbreaking to me when they happened.

I was still just 17 when a movie scout for Paramount saw me and took an option for his company. I didn't know it was just an option. I didn't even know what an option was. I immediately announced to my family and friends that I was on my way to Hollywood. Everybody was thrilled, there were going-away parties... and then there came a letter from Paramount. Being overstocked with girls of my type, they were not taking up my option.

WHAT to do? I was still in Washington when everyone thought I was gone. I hid around the house for three days crying my eyes out. Finally, one afternoon, Mother forced me out of the house and I sneaked into a movie in downtown Washington. All through the picture I cried again because the girl on the screen should have been me. And when I stumbled out of the theater whom did I see walking towards me but two of my most "questionable" friends... real backstabbers. They nudged each other significantly the second their eyes fell upon me and I knew I was in for a bad time. Why, Jane! What are you doing in Washington? We thought you were in Hollywood by now. Well! Scratch, bite, scratch. That's the way their questioning would go. And it did.

It was awful. It was always awful with me then, I recall, because I was always leaping ahead of myself, of my actual accomplishments, which is the same thing as leaping into nervousness and wretchedness. Later, when I had actually been signed for movies by Howard Hughes, it was six months before I even saw him in person. And as for getting into a picture—I just didn't.

I couldn't stand it. I decided to get out of my contract because I was sure I would be signed by another company the moment I was free. I got out of the contract and I was signed by nobody.

Things were so desolate for me by this time that it was no wonder I began to get an inkling of my wrong attitude toward life. Yet I still wasn't cured and when, another six months later, I found myself under contract to RKO the old ego started sailing again. It was either the top or nothing for me. If I got a script to read I automatically saw myself in the starring part. Consequently my fate was sealed. In my first picture I had exactly nine words, six initials and a throat-clearing business as my speaking part. The picture was *Pan-Americana* and my lines were:

"Yes, J. D."

"No, J. D."

"Yes, mam. I mean, yes, sir."

"Yes, J. D."

The throat clearing came when I said "mam" instead of "sir."

Oh, those mixed up days! I used to pay great attention to my wardrobe. I had no pictures to dress up for, so I dressed up for the commissary. I believe I have made some of the finest commissary entrances in the history of that lunch room. I would sweep in regally, producers would look up disinterestedly and then go back to their goulash. And I had primed for hours!

I was so hungry for recognition... even if I was the only one to recognize myself. And poor mother! I dragged her out to see *Pan-Americana* with me about 25 times. She had three shows to sit through, four

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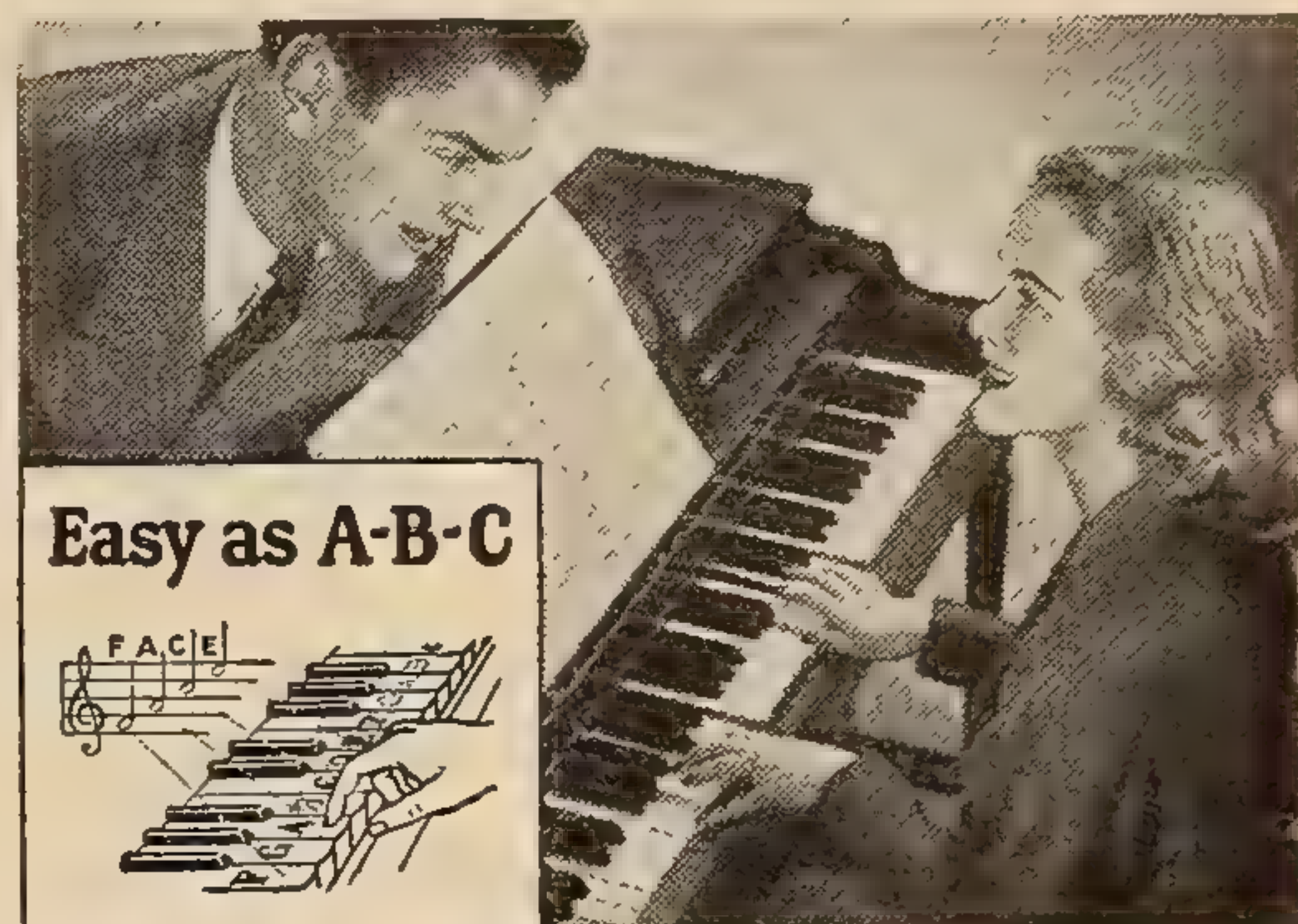
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if she didn't revolt. Once, in the Hollywood Pantages theater, just as my scene was due on, a woman in the audience missed her purse and started up a cry about it. Other patrons misinterpreted her yelling and thought there was a fire. A scramble to get out followed but I sat tight. "I won't move until I actually smell smoke," I thought to myself. I just wasn't going to miss my scene!

With my career going hit and miss, I got married to Rudy Vallee and that missed, too. I think I learned a lot as a result of it, but not enough. I was still overly opportunistic about myself. I needed further awakening and I got it.

I recall the time when a big advertising agency asked me to test for a top singing role in a coast to coast show. I appeared with my accompanist, the executives retired to a darkened control booth, and I sang. When the number was over there was silence. I spoke into the microphone and asked if they wanted me to sing another. No answer. I went to the booth and looked in. It was empty. In eloquent criticism they had all just taken themselves a walk!

Another time I got a fairly good role in a western. Halfway through the shooting I caught the flu and for the next 10 days I tossed and worried on my bed

at home because I was holding up the entire production. So I got well, went to the studio and found that the picture was finished without me!

"No trouble at all," they said. "We just rewrote it a little."

Rewrote it! In the last scene they had taken of me I was hanging by my hands from a tree and yelling for the hero to catch me. That's where I stayed all through the last half of the finished picture. Every once in a while they would cut in the same scene again, showing me hanging and still yelling, and then go on with the rest of the story. It was a big laugh, they assured me. But I didn't laugh.



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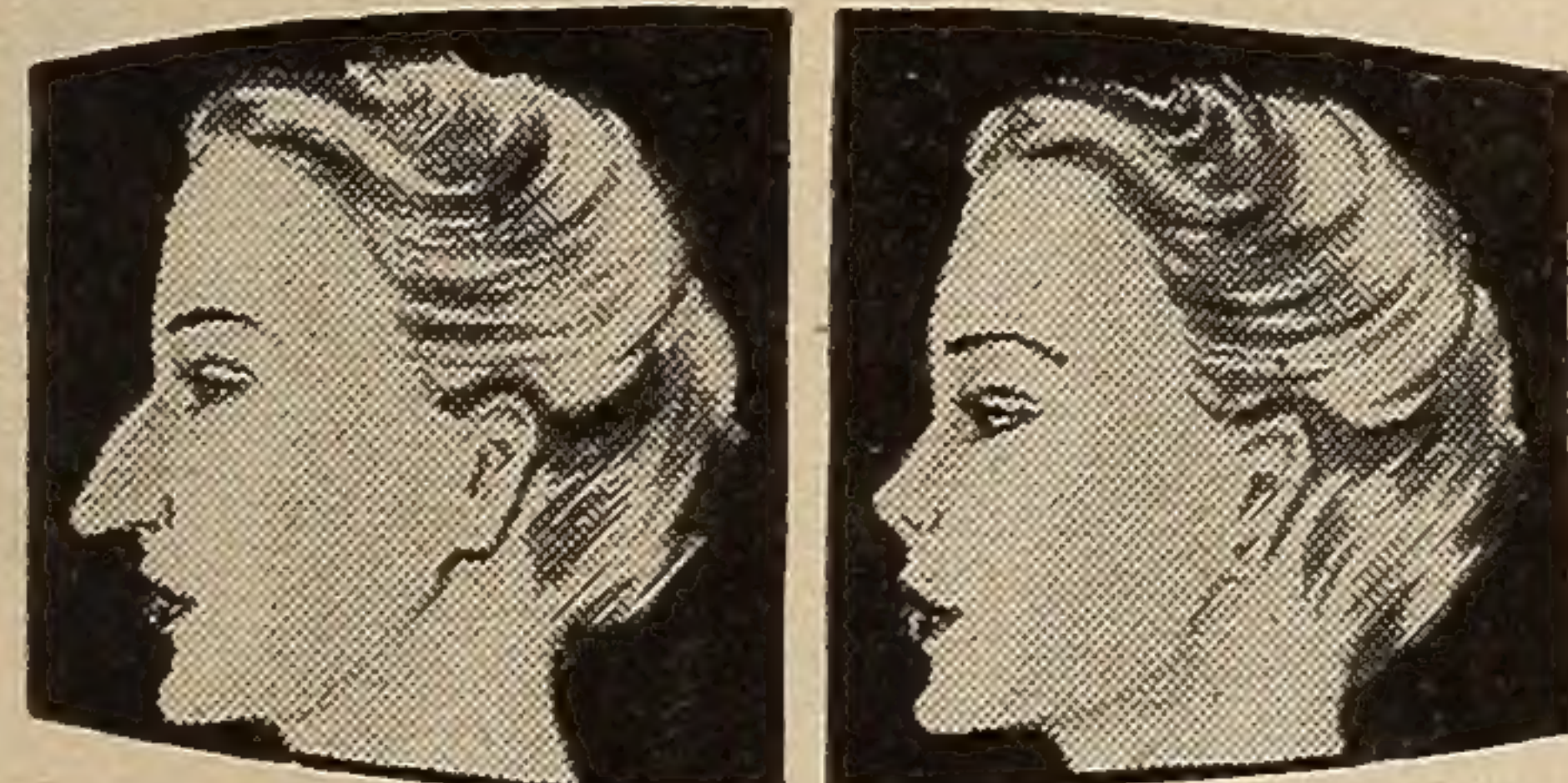
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I just crawled away sick with mortification. It was about then that I decided to stop feeling sorry for the little pieces of my heart that were lying around and start seeing if what was left of it couldn't be of use to someone else. The man who is now my husband had slightly edged into my life by then.

I wasn't completely sure of things when Edward Lasker asked me to marry him. I remember wanting his promise that our marriage must not interfere with my career. But I think that was the last really egotistical thing I ever did.

I found that I not only loved Edward, I loved wifehood. When the time came I

loved motherhood. I think I am going to love grandmotherhood—though that need not hurry itself along. The big thing is that with marriage, I took on the interests of other people.

And with this, my career no longer was the vital driving force in my life. It had to take its proper and lesser place in the whole framework of my existence; certainly after my marriage and my children.

You may just consider this a character development stemming from a better social adjustment, yet it has a spiritual significance to me. I began to look at everything with different eyes, with a faith that was comfortingly strong in its re-

assurance that everything would be all right with me . . . so strong that it was like walking in the protective shadow of a Great Presence. And within this protection I now live; as long as I remember that my business in life is to be a wife, and mother, and friendly person I am certain happiness will always be with me. If I can also be a good actress there will be added a special satisfaction. But special satisfactions are no longer essential to my happiness. I am so happy about that.

**THE END**

(Jane Greer will soon be seen in 20th Century-Fox's *Friendly Island* with Bill Lundigan.—Ed.)



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With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, telling me about the new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and other bargains offered at \$1\* each to members only.

I have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following months' selections. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six each year—and I may cancel membership at any time after the purchase of six selections. I pay nothing except \$1 for each selection received, plus a few cents shipping cost.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

\*Slightly higher in Canada: address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2.  
Offer good in U.S. and Canada only.



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